00020142

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016

MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

VOLUME IV.

MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

BY

THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

20142 a

COMPLETE IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

XX a 87

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1866.

The right of Translation is reserved.

00020142

CONTENTS

OF

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER-DINNER RECREATIONS.

A contrast—Good fellowship—The Duke of Richmond in Dublin—Wilkes at Medmenham Abbey—Lord Byron at Newstead—Lord Brougham—Brother Ignatius—Hunt dinners—After-dinner oratory—Diners-out—Theodore Hook and Tom Moore—James and Horace Smith—Coleridge and his attentive neighbour—Buck Whalley—The Chevalier D'Eon—Joshua Brookes and the resurrectionists—Mrs. Baddeley—Mrs. Jordan and the Fitzclarences—The pretended marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert—Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's baronetcy—Perdita Robinson and the Prince—Lady Hamilton—Horse racing—The Prince of Wales—Sam Chifney and "Escape"—State of the turf 1

CHAPTER II.

GENTLEMEN'S FARMING.

Amateur agriculture—Lords Salisbury and Downshire—The late Duke of Bedford—Sir George Dashwood—Alderman Mechi, his plans and their failure—Lord Ducie's experiments—Illusions about short-horns for dairy purposes—Crosses and

hybrids—Epidemics in crops and stock—My theory of drainage—Mistakes of the Drainage Commissioners—Artificial food —The potato disease—My pamphlet—Experiments—Animal diseases 43

CHAPTER III.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

Early-closing movement—Vested interests—Monsieur A-la-mode —Dandies and their extravagances—Blue Hanger and Pea-green Haynes—Cocked hats and evening dress-boots—Hessians —Snobbish dress—Blanching the hair—Premature patriarchs —Piccadilly weepers—Silvery beards—The Farthingale—The hoop petticoat—Crinoline—Going to Court—Empress Eugénie—Absurd head-dresses—Bonnets without crowns—The odious change—Enamelling—Long trains—Dragons at Cheltenham—Legs and no legs—Watering-place life—Beckford at Bath—Drinking the waters—Trip to Scarborough—My comedy—Its prologue—An avalanche of bouquets—Parsons at Bournemouth—The Church in danger . . 57

CHAPTER IV.

DRAWING-ROOM DIPLOMACY.

"A mansion of the first class"—Heads of families—The light of other days—A distinguished pair—Female diplomatists—A wife's ambition—Her husband's disappointment—Security for private conferences—A round game—Political whist—A consummate player—Morning toilette of a great lady—Mistress of the situation—Prince Talleyrand and a fair antagonist—Equivoque—Illustrious political authorities—Finessing—A lost game 92

CHAPTER V.

ILLEGAL SPORT.

Impositions on gaol chaplains—The lost ring—Coming the pious dodge—Zeal without judgment—Clergymen's female assistants —A clerical tattler—Shooting rabbits without permission—

The trespasser caught by me and fined—A threat from a man of peace—Taking the ditch—Effect of psalmody on hounds, and church-bells on puppies—Baying the clergyman in his pulpit—Children playing with puppies—A young ruffian. 114

CHAPTER VI.

FASHIONABLE CARICATURES.

Ancient origin of grotesque portraiture—Dutch idea of high art —New caricatures—Lady Burlington—Lord Townshend—Henry William Bunbury—Clerical caricaturists—Gillray's illustrations of fashion—George Cruikshank—H.B.—My published caricatures—A resemblance to Lord Grey—Doyle and Leech—Suggestions for Mr. Briggs—Caricatures on the sly—Modern poets—Humbug societies—Bores—Shortcomings in early photography—The Royal Family—Turning droll people to account—Employment for unappropriated blessings 131

CHAPTER VII.

BRANDENBURG HOUSE.

Lady Craven as an authoress and dramatic writer—Excels in private theatricals—Marries the Margrave of Anspach—Is created Princess of Berkeley—Purchases a residence at Hammersmith —Private theatre at Brandenburg House—Young Angelo and his "gag"—The Margravine's death—Hon. Keppel Craven—Queen Caroline inhabits Brandenburg House—Her Court—Theodore Hook and "John Bull"—His burlesque odes—"Hunting the hare"—"Mrs. Muggins's visit to the Queen"—Rev. Sydney Smith's opinion of Queen Caroline—Changes at Brandenburg House—The saloon—The Queen's household—Domestic arrangements—Her contempt for the world's opinion—Pretends excess in wine—Lords Brougham and Truro—Meeting the King—Scurrilous street-song—Her attempt to gain admittance to the Abbey during the coronation —Sir Thomas Lennard and the Queen—Excessive dose of magnesia—Her death 155

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Opportunities for observation—Mismanagement of Crown lands—New Forest abuses—Cultivation of salmon—The Stour and the Avon—Water newts and worm—Illustrating Parliamentary tactics—Birds frequenting my lawn—Domesticated wood-pigeon—Animal instinct—American quails destroyed by a rat—Perch spawning and dace feeding on the spawn—Heath lizards and vermin—Squirrels—their destructive character—Young aquatic fowl attacked by them—The common snake and adder destroying pheasants—Rearing wood-pigeons—Taming hawks—Absence of owls—Artificial ponds for rearing wild-fowl—Water insects—Foreign birds I have acclimatized—Necessary knowledge—Poison in water at Bournemouth—Battle of missel-thrushes and redwings 184

CHAPTER IX.

LADY RIDERS AND DRIVERS.

Riding to hounds—Mr. Magniac, of Colmworth—A lady taking a fence despite her husband's objections—Requisites in a lady's horse—Haidee, Dudu, and Beacon—My fall with Goshawk while hunting with the royal hounds—Jack-o'-Lantern—Fair equestrians in the Park—Suggestions—Lady Grey de Wilton and her sisters—Miss M. Evans with her father's harriers—Ladies racing—Mrs. Thornhill—Mrs. Webb—Female whips—The Marchioness of Salisbury—Margravine of Anspach—Marquis of Worcester and Lord Forbes . 212

CHAPTER X.

ANECDOTES OF ODD PEOPLE.

Captain Cripps, of the South Gloucestershire Militia, asked to sing under aggravating circumstances—Gloucestershire dialect—Lord Craven's Berkshire anecdote—The rustic and the bees—A policeman weary of nightingales—Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard's haunted house—Barclay, the brewer—Lord Glasgow

and the railway clerk—The late Lord Londonderry and the Duke of Cleveland in my father's time—Brighton in 1865 . 228

CHAPTER XI.

DINNERS AND DINERS.

Epicurianism, modern and ancient—Gross feeding—Rosbifs in Paris—Dr. Kitchener—Lord Dudley and Ward's absence of mind—Sir George Warrender *alias* Provender—Ude and Soyer—Extravagant eating of the Roxburgh Club—Hotel dinners—Influence of French cookery—Dining *à la Russe*—Objections—Lord Breadalbane's corner—Dodges to secure delicacies—Loving your neighbours—Selection of guests—Attendance—Choice wines—Popular drinks—Duke of Beaufort's Badminton—Receipt for wine—Good coffee—Parlour-maids—The late Duke of Bedford and Lady Tavistock—A haunch of venison at Berkeley Castle—Cookery in the United States 240

CHAPTER XII.

DUNDREARYISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Extravagantly fine gentlemen—Mr. Tom Taylor's attempt at English comedy for the American market—Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary—Sheridan's plays—Lord Dundreary as a representative man—The beau of the Old School—Lords Alvanley and Chesterfield—Lord Waterford—Lord Downshire—The author of "Pelham"—Absurd notions respecting him—Sir Charles Coldstream—Teapot Crawford and Sir George Wombwell—The Hertfordshire hermit—Wyndham and Lord Huntingtower—Dundrearies among the diplomatists—Modern portrait galleries—Dundreary ancestors—Dundrearies of the Circumlocution Office—Dundreary family vault—Fashionable Dundrearies in town and country . 261

CHAPTER XIII.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY IN 1865.

An invitation to Newstead—Recollections of Jack Musters and Lord Byron—Appearance of the Abbey—Fish ponds—Carp—

Discovery of the broken Eagle containing deeds—Tree on which Byron carved his name—Midnight from my chamber window—The wicked lord—bursting of the lake—Advantages of deer—Sir George Wombwell—Duchess of Fitz-Fulke—Trophies of the chase—Feud between Newstead and Annesley—Indulgences to the monks—Mr. and Mrs. Webb—care of the poet's relics—The Nottinghamshire Club—Dispute and fatal duel between Byron and Chaworth—Architectural features of the Abbey 278

CHAPTER XIV.

PERVERTS.

Tractarians and Ultramontanes—Innovations in the Protestant Service—Conversions—High Church and Low Church—Origin of St. Barnabas, Pimlico—The ornate services of this miniature cathedral become fashionable—Alarm of Popish practices—Mischief done to Protestant interests—Filial obligations disregarded—Lord and Lady ——.—Sad effects of religious excitement—Audacious parcelling of England into Popish dioceses, and assumption of episcopal titles—Introduction of religious orders—Increase of Catholic establishments—My connexion with Catholics—Proofs of a conspiracy against the Church—Tragedy at Lima—Abduction of young females—Convents—Protestant Bishops 297

CHAPTER XV.

MIGHT *versus* RIGHT.

Misrepresentation—Lady Berkeley prevailed upon by the complaints of her elder sons to make an attempt to establish their legitimacy—A Bill to perpetuate testimony of a supposed first marriage—Lord Eldon's remarkable judgment—Colonel Berkeley, the eldest of these sons, claims to inherit the earldom at Lord Berkeley's death—The false swearing of his witnesses before the Committee of Inquiry—Their judgment and its effects—Threats of prosecution—The mountain in labour brings forth a mouse—The pamphlet against me—Its sole author and its numerous falsehoods detected—Attempted testamentary disposition of the estates—Improper transfer of private documents 319

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JESUITS AT BEACON LODGE.

A trying position—My relations with the Jesuits—Mrs. Berkeley prevails on me to allow my younger son to be educated in her own faith—My eldest son's religious opinions tampered with—Lord Fitzhardinge's remarkable opinion—My eldest son proclaims himself a Jesuit—The youngest returns to the Established Church—A pretended convert—Who becomes Mrs. Berkeley's goddaughter and companion—My unexpected return home—I find my house in process of being "looted"—I turn the pretended convert out of it—Mrs. Berkeley insists on leaving it it with her—Charges brought against me in the Consistory Court abandoned, and my property restored—Discovery of a Jewish plot—Secret correspondence of priests 352

MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER-DINNER RECREATIONS.

A contrast—Good fellowship—The Duke of Richmond in Dublin—Wilkes at Medmenham Abbey—Lord Byron at Newstead—Lord Brougham—Brother Ignatius—Hunt dinners—After-dinner oratory—Diners-out—Theodore Hook and Tom Moore—James and Horace Smith—Coleridge and his attentive neighbour—Buck Whalley—The Chevalier D'Eon—Joshua Brookes and the resurrectionists—Mrs. Baddeley—Mrs. Jordan and the Fitzclarences—The pretended marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert—Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's baronetcy—Perdita Robinson and the Prince—Lady Hamilton—Horse racing—The Prince of Wales—Sam Chifney and "Escape"—State of the turf.

In nothing has so marked a difference arisen in the usages of society, as may be seen in the after-dinner social recreations of the present generation, compared with those of our grandfathers. I am well aware that University "wines," or supper-parties, are still sometimes attended with excesses, and that bachelor-dinners occasionally produce scenes of bibulous extravagance; but now-a-days, when the enemy is put into our mouths to steal away our brains, the petty larceny is evidently considered rather a shabby

affair—only to be done on the sly, with the least possible noise or notice.

To be sure now and then the police courts betray the fact, that individuals are to be met with in the small hours—wrenching off knockers, going to bed in the gutter, or trying a latch-key upon a lamp-post, and using very strong language against the absent key-hole—but having paid the ordinary penalty for being incapable of taking care of themselves, they are permitted to return to soda-water and respectability, without worse consequences than a little familiarity with a certain station-house and the police of the district.

How differently people got "jolly" in my youthful days! and in the still more jovial age that preceded them. Then a drinking bout was regarded as an affair of the utmost consequence—men of the highest rank and influence joining in it as readily as men who had a position to make. I have elsewhere hinted at the symposia presided over by the Prince of Wales, when Fox, Sheridan, Colonel Hanger (afterwards Lord Coleraine), and numerous other choice spirits of that Bacchanalian era, were wont to "push the bowl about, and never mind the score," till they fell out of their chairs and rolled under the table.

These orgies were rivalled by those got up under the superintendence of Lord Barrymore, in a place he had in Berkshire, where his particular friends were in the habit of enjoying very deep potations in rather questionable company. Private theatricals were introduced to vary the evening's entertainments, but

sometimes it was difficult to determine which were the most sober—the actors or the audience.

Irishmen at home or abroad then took the lead in such good-fellowship. In Ireland it was no unusual thing for a gentleman, as soon as he received a hogs-head of Claret, to invite his friends to a carouse, which continued day after day, and night after night —fresh straw being provided for the guests, the drunk getting sober as soon as they could, the sober getting drunk again as rapidly as they might, till every drop of the good liquor had gone down their throats.

This was, of course, long before the advent of Father Mathew, or the introduction of teetotalism. Inebriety was a failing with high and low, and the most popular of Lord Lieutenants was the Duke of Richmond, who won the good opinion of the nation by the example he set at his own liberal table, of a "thirsty soul." The Castle cellars never before had been so well filled, and so frequently replenished—the most traitorous Irishman could not find it in his heart to abuse the Union, when staggering under the influence of the English Viceroy's choicest wines.

In England there had been convivial meetings of a character even more open to censure than those presided over in Dublin by the representative of royalty. Perhaps the most extravagant of these were the oft-quoted follies of Sir John Wilkes at Medmenham Abbey, in which Venus seems to have been quite as much regarded as Bacchus, in the rite said to have been observed there. The fact is, the

apostle of Liberty and the champion of popular rights, like all would-be Reformers, from Beelzebub to Bright, stood very much in need of reform himself. He associated with Lord Sandwich and other men of similar principles, formed a Brotherhood, that in the monkish garb not only burlesqued monkery, but religion. His profanity was extremely coarse and sensual —in short, the popular cry of "Wilkes and Liberty!" could hardly have been more forcibly illustrated than by his share in these discreditable exhibitions.

Lord Byron, at Newstead Abbey, about the year 1807, also instituted a similar convivial fraternity, who, in hood and corded gown, played all sorts of irreverent pranks—but drinking Burgundy out of a human skull appears to have been the worst of his offences. The sham monks were of the order of Jolly Dogs, and kept up the revelry till so late an hour that no one left his bed till one, P.M.

It seems that one of them annoyed another with his practical jokes, till threatened to be thrown out of window. It was in vain that the abbot assured his reverend brother that the window was by no means high, and the lawn beneath remarkably soft—the latter precipitately quitted the Order and the neighbourhood.

They consisted of about half-a-dozen Cambridge students; and at the termination of their festivities, two of them—I think Hobhouse, now my noble friend, Lord Broughton, and C. S. Mathews, but I am not positive as to the noble lord—agreed to walk together to London. They started on excellent terms with each other, but the worthy Fathers

contrived to quarrel before they had journeyed very far, and were not even on speaking terms the rest of the road. Sometimes one pedestrian would shoot ahead—sometimes the other; but they evidently now belonged to the rigid Order of La Trappe, and were of course under a vow of perpetual silence. So absolutely was this maintained, that when Brother Mathews, at a way-side inn at Highgate, invested his last coin in a pint of beer, and Brother Hobhouse, whose scrip was empty, came by, looking tired, dusty, and thirsty—enough to have softened the heart of an infidel—with most unbrotherly indifference the former lifted the pewter to his lips, and made no sign.

Playing at monks has recently become a more serious business—particularly at Norwich—but I very much doubt, from what has recently appeared in the newspapers, that Abbot Ignatius will be better able than Abbot Byron to enforce the command—"Let brotherly love continue."

Hunt dinners, in my recollection, have been characterized by extreme conviviality. It was the duty of the master of fox-hounds, or whoever presided, to promote good-fellowship, by seeing that the decanter circulated as well as the jest—as if to show the truth of the proverb, "When the wine is in the wit is out." But after-dinner recreations at these *reunions* were often varied. It is quite true that a party of gentlemen, having one pursuit in common, will entertain each other with social illustrations of that pursuit in the shape of anecdotes of others, or adventures of their own.

Other means, however, were in request for increasing the evening's entertainment—these were generally musical or declamatory—"a song or a recitation" was the ordinary appeal from the chair. The *repertoire* of the vocalist was an extensive one—hunting songs, of course, having the preference, and of these, two or three were always in request. It is impossible to say even since those days how often I have heard it insisted that "This day a stag shall die!"—nor can I give an idea of the frequency of the vocal allusions to "sly Reynard;" but well do I remember the choruses—often more jovial than harmonious—that terminated each familiar stanza.

Facetious songs, too, invariably found favour, "Unfortunate Miss Bailey" sharing the plaudits of the company with the equally unfortunate "George Barnwell." Nor were sentimental ballads of the old school, when justice was done them, less admired. Our lyric heroines then were "Black-eyed Susan," "The Miller's lovely Daughter," and "Sally in our Alley"—sufficiently humble, but immeasurably above the Nigger favourites by whom they have been superseded.

In recitations, we might be sure of a few time-honoured passages from Shakspeare. "Monsieur Tonson" was also a favourite, as well as another French hero, one Monsieur Le Grand. This worthy, a gentleman of the *ancien régime*, was represented as enjoying, like Falstaff, his ease in his inn, when a servant suddenly rushed in, declaring that Madame Le Grand had given birth to a son.

This joyful intelligence immediately sets him speculating on the future of the heir of the house, which he renders extravagantly ambitious, till put a stop to by the entrance of another messenger announcing twins—a pigeon's pair—one of a sort.

Having done justice to Madame's matronly ability, the delighted father and husband begins to speculate anew about the young lady. He has just created a brilliant career for her, ending with a marriage into a family of the *noblesse*, when he is again interrupted by a message from home bearing the astounding intelligence of a third birth.

Monsieur Le Grand is now overwhelmed with the prodigious amount of his parental obligations; it is an embarrassment of riches for which he is evidently quite unprepared, and he seems unpleasantly to realize his position as a heavy father in his own domestic drama. Energetically he places his hat upon his head, determinedly he grasps his faithful *parapluie*, resolutely he buttons up his coat, then, exclaiming in a stage whisper, "*Mon Dieu*, I must put a stop to dis!" he rushes away in the direction of home.

Toasts and sentiments circulated freely round the hospitable board. As Sheridan's song has it—

> "Let the toast pass,
> Drink to the lass,
> I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass."

As each guest was expected to propose a name thus honoured, there were naturally a good many excuses for a good many glasses, and, as no "heel-

taps" were allowed, the ceremony of drinking the health of so many fair ones not unfrequently affected that of their admirers.

The "sentiments" usually took the form of mottoes and truisms—"Live and let live," "May the present moment be the least happy of our lives," "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him," &c.

They were not remarkably sentimental, sometimes not particularly suggestive, but rarely failed to provoke jocose remark, and therefore promoted general hilarity.

Of course there was plenty of speech-making, for, if an individual's health was proposed, he was bound to get on his legs to reply—a less easy matter sometimes than the oratory. Everybody was expected on such occasions to be "unaccustomed to public speaking;" and everyone, however painfully evident his embarrassment at thus being brought into notice, was as certain to acknowledge that he had arrived at "the happiest day of his life."

As long speeches were not encouraged, and the dullest orator, if not witty himself, could be a source of wit in others, there was sure to be plenty of fun going on during the exhibitions of post-prandiary eloquence—the chief elements of which were praise of the noble science of fox-hunting, and the desirableness of maintaining a spirit of good-fellowship among its supporters. There was the usual display of repetition and inconsecutiveness, especially rather late in the evening; but not unfrequently very amusing and clever speeches were delivered.

The two representatives of constituencies, I remember, who were the worst speakers I ever heard when sober, were the late Sir William Guise, M.P. for Gloucestershire, and Colonel Webb, the member for the city. The former, in an after-dinner speech, expressed his satisfaction at having his health proposed "*by so respectable an individual*" as his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and the latter, in a low pot-house, during his canvass, assured half-a-dozen sweeps and tinkers that "his feelings overcame him in having the onerous responsibility of addressing so respectable an assembly." The assembly grinned, and one of them cried, "Walker."

At almost all dinner-parties there is found one or more individuals in request for peculiar convivial ability. They have been classed as "diners out." Invitations were so showered upon these social favourites that it was sometimes necessary to bespeak them a month in advance. They had become celebrated as sayers of good things or singers of good songs, which naturally brought them into extensive practice as consumers of good dinners. The former they furnished; the latter was provided for them by way of recompense.

However good the banquet, however able the cook, it was found that the guests could not appreciate either, without the additional service of some one who could amuse them during the time they were at table. Therefore the diner-out, stored with facetious repartees and entertaining anecdotes, was secured to anticipate the policy of the Railway King—though

in a totally different manner—"by making things pleasant."

I heard much of Jekyll, Sheridan, Luttrell, and George Colman as diners-out of the first class in town, and their reported sayings gave animation to many a country dinner that must have proved a dull affair without. Very few, however, of their after-dinner facetiæ would pass current now. People must have been easily amused then, for in looking into many a famous *bon mot*, I cannot resist the inclination to exclaim, like Sir Charles Coldstream—"there's nothing in it."

Theodore Hook, Thomas Moore, and James Smith —the two former I knew very well—were in great request at dinner-parties when I began to mix much in society. The first, though a terrible bully over other wits, was not only an excellent impromptu joker, but, seated at the piano, could display the talent of an English *improvvisatore*, singing a rhyming account of the company, full of the happiest hits, that were sure to provoke general laughter.

Moore, whose amatory and Bacchanalian lyrics were special favourites, could render himself very good company in the dining-room; but the drawing-room was his province. There, with not much voice, accompanying himself, he would sing some of the sweetest of his ballads in a style I never heard equalled, before or since. The well-known "O fly from the world, dearest Bessie, to me," was inspired by a young lady, who complied with its request. She left an admiring world (she was a ballet-dancer) to become the poet's wife, but soon discovered that her husband too fre-

quently left her to fly to an admiring world. She may have had an uneasy feeling about that portion of the lyric she had inspired—

> "When your lips met my own in abandonment sweet,
> Did it seem as if Heaven forbid it?"

She might not have approved of his addressing such a question to anyone else, or of suggesting to a possible rival that it was "Heaven that did it." Had she seen him, however, when left to her own reflections, night after night, with enraptured ladies of fashion hanging upon every thrilling note, and enthusiastic Duchesses listening entranced to every touching sentiment, poor Bessie would have been still more uneasy. The publication of Moore's private diary has shown that his excellent wife was much neglected "for other dear charmers away."

James Smith's happiest efforts never equalled "The Twopenny Post-bag," nor any of Moore's graceful minor pleasantries, but I have heard that he was more amusing in society. As a diner-out he generally came provided with something droll he had shaped into facetious rhyme. The following, addressed to a friend of mine, is one of his best—

> "You ask me why *Ponte-fract* borough could sully
> Her fame by returning to Parliament Gully?
> The ethnological cause, I suppose, is
> The breaking the *bridges* of so many noses."

His brother Horace, who assisted him in "The Rejected Addresses," possessed a similar talent for playing upon words. He lived at Brighton, where, walking with a friend, the following announcement

attracted their attention in the window of a small beer-shop—

"Good *Bear*,
Sold here."

The bad orthography was commented on by his companion.

"The landlord ought to know best," was the reply. "Of course it's his own *Bruin*."

The punster was generally a welcome guest either in town or country houses. No one, however, excelled Theodore Hook in this line—his puns were singularly felicitous. Unfortunately, the most ludicrous are tainted with a coarseness that prevents their preservation in print.

Whatever social value might be accorded to the persons I have described, a good story-teller was sure of being appreciated. No matter whether he was his own hero of some sporting, naval, or military adventure, if he possessed narrative power of a high order, he was certain of finding listeners. A mere talker, however clever, runs the risk of being voted a bore at convivial meetings. Coleridge would continue a subject while the dinner of his absorbed listeners was rapidly getting cold. Nor could he be always sure that his neighbours understood him.

He had secured a most attentive listener in a country gentleman, who had never once ventured to interrupt his discourse with a remark—a student of philosophy of the most reserved habits, unquestionably. The speaker became more metaphysical and abstruse in the conviction that he had found a profound

thinker, as well as a model listener, when, on a change of dishes upon the table, the hitherto stolid face beside him was lit up with sudden intelligence, and pointing to a heap of currant dumplings, the farmer, who had not understood a word of what had been said, joyfully rubbed his palms together, exclaiming, "Them's the jockeys for me."

Ghost stories usually found a credulous audience, if there was a fair share of probability in the narrative; but these were few and far between—forming no acknowledged part in a jovial evening's entertainment. Illustrations of eccentric characters, and accounts of remarkable adventures, were more frequently a source of entertainment. But an Irish story, if told with proper effect, never failed to find an amused auditory.

I remember one—I think it was narrated by an Irishman—that had made a strong impression on all who heard it. The hero of the extraordinary adventure it records flourished in the last quarter of the last century. He seems to have been possessed of very little education, and, when but a youth, to have come into possession of considerable means. He immediately commenced the career of a man of fashion, and endeavoured to out-do the Bucks and Bloods, as they were called in those days in the Irish metropolis, by extravagance of dress and living. Dublin was then a much gayer city than it is at present, and contained a good many members of the best provincial families, who rivalled each other in display—when, in too many instances the "Castle Rackrent," like the tenants on the estate, was rapidly going to ruin.

Among them he was known as *Buck* Whalley, a prefix then given in Ireland to all young fellows who were distinguished by smartness of apparel, and he found no difficulty in gaining admission into the fashionable clubs—the aristocratic members of which appear to have amused themselves at his expense.

They laid him a wager of a hundred guineas that he would not go to Jerusalem. Whalley, without the slightest knowledge of the route, and ignorant of every language but his own, which he spoke with a strong brogue, accepted the terms, and started for the Holy Land. It must have been somewhere about the year 1780, when continental travel was far from being the easy affair it has become, and eastern travel was attended by so many dangers that tourists were a race unknown.

Nevertheless, the reckless young Irishman found his way safely to Paris, where his lavish expenditure brought him into notice, and, after having enjoyed the gaities of the gay city—gay though on the eve of the most sanguinary revolution on record—he made his way to Marseilles, and thence took ship for the coast of Syria.

Having landed without misadventure, Whalley proceeded on his journey, but the strange appearance of the Frank traveller, for he retained the maccaroni costume in which he had flourished among the Dublin dandies, and his extraordinary language, which no Dragoman could interpret, occasioned the most ridiculous scenes. Fortunately for him he was

taken for a madman, who was, and I believe is, invested with an almost sacred character throughout the East, and the considerate Mussulmen, having been made to understand his object, forwarded him on his way to Judæa.

In due time, though not without both difficulty and danger, he reached the Holy City. Here Jews, Christians, and Turks were equally mystified by his appearance. They stared at his little hat, they laughed at his long swallow-tailed blue coat—they marvelled at his brilliant waistcoat, and looked with astonishment at his bright buckskins and top-boots—but the flourish of a rather formidable "sprig of shilelagh," which seemed never out of his hand, kept even the most curious at a respectful distance, and the Buck went on unchallenged.

Taking care to secure from the authorities a certificate of his having visited the city, Whalley turned his steps homeward. Fortune again favoured him—he escaped innumerable perils, and long after his Dublin friends had forgotten his name, assured of his death by shipwreck, or of his slavery among the Arabs—he presented himself at the club and claimed his wager.

Subsequently, "Jerusalem Whalley," as he was now styled, continued his career as a man of fashion in Paris and in London, and in gambling, drinking, and riotous living dissipated his entire patrimony. He lived in Ireland for many years, as other ruined Bucks contrive to do there, in poverty and obscurity, till gathered to his fathers—but his adventure con-

tinued among the traditions of the Dublin and London clubs, and furnished ample materials for a laughable story after dinner.

A contemporary of his created quite as much entertainment of the same kind—a French lady, who was said to have come to this country with a mission—woman's mission then had not been made the claptrap it has become of late years, and the lady, therefore, became an object of curiosity.

Stories began to be circulated about her of a singularly romantic character. It was said that a love affair had caused her to assume the apparel of the other sex, in which she had distinguished herself very gallantly; *sans peur*, but not exactly *sans reproche*, for her fame more nearly approached that of a Faublas than a Bayard. She was found out at last, however, banished the French Court, and made to resume the habiliments of her sex in a foreign country, but given a kind of ambassadorial occupation to divert her chagrin.

In London she quickly became one of its social celebrities, and as she was generally to be found at the fencing schools, and displayed remarkable skill with the foil, an impression began to arise that she was not what she appeared. This impression she seemed to favour by a masculine deportment—nevertheless, the more knowing ones, as they considered themselves, would not be taken in—they denounced her as a female spy, and, with customary prejudice against foreigners, associated her with the Pope, the Devil, and wooden shoes. Others insisted that she

was a man, and quite as determinedly gave her the occupation of a French swindler. A few, with more scientific pretensions, pronounced her a phenomenon rarely found, even in museums.

Discussions on the delicate subject often ran high, and naturally wagers ran higher; but there was an insuperable difficulty in the way of getting reliable information to decide them. The doubtful lady would not permit the slightest reference on the subject to be made in her presence—the questionable gentleman was too familiar with the small sword to allow a doubt of his manhood to be uttered before him—and no one else could be referred to with any prospect of success.

Many after-dinner stories and jokes were in circulation respecting this enigma, but the more difficult became the solution, the more eager grew the solvers. The case, however, baffled the cleverest. At last the ambiguous personage could retain her secret no longer. She died, and speculation was at once set at rest by a public announcement from her medical attendants that the Chevalier D'Eon was—a man!

I remember a story in which the horrible and ludicrous were mingled with remarkable effect. Next to ghost stories, tales of that peculiar race of offenders called "body-snatchers" and "resurrectionists," commanded the most attention. These men obtained a living by rifling the graves of the recently-buried dead, and selling them to anatomists for dissection. It was a felony in the eye of the law; but as surgeons

could not lecture without subjects, they found themselves obliged to encourage the illegal supply.

One of the ablest professors of his time was Joshua Brookes; he had created a fine museum of preparations at his house in Blenheim Street, where he taught the more important branches of his profession. Late one dark night there was a ring at the bell; the house-pupil, recognising the summons, proceeded to the door, and admitted, as usual, two ill-looking men bearing a heavy burthen in a sack. Not a word passed, the sack was put down, some money placed in the hands of the bearers, and they, with rather more than their customary alacrity, were preparing to depart, when the young doctor, by the dim light he carried, noticed a movement in the sack.

"Hullo!" he cried, "this subject's not dead!"

"Then kill him when you want him," was the laughing reply, and both men rapidly disappeared into the dark street. Pursuit was out of the question, so the house pupil, with the mortifying conviction that he had been the victim of a hoax, lost no time in untying the sack, determined to have a reckoning with at least one of the confederates.

A stalwart Irishman stepped out at the first summons, but he swore so lustily that he had but just come to life, and seemed so certain that the doctor was bound to provide for him for the rest of his existence, that the greatly embarrassed pupil, as a last resource, sent for the Professor. Brookes heard the story with undisturbed countenance, and at the

end seemed to acquiesce in the man's extravagant idea.

"My good fellow," he answered, with a grim smile, "nothing can be more natural. To-morrow morning I will arrange everything. To-night you must be content with such accommodation as I have at my disposal. Mr. Watkins, show him into the theatre. "O it's mighty fond of theatres I am," exclaimed his visitor, following, well pleased, the steps of his conductor, the dim light the latter carried barely enabling the Irishman to see two or three figures of birds or beasts, he hardly knew which, that moved as he passed them.

Presently a door was opened, and Pat stepped jauntily over the threshold. There was a strong light in the place, and every object could be distinctly seen in it. The man made a sudden stop, his hair stood upright on his shock-head, his eyes started from their sockets, his knees knocked together in a paroxysm of fright. He stood for a moment with open mouth, white face, and staring eyes, then, with a yell loud enough to have awakened the dead (he beheld there in horrible states of preparation) from their long sleep, he sprung back into the yard, dashed past a wolf that leapt at him as far as his chain would permit, fled by a vulture that with outstretched wings was about to make a grab at him as he advanced, rushed through the street door that had been conveniently left open for him by the grimly-grinning Professor, at the top of his speed fled up

Blenheim Steps into Oxford Street, and then ran in the direction of Seven Dials as if pursued by the terrible inmates of the anatomical theatre with whom he had been expected to pass the night.

After-dinner recreations were sufficiently varied. It sometimes too would happen that a large party got divided into separate groups, some singing, some relating anecdotes, some listening to a good story, one or two perhaps essaying a speech—a happy illustration of "Liberty Hall"—which host and guests enjoyed, till a desire for "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," dispersed them to their several chambers.

A terrible inclination to get drunk—I call it terrible from the sins and follies I have seen gentlemen commit when under the influence of wine—existed in the army when I first joined the Coldstream Guards. How many of my brother officers, I will not name my comrades, have long since died of this miserable infatuation of making fools of themselves, who might have been hunting and shooting with me now! When the "wine" is "in," the "wit" indeed is "out," and what is worse still, the tongue is apt to blab not only of truths that ought to be sedulously concealed, but to boast of success with women that really never existed. If my juniors just breaking into manhood read this book, let them take the advice of one who, at sixteen years of age, was so disgusted with the sins and follies engendered by too much wine, as never to permit the best gift of nature, his brains, to be affected by excess.

Among the stories current, both in town and country, during my earliest appearances at the dinner-table, were recollections of those among our guests who had, to a considerable extent, led a London life, when they had "heard the chimes at midnight, and knew the Bona Robas." This knowledge was a pretty general accomplishment among men in society in those days—indeed, whatever may be said about the undue prominence and consideration permitted to women of more than equivocal reputation in the third quarter of the present century, it was exceeded about the same period in the last, and even a little later.

I have already given an anecdote of a female of this class, who made the most extravagant luncheon on record; but Mrs. Baddeley rendered herself famous also by acts showing her total disregard for the wealth she so easily acquired. On one occasion, when a female friend made some remarks that displeased her on an enclosure which had been forwarded by one of her noble admirers, she threw it into the fire, whence it was with difficulty rescued. It contained Bank of England notes to the amount of three hundred pounds.

She was, as is well known, an actress in Garrick's company at Drury Lane Theatre, but her extraordinary beauty raised her to such an elevation in the fashionable world that the most distinguished members of the peerage competed with each other for her favour, squandering fortunes to secure even a temporary success.

Anecdotes of her extravagance formed a favourite

feature in the table talk of the day; occasionally, however, her lavish expenditure showed what sensational novelists now-a-days style "self-abnegation," and not unfrequently it took the pleasing direction of munificent charity.

To show the extent of her influence, it is only necessary to state that on a grand ball being given at the Pantheon, to make it particularly select, it was carefully announced that no actresses would be admitted. Mrs. Baddeley determined that she should not be excluded, and having dressed herself in a style that could not be exceeded, even there, in her handsome equipage, with liveried attendants as splendid as those of any lady in the land, she proceeded to Oxford Street.

After alighting, she walked with her ticket in her hand into the building. Here, however, she was no sooner recognised than several constables placed their staves before her and barred her way, determinedly insisting that she should go back, as she could not be admitted. At this crisis some fifty gentlemen in full dress, of the highest rank and fashion, who had been waiting about the entrance, drew their swords—then a necessary part of evening costume—and placing themselves in advance of Mrs. Baddeley, told the constables to stop her at their peril. The latter prudently retreated before the threatening points, and then she was triumphantly led into the ball-room by her distinguished escort, amid a scene of the greatest possible excitement. The managing committee were

made to apologize for the affront they had offered her.

For a frolic she took five hundred pounds and started for Paris. She enjoyed her life thoroughly in that gay capital, where her beauty commanded universal admiration; and having provided herself with a large stock of the most expensive fabrics, she started on her return journey. As she liberally fee'd the officials at Calais and Dover, her trunks were suffered to pass unnoticed, but when at Tunbridge Wells, where she thought she was safe from molestation, as she was displaying her treasures to a milliner, a custom-house officer unexpectedly entered the room and seized everything.

A short time afterwards a French gentleman called at her magnificent town house, and assured her that she had attracted the attention of his sovereign, and that his Majesty had commissioned him to make her the most splendid offers if she would quit England and live in one of his palaces. This brilliant proposal, fortunately for her, was declined. Whether she had acquired any knowledge of the dangers that menaced the Court of Louis at this period, I never heard, or whether she did not choose to give up agreeable friends in England, certain it is that she never visited France again.

Very few of the fair actresses heard of in my early days excited as much public interest as Mrs. Jordan. By the way, the name was assumed almost at the outset of her theatrical career, and her Mr. Jordan must

have been a very near relation to a certain popular novelist's "Mrs. Harris." She had previously figured in the bills as "Miss Francis." Her mother's maiden name was Phillips; she was an actress in Ireland, and the marriage contracted with a Mr. Bland when he was a minor was annulled, which sufficiently accounts for the daughter's independence of a patronymic. Growing up pretty and talented, in the gay city of Waterford, there is nothing strange in the fact of her having adopted the stage as a profession as early as her sixteenth year. Next year at Cork she appeared as Priscilla Tomboy, in the "Romp," for many years the most attractive of her representations, and received a salary of twenty shillings per week, which was raised to three pounds when engaged at the Dublin Theatre a little later.

At Waterford Miss Francis became intimate with an actor and manager of the name of Owenson—who with his daughter were striving to make a position in the same profession. The latter, however, abandoned it to secure fame and fortune as a novelist, by her publication of that well-known romance "The Wild Irish Girl." I remember her half a century later figuring in London society as Lady Morgan, having married a doctor who had been knighted in Dublin by the Lord Lieutenant.

In the summer of 1782, Miss Francis crossed the channel with her theatrical family, and joined the eccentric Tate Wilkinson's company at Leeds; and shortly afterwards at York, the young actress—she

was barely twenty—first took brevet rank as a married woman. Mrs. Jordan's success in Yorkshire was even more decided than it had been in Ireland, and in the year 1785 she proceeded to the metropolis, where she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre as Peggy, in "The Country Girl," another of her clever and popular personations. Her success here established her as a public favourite, and placed her in a position of affluence.

The beauty of her face, the symmetry of her figure, and her remarkable talents, attracted many admirers —among them one of the youngest of the Royal Princes, for whom she deserted them all. His Royal Highness having met with that nautical treasure, "the lass that loved a sailor," took her to live with him at Bushey Park, which royal residence remained her home for twenty years, where a family grew up around her, all of whom attained high social distinction, with personal friendship, and profound respect.

There is no doubt that she was very happy. She maintained her *status* as a popular favourite, and with it the large income it procured, and maintained also in other respects an irreproachable character, her children growing up around her, apparently destined to benefit in no inconsiderable degree by their father's influence and rank.

Two of her sons entered the army, with both of whom I was very intimate; one of them, Frederick, was my brother officer in the Coldstream Guards.

He was my senior, and I remember his doing my

duty when a picket of men were ordered, on the 23rd of January, 1820, to march from Portman Street barracks to support the civil power in a demonstration that was to be made against a knot of low demagogues whom the Government had resolved to capture. He commanded the detachment, proceeded with it to the secret rendezvous, where about thirty desperadoes had assembled, and the next day the town was in a tremendous state of excitement, created by the surprise of the Cato Street conspirators, and, in the conflict, the murder of one of the Bow Street officers who had conducted the military force to the scene of action.

There was another military affair in which her eldest son was engaged, in conjunction with my brother Augustus and other officers of the regiment. This was the bringing of Colonel George Quentin, of the Tenth Hussars, to a court-martial in 1814. George Fitzclarence was one of the captains of that celebrated regiment. The Prince Regent, notwithstanding that the sentence of the court-martial found the prisoner guilty of the material part of the charge against him, neglect of duty before the enemy at Orthes and Thoulouse, interposed to save a personal friend, and dismissed the officers from the regiment. Young Fitzclarence was then permitted to seek service in India, but a letter, I believe, accompanied him from Colonel McMahon, addressed to his new commanding officer, begging that the strictest discipline, not to say severity, should be exercised towards him, in con-

sequence of his share in the business of the Tenth Hussars.

My authority adds, that the person thus addressed acknowledged the communication, and stated that he should have returned it with the contempt it deserved but that he chose to retain it that he might have it in his power to expose the writer should such unfair and offensive conduct be repeated; assuring him that no British officers would be dictated to in their line of conduct with those under their command.* And a very proper answer too!

For twenty years Mrs. Jordan enjoyed, or seemed to enjoy, uninterrupted happiness with the Duke of Clarence, till, without the slightest appearance of quarrel, his Royal Highness wished to terminate their engagement, and, in consequence, she left Bushey Park, and, a few years afterwards, went abroad. All the gossips, public and private, were roused to the highest state of excitement by this intelligence, and having no knowledge of the cause of the separation, taxed their ingenuity and malevolence to invent one. As Mrs. Jordan died in France in the summer of 1816, rumours were at once circulated that she had been left to perish in a foreign land of a broken heart, after enduring intolerable privations.

The real facts of the case, I believe, are that the Duke of Clarence, in the year 1811, was forced to put an end to an intimacy that had been a source of the greatest possible happiness to his Royal Highness:

* Boaden's "Life of Mrs. Jordan," vol. ii. p. 295.

before doing so, however, he had made an arrangement for the benefit of the ten children he had had during its existence, and of their mother. The five sons had already been provided for—three in the army, one in the navy, and one in the church. His Royal Highness provided:—

For the maintenance of the four daughters . . .	£1500
For a house and carriage for their use	600
For the mother	1500
And for her daughters, born before the Duke's intimacy commenced	800
	£4400

By this arrangement, the care of the Duke's daughters was to revert to his Royal Highness in case Mrs. Jordan should appear again on the stage. This was carried into effect a few months later on her accepting a theatrical engagement. But she was not permitted to earn her bread quietly. A violent attack upon her was published in one of the morning papers, that shamefully misrepresented the cause of her return to her profession. This elicited from her a letter, published in the same journal, stating the truth with as much candour as moderation.

Mrs. Jordan performed occasionally till the summer of 1815, when she discovered that a near relative, who had obtained from her blank acceptances for small obligations, had turned them into sums of large amount. She could not ascertain the total for which she had made herself answerable, but, fearing it was far beyond her means of liquidation, fled to France,

till a satisfactory arrangement could be effected. It was the annoyance caused by this base breach of trust that undermined her health, and she died, apparently in great distress of mind, at St. Cloud, the following year; but surely not otherwise distressed, for she was known to wear a diamond ring worth four hundred guineas, and was in the enjoyment of a settlement of at least £2000 a-year.

Her demise took place about the period of my entrance into the Coldstream Guards, but Mrs. Jordan had long before this been a favourite subject for animadversion in my hearing. An outcry arose against the Royal Duke when her death was made public, but I am certain that nothing could be more unjust. As long as his Royal Highness lived he displayed the most affectionate regard for her children. When he was elevated to the throne as William the Fourth, he did all that was in his kingly power to advance their interests, and they, in consequence, were raised to rank as well as opulence. There never was a kinder or a better heart than that which beat in the breast of the Sailor King.

The sons and daughters married into the best families in the kingdom, and were specially courted in society, as much for their own worth as for their relationship to the King. After a new sovereign had superseded him, they continued to receive marks of royal consideration. Death has thinned their number—in one instance, under circumstances peculiarly

distressing—and in this, the winter of 1865, I believe the last of that family has been gathered to the tomb. All lived beyond the age attained by their gifted and beautiful mother.

Henry Fitzclarence, as I have heard, fell off a plank between two vessels into the sea, and was drowned. My intimacy with his family commenced in childhood, and we were very much together at Cranford and at Spring Gardens. George, the eldest (Earl Munster), was a good deal my senior. With Lord Adolphus my intimacy was prolonged till he died, while on a visit to our mutual friend, the late Sir George Wombwell, with whom he lies side by side in the Wombwell vault in the pretty little parish church. Than Sir George's son and successor, the present baronet, there is no one whom I more highly appreciate for good nature, sound sense, and kindness of heart.

In further illustration of what I stated in a former volume respecting the pretended marriage of my godfather, the Prince of Wales, with Mrs. Fitzherbert, there was published in the year 1788, by Debrett, of Piccadilly, a pamphlet entitled "Marcellus and Julia: a Dialogue." No author's name is on the title page, and apparently the work is merely a sentimental trifle of no public interest whatever; but, on a careful perusal, the reader will discover that Marcellus is intended for the Prince of Wales of that date, and Julia, Mrs. Fitzherbert; and the purport of this imaginary conversation is to reconcile that

lady to the humble position of a mistress instead of the more ambitious one of a wife, which she was persuaded was totally out of her reach. Her last words are—

"It is done! I no longer oppose your pleasure. My mind reluctantly yields its conviction to arguments and considerations so irresistible in their own nature. You have disarmed me, Marcellus; you have even done more—you have almost inspired me with a desire to emulate and to support those determinations by which I am undone. Yes, forgive the weakness of my sex and the imperfection of my nature, if, while I exert so difficult an effort, I cast one parting look to that *visionary diadem*, by which my eyes have so long been dazzled and *deluded*. Ye dreams of grandeur and of dignity, adieu! Henceforth Julia shall limit her ambition to the *triumphs of love*, and the preservation of her empire over the heart of Marcellus!"

"But even here," Julia is made to add, "my fears, alarm, and my suspicions terrify me. Ah, *Prince!* what security can I henceforth receive that my confidence in the continuance of your affection is built on a more solid foundation than were my delusive expectations of royal greatness?"

A pertinent question. The original of "Julia" never obtained such security, and contrived to do very well without it. Marcellus is made to reply, "Let us enjoy the present hour, and leave to the destinies the days to come"—a satisfactory way,

perhaps, of evading a very serious obligation, and one which the original of Marcellus was quite capable of appreciating.

The author, there is reason to believe, was an adventurer, who, having established a claim on his sovereign, for a service rendered in an emergency to a very near and dear relative, tried to show his zeal to the heir-apparent, by helping him out of another delicate embarrassment with a lady who had desired to be still more near and dear to *him*. For the service to the father, he received a recompense in ready money—for that to the son, he was created a baronet. The person I am referring to was Sir Nathaniel Wraxall—afterwards celebrated as defendant in an action for libel.

I may here appropriately add the following lines, as corroborating the apprehensions expressed by the fair Julia of the dialogue:—

"Each object I am doomed to see
Shall bid remembrance picture thee.
Yes: I shall view thee in each flow'r,
That changes with the transient hour:
Thy *wandering fancy* I shall find
Borne on the wings of every wind:
Thy wild, impetuous passions trace
O'er the white waves' tempestuous space:
In ev'ry changing season prove
An emblem of thy *wavering love*."

These are from a poem published in the Annual Register, with the title of "*Lines to him who will understand them.*" They were written by the beau-

tiful Perdita, the Prince's first love, whom he had idolized for a short time, and then abandoned.

A curious contrast is presented by the conduct of the two ladies under similar circumstances.

Poor Mrs. Robinson, as she relates in her memoirs, published in the Prince's lifetime, and never contradicted, received, enclosed in a letter from his Royal Highness, a bond for £20,000, "signed by the Prince, and bearing the royal arms." Magnificent jewels were pressed upon her; but she accepted only a few ornaments, which she subsequently returned by the hands of General Lake.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, though in the enjoyment of a respectable income of her own, permitted her royal lover not only to make enormous purchases for her of plate and jewellery of Mr. Jefferey, the Court goldsmith and jeweller, but allowed the latter to be induced to pay a claim of nearly sixteen hundred pounds, owing to one of her creditors, as he has related in a pamphlet which created considerable attention at the time.

The subsequent fate of these rivals exhibits quite as strong a contrast. Perdita never profited in any way by the Prince's favour, and after a short, but respectable career in literature, died prematurely, about the year 1800, and found a humble grave in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Mrs. Fitzherbert maintained a position of the highest social consideration for herself during the remainder of a long life—in consequence of her acknowledged intimacy with

the heir-apparent—and contrived to make many worthy persons believe that she was his lawful wife —Caroline of Brunswick notwithstanding.

This lady was not only a frequent subject of after-dinner conversation, but a frequent visitor at Berkeley Castle, and at our house in town.

From what I have heard, I have reason to believe that Mrs. Robinson's intimacy with the Prince was of an earlier date than that usually given to it. While his Royal Highness was subjected to rigid surveillance at Kew, when under age, he was in the habit, assisted by his brother, the Duke of York, of secretly leaving his chamber after the Royal Family had retired to rest, and meeting her clandestinely at a house near Kew Bridge, from which the Prince and his brother returned in time to get back to their rooms before their absence could be discovered. His first assignation with her, however, as related by herself, was in Kew Gardens. She had been concealed in the island opposite, and on a signal that the coast was clear, stepped into a boat, and was rowed across. The Duke of York and Lord Malden were the only persons privy to these clandestine meetings.

The portraits of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Baddeley were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and their fates, too, were somewhat similar. The first soon lost the favour of her royal lover, as I have said, and died, when in the prime of life, in obscurity. The other was deserted by her fashionable admirers, and, over-

whelmed by poverty and degradation, sunk into the grave as early as her thirty-eighth year.

The fate of both points a moral. I do not think, however, that this was ever dwelt upon in after-dinner conversation. The beauty of these women, the fashion they enjoyed, and any scandal that might be connected with their history, were favourite topics. From Lord Berkeley's intimacy with the Prince of Wales, he was likely to be well informed respecting the *liaisons* of his Royal Highness, and as other confidential associates of the Prince were constantly being entertained by him in his after-dinner recreations, *on dits* of this nature were of constant occurrence. Many of them, of course, reaching me some time after their narration.

The lady of whom I heard most began her career as a nursery-maid, and was the daughter of a man-servant of the name of Lyons, living at Preston, in Lancashire, about the year 1764. When in service with a London physician, Emma was fellow-servant with another clever and beautiful adventuress, afterwards the popular actress, Mrs. Powell. Her personal attractions drew upon her considerable attention, even while in this humble capacity, and though possessed of scarcely any education, Emma contrived to peruse the light literature of the day, in the shape of novels and magazines, which gave her glimpses of a life into which she became ambitious of entering.

Her appearance appears to have interested a lady

then living a gay life in society, who was induced to take her as a companion, and while with her, attending theatres and associating with actors and actresses, she developed those powers of fascination to which she afterwards owed her social elevation. There were, however, many more than doubtful steps to be taken before her position became either secure or respectable.

She lived with Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, Bart., of Up Park, Sussex, a distinguished sportsman of the last century, and under his tuition became a splendid horsewoman in the hunting-field, when ladies riding to hounds were of rare occurrence. But the baronet found himself obliged to retrench, and his charming, though very expensive companion was dismissed.

It was during a period of very great privation that followed her forced retirement from Up Park, when obliged to live in mean lodgings in London, that she is said to have assisted the great quack, Dr. Graham, mentioned in a former chapter as the discoverer of the earth-bath, in representing the Goddess of Health; but this has been doubted. More trustworthy evidence exists, however, of her having adopted the profession of a living model. While pursuing this vocation she fascinated Romney, to whom she became both a study and an inspiration. She sat for very different characters—now a Magdalen, now a Bacchante, now a Joan of Arc, and now a Cassandra—but looked so lovely in each and all that the

fortunate painter found no difficulty in getting patrons for his works. In due course she appeared on the canvas as a Wood Nymph, as a Pythian Priestess, as Calypso, as St. Cecilia, and as other favourite female divinities, with equal success. Romney became the most fashionable painter of his day.

Not unnaturally, the model excited quite as much admiration as the works they inspired, particularly among the *cognoscenti*, or amateurs of art. Prominent among these was Mr. Charles Francis Greville, who became so enamoured of her that he employed the best masters to improve her great natural talents. He took her to public places, where he seemed to derive unqualified satisfaction from the general admiration her beauty created.

Subsequently Mr. Greville outran the constable, as the Sussex baronet had previously done, and the fair Emma was once more cast adrift upon the world, and left to her own resources.

Mr. Greville had a nephew who held a prominent position among the dilettanti, while possessing considerable pretensions as a diplomatist. He was more completely charmed by her than any of her innumerable admirers. In short, her singing, her acting, the symmetry of her figure and the loveliness of her features so thoroughly took him captive, that he carried her off with him to his embassy after a short stay in Paris.

Her career at Naples was singularly brilliant. After fascinating King, Queen, and Court, she en-

thralled the heart of an officer of distinction in the English navy, who had been sent with despatches by the admiral on the station, to the British Minister at the Neapolitan Court. For him she exerted all the influence she possessed to secure such assistance from the Government as enabled him to win a great victory and establish a great name. That victory was the battle of the Nile—that hero, Nelson.

Lady Hamilton's hero-worship, after the return to Naples of this illustrious commander, knew no bounds, as was made sufficiently apparent a few years later. When poor Sir William rested from his diplomatic duties in the family vault, and Lord Nelson had received his death-wound at Trafalgar, she found herself so unable to meet her obligations that she fled from a prison to dun-defying Calais, where, after a brief illness, this darling of a luxurious court found an obscure grave in a deal box.

Much virtuous indignation was expended by British patriots over their punch when the fate of Nelson's "Dear Lady Hamilton" (others much too numerous to mention had as good a claim on her regard) became known; but when a mysterious child, adopted by her at the request of her "godfather," the hero, became the subject of after-dinner sympathy, the fact that she had been left totally unprovided for, though Nelson in his last will had made a special appeal to his country in her behalf, warmed many an orator into eloquence. Pains were taken to make persons believe that the young lady's mother was no

less a personage than the Queen of Naples, the father, of course, being Lord Nelson; but at last undeniable evidence was produced that fixed the maternity on Lady Hamilton, as the result of hero-worship indulged in to an excess, I am quite willing to believe, no other English ambassador's wife, even at the indulgent Court of Naples, ever carried so far before or since.

One of the subjects most frequently discussed or referred to after dinner, in my earliest years, was the circumstance that had caused the abrupt termination of the Prince of Wales's connexion with the turf, towards the close of the last century. It appears that his Royal Highness maintained a racing establishment containing some of the best horses and cleverest trainers in the country, and that betting-men placed great confidence in one of the royal stud called "Escape," that was believed to be the fastest racer in the kingdom; nevertheless, he ran *third* at Newmarket, at the Autumnal Meeting of 1791, inflicting heavy losses on his numerous backers. As he was easily beaten by two horses of very little repute, he fell in public estimation at once. On the next day (21st October), having been put into a race, large odds were laid against him, but, to the heavy loss of the fraternity distinguished as "the knowing ones," he won.

There now prevailed not only a general feeling of disappointment among the large class of speculators on the turf, but quite a general feeling of indignation. The conviction that they had been *done* seems

to have been shared by the Jockey Club, who caused a strict investigation to be made into the affair, and the jockey, Sam Chifney, who rode "Escape" on both occasions, was examined by the stewards on oath. The result was that one of the examiners, Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart., made a communication to the Prince to the effect that if his Royal Highness suffered Sam Chifney to continue to ride his horses, no horse would be started against him. This decision, coming from the Jockey Club, caused his Royal Highness immediately to put down his racing establishment.

Chifney not only made affidavits denying allegations that had been brought against him, but published a pamphlet a little before his death, giving a detailed account of his engagement with his royal patron, from which it appears that he was suffered to retire from that service with a pension of two hundred guineas a year. This publication is as rare as it is curious, and bears the title, "Genius Genuine, by Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket, containing a full account of the Prince's horse 'Escape' running at Newmarket on the 20th and 21st of October, 1791." It contains one hundred and thirty pages, but sold for *two pounds!*

The Prince always considered himself aggrieved by the conduct of the Jockey Club, and caused statements to be put forward that the amount of his bets on the second race did not exceed four hundred guineas; but the general impression was that the Clerk of the Prince's stables, known as "Vauxhall

Clark," had arranged the affair with Chifney, and probably took the profits.

A good horse accidentally losing a race, however, is not an uncommon occurrence on the turf, and his winning one soon afterwards would not cause its owner to be condemned by public opinion as sharing in a fraud. "The knowing ones" now-a-days, as they are vulgarly called, keep their eyes open for all contingencies, nevertheless it not unfrequently occurs that the tactics of certain stables, or other chances that have not entered into their calculations, cause them grievous disappointment. In the case I have referred to, the losers by "Escape" were the judges who pronounced against his jockey, and as the Prince was a rival proprietor of racehorses possessing superior advantages, they might have been not without interested motives in causing his Royal Highness to retire from the turf.

The entire state of the turf, in fact, up to a certain time, was rotten; from Prince and Peer downwards to jockey, leg, and loafer, things, if not directly done by the leaders, were tolerated or winked at by them in the men, their followers; and in regard to betting, until my poor friend, the late Lord George Bentinck, came with his fan to purge the threshing floor, to my certain knowledge there were many things that made the highest stakes not depend upon which was the fastest and most honest horse, but on which was the cleverest and most dishonest rogue who had to train the winning side to lose.

There are many works written on that noble animal the "blood-horse," but the one of all others that discloses the truth *as it once stood*, is "The Life of a Race Horse," by Mr. Mills. It is only a little book, but a more natural description from dam to foal, and from villany and cruelty, to robbery and murder in man, was never put by pen on paper. It is startling, it is painfully astounding and amusing, but so deeply pathetic that there are few readers who love a goodly steed, whose eyes, on perusing those pages, would not fill with tears.

CHAPTER II.

GENTLEMEN'S FARMING.

Amateur agriculture—Lords Salisbury and Downshire—The late Duke of Bedford—Sir George Dashwood—Alderman Mechi, his plans and their failure — Lord Ducie's experiments—Illusions about short-horns for dairy purposes—Crosses and hybrids—Epidemics in crops and stock—My theory of drainage—Mistakes of the Drainage Commissioners—Artificial food —The potato disease—My pamphlet—Experiments—Animal diseases.

WHILE a resident in the country, as I have so constantly been, there has been much opportunity afforded me for the study of that calmest and most interesting of all occupations, farming, though, among gentlemen, one of the most expensive amusements that exists. In short, if noblemen and esquires were to show the real state of their accounts when they had farms in their own hands, there would be—

> "In guise uncivil,
> A deuced balance with the Devil."

And they would find that their impatience of gradual improvement had hurried them into expenditure and burial of sovereigns whose ghosts they could not even hope to see again. Perhaps of all my friends in the upper class of life that I have known to farm in a methodical and successful sort of way,

Lord Salisbury and Lord Downshire are the two whom I should select. The late Duke of Bedford farmed; and farmed successfully as far as production, animate and inanimate, went; but then I never knew the means by which Woburn became so famous, nor whether at the end of the year success had not been too dearly paid for. I say all this, having in view my assertion that noblemen and esquires seldom, if ever, as farmers, could, in themselves, make an income out of their own tillage. My lamented friend, the late Sir George Dashwood, who took considerable pains with his farm to make both ends meet, told me that the worst of having a flock of sheep was, that when the cook or housekeeper demanded a mutton chop, a sheep was slaughtered upon that requisition. That because he had plenty of hay, his fatting cattle and his horses were allowed to "blow over" any amount of it, and in short, wanton waste from the hen to the horse, and from the ox to the calf, and from cow to pig, was, when he was not present (as a gentleman cannot always be) the order of the day.

We were told by Mr. Mechi it was the fault of the farmers that they did not all make their fortunes, and this, when on some soils, thousands of them were struggling to live. This useful adventurer then set up a farm and commenced showing professional agriculturists how they were to make money and realize an estate. Each blade of corn was to have the benefit of underground pipes to convey rich juices to its root. Hens, so we were told, were to have double

nests in fowl-houses, mechanically made, and so nicely balanced that, when the hen deposited her egg, the weight of it caused the bottom of the nest to descend through a little trap door; she having relieved herself of the delicate burthen, the nest readjusted itself, as if no "accident," as it would be called among servant girls, had happened. The deceptive, but at the same time remunerative consequence of this was, that on the hen rising from the nest, and turning round to take a loving look at her snowy treasure, no egg was to be seen; so thinking that she had made a mistake, she instantly re-occupied the nest and laid another!

"Drain, drain, drain," was with Mr. Mechi the one thing needful. Land was to be ravished of every drop of moisture, and artificial rains were to be watered beneath and over the surface of the earth, the cart preferred before the cloud, and success demanded by a voice, to use an old saying, "that halloed before it was out of the wood."

Well, and did Mr. Mechi make his fortune, or rather an income by his example farm? The answer is, "No."

I remember, many years ago, at Blandford, having at a public dinner to refer to the prognosticated success of this agricultural experimentalist, and in my speech I said that I doubted if myself and the farmers there present were to inspect his balance-sheet at the end of some years, we should find any profit to Mr. Mechi at all. The result, I believe, as far as net income from the farm went, has proved the correctness

of my statement. In one sense, however, whatever Mr. Mechi may have lost in his costly experiments, he has certainly gained an estate through the liberality and gratitude of his friends. It is very lucky that the hearts of men should be open to the pains of those, who, in attempting to prove an impossibility, run their heads against stone walls. While I say this, however, it would be well for tradesmen of other kinds to be cautious before they attempt to brand a large class of their brother industrials with incapacity, ignorance, and idleness, as Friend Bright did by our farmers; for, depend upon it, men who get their bread in one particular line, and who have wives and children to support, are just as likely to know the requirements and possibilities and probabilities of the land they live by, as the maker of a dressing-case or a cotton-spinner is, the nature and appearance of the wool or wood that serves his purpose best, and gains him most money.

The late Lord Ducie, in my shire of Gloucester, was another noble Lord who uprooted hedges, cut down oak trees, ploughed up old dairy pastures, and drained old drinking ponds, where our ugly, long, "crumpledy" horned cows used to cool their magnificently furnished udders against the call of their dairy-maids, and whisk their tails at the flies. I thought it at the time questionable wisdom to break up an old pasture in the Vale of Berkeley, and to be rid of cows in the land of the double and single Gloucester cheese; and I remember then as a sportsman, and for the sake of the fox-hounds, almost shedding tears

at the substitution of heavy clay plough for old rushy grass pasture. That example grass farm, from first to last, has not increased its owner's fortune, nor have the breed of short-horns, made to supplant our rugged hipped, old-fashioned milch cows, added anything to our dairies. On the contrary, though the short-horn and the short-horned cross are better for the butcher, they are not one-half so remunerative in butter and cheese as the old breed used to be throughout the Vale of Berkeley.

It is well known among us, that Nature in thousands of instances declares, "so far shalt thou go, and no further;" and though in all its phases I have studied this providential resolution to thwart the design of Man, both in the crossing of animals and birds, I cannot for the life of me yet discover where it is, or on what grounds Nature keeps to her mysterious law. She will permit us by some crosses to attain size, but we can get no further. In some crosses she rules that the offspring shall be thereafter barren; in others that they, the cross and the offspring of the cross, shall be continuously fecundite. Hybrids, or half-breeds, are *not always mules;* the widgeon and the duck (their hybrids) are barren; the Muscovy and the common duck the same; the pheasant and the fowl the same; while the hybrid from the pintail and common duck are profusely fecundite, and so are the offspring of the beautiful Bahama drake and the common little call-duck. Why or wherefore, then, Nature thus asserts a rule, where the crosses so nearly resemble each other as they do in

the duck tribe, I cannot yet discover, but I am continuing my experiments.

The farmer, however, has much more serious difficulties to contend against, that set at nought all his skill, as well as all his experience. I do not allude to our capricious climate, which so often mars the profoundest calculations, but I refer to unexpected epidemics that attack both his growing crop and his live stock, and almost ruin him in a day.

Why have these misfortunes come upon us? diseases that in the earlier part of my life were not known, and which were not upon our soil until it had been drained, dried, and forced by all sorts of artificial manures—some of which, the guanos, were imported from abroad, and when chemical inventions and drugs of all kinds had been made to imitate the force of other natural secretions.

Some years ago, in "The Field" and other publications, and during an unusually dry season, I presumed to argue that the dearth of rain was or might be owing to the wholesale drainage of the country. That in consequence of enclosures and the drainage of an enormous area of marshes and marshy lands, here, there, and everywhere, there was less moisture sent up into the air by the rising dews and fogs, which always ascend from such places; and that as these fogs and dews, when at a certain height, were condensed into drops of water, thus, through drainage, we lost the natural humidity vouchsafed us by Nature and the atmosphere.

I remember at the time being combated by oppo-

nents in this that they called my theory; but in the whole course of the dispute, there was nothing put forward that affected my position. There was an unusual dearth of rain, there was by drainage an enormous amount of marshy land now dry, there were less fogs, and consequently less dew over those sites so dried; and moreover, by field drainage, everywhere vast quantities of water were quickly carried off to the lower levels, without having time given them to irrigate the depths as well as the surface of the lands, and without sinking low enough to give a proper supply to the hidden springs.

In drainage, the ridiculous and most mischievous error was fallen into by the "Drainage Commissioners"—they had better have tumbled into their own ditches and have been smothered than have made so egregious a mistake! They began draining from the higher instead of the lower level, and so hurried off to the natural brooks and rivers, millions of tons of water that those watercourses were not intended by nature to expect—flooded valuable lands around the rivers, and to an immense extent drove away the shoals of the already-decreasing salmon from our shores.

What then happened? Inland lakes and ponds, from no visible reason other than the destruction of the springs, became dry; rivers when it did not rain were lower than they were ever known to be before, and among others West Wycombe Park, Bucks, lost its beautiful ornamental lake and artificial river, and the finest trout that were ever seen in the memory

of man, or in my remembrance, for I had fished those bright, never failing deep waters ever since I was fourteen years old.

There is an old prophecy in that part of Buckinghamshire, "that the day will come when all its supply of water will fail, and people will be driven to emigrate to other counties;" really, if things go on as at present, this may prove true.

In the dry weather which we have had, there are thousands of farmers possessing dairies who would give worlds to have back their old moist fields and cooling ponds for their cattle—"Shade ponds," as they are called in the New Forest, though many of the ponds have not a tree within a mile of their site. Yet to these ponds in hot weather the cattle resort, preferring them to the trees; and who is there who can say that such cooling and cleanly resort may not have some effect in keeping them in health as well as comfort.

Not only by drainage and foreign and artificial manures have we interfered with the intentions and course of Nature, but in food for our cattle we have thrust the hand of Providence behind us; and in our shallow and aggressive wisdom of the hour, we now substitute manufactured sustenance for creatures for whom God had bountifully instituted the natural corn, grass, and herbage of a thriving world.

If we look around us, in every phase of existence use and abuse are perpetually side by side. One man drinks a glass of wine or pale ale, and is healthfully strengthened and refreshed; another gulps

down whole bottles of wine or spirits, and swills at an enormous can of beer, becomes a temporary fool, and eventually dies of delirium tremens or a paralytic stroke. Here one proprietor preserves his game, and is content with the number of birds Nature has shown him that his land can healthfully maintain; there another proprietor crowds upon his sickening acres enormous masses of birds that die of the gapes and cramps engendered by his insane desire to force the bearing of his fields beyond their natural power.

Again, a greedy farmer, peevish at the natural crop raised by the strength of the mould and good farm-yard manure, reads all sorts of trash disseminated by the press, and writes for chemical admixtures; or carts on his land foreign or artificial manures, concealed in which *there may exist* a poison that shall, when diluted, create a new disease, and break out when he least would look for such an evil. Use and abuse are widely different, and betwixt them I would steer, as between a harbour or place of refuge and dire desolation.

While upon this head, then, let me ask whence came the "potato disease?" It is a foreign disease, and not indigenous to our soil. We had disease, as we had in everything, but the foreign, or hitherto unknown potato disease, affected our fields precisely as the Asiatic cholera struck our population, and may—though Heaven avert the calamity—strike the people again. It assaulted our fields, and it has remained with us; and it is most decidedly *intimately connected with manure*—a fact I have proved by lengthened practice

and the closest observation. Some years ago I published a small pamphlet on this head, addressed to Lord Derby (it is out of print now), in which I described the experiments I had made, and the undoubted success attained. I treated it as a "vegetable feverish epidemic," and at once desisted from the use of all stimulant, keeping the same potatoes, the same seed, year after year, to the same four-acre field, and giving to the land no manure whatever. Potatoes are in themselves an exhausting crop. The yield of these four acres got less and less, and at last returned but fifty sacks, or not one-half their former production. Gradually all disease had left them, when, in a very bad year, my healthy half crop paid me better than the full crop, on account of the price given for my potatoes and potato-seed. The highest price I sold them at, was two pounds a sack.

Not content with this visible reduction in the productive strength of the soil, I then put in a crop of oats—this was some years after the field had been continuously in potatoes—and the crop of oats, though the weather had been favourable, was nothing like an average one, so I was certain my patient had been reduced almost to death's door. *Not a vestige of disease remained in the tubers;* the haulm *alone* was subject to what, years ago, would have been deemed premature decay.

Now then came the time for the experiment, as to whether a return to manure would restore the disease, and it was with considerable apprehension that on

planting I gave to each potato by hand a small quantity. It resembled a glass of wine to a patient reduced by fever, but ready to return to health and strength. The crop was more abundant *that year* than ever it had been prior to the disease, and the disease was not apparent in any part of the field; and from that time until I left Beacon for Winkton my potato crop was completely free from contagion.

During these years of experiment, I never could make up my mind whether it was the field or the potato, that I had freed from the disease, but now came the time for the test of the matter. I took my potatoes with me to Winkton, and planted them in the ground where the disease had always been, and gave some to an old labourer named Bolton, who worked for me at Winkton, to plant in his garden, giving him a strict caution *not to mix my potatoes with any that he had*, or had *procured from other places.*

The crop in my garden and his, throve; so far as my potatoes were concerned there was no disease in them, and what was more, the old man "Bolton"—he is, I am happy to say, alive now, though he no longer works for me—had planted a rank of my potatoes by the side of a rank of his own, and his report to me was—and I ascertained it to be true—"Your taties, sir, han't a bit of disease in 'em, but mine along side of 'em are so bad with it they are scarce worth digging."

Then that test proved that I had freed *those* potatoes and their seed from the disease, and it was the

potato and not the soil—though it might have been both—that had benefited by my treatment. When I left Winkton, having no house to go to in time for potato-planting, I sold all my potatoes, save some which I gave to Sir Percy Shelley.

They had no disease last year, but I have not had any intelligence respecting them, this. Their yield at Boscombe last year, 1864, was immense; the gardener, there, has kept an account of what he bred from some of my "hybrid sort"—it being as possible to breed a hybrid potato as it is to breed a hybrid bird; and from Boscombe I had a few potatoes last year, which as yet in this season I have not lifted. The disease around me here at Alderney Manor, near Wimborne, in this light soil is rife, more particularly among the thin and white-skinned potatoes, and the different sorts of kidneys. The round potatoes are better.

What is the deduction from all this, that I have some right to offer to my readers as reliable to a considerable extent? It is this. It seems probable that we have overtaxed nature in various ways, and attempted to force her beyond her reproductive powers. That we have imported disease among our cattle and potatoes precisely as the cholera and other pests can be imported from abroad. There can be no sort of doubt that these diseases were once not known in England, and there is little doubt but that the cattle disease came in ships from over the sea. In the enormous and organic changes in the earth

and soil made by us, by draining and forcing with foreign manures and chimerical processes, as well as with artificial or unnatural food, may we not have so forced and shocked our hitherto most complacent patient as to cause her still productive power to create new diseases instead of larger crops, and to make her break out in "blains and blotches" instead of sweet and healthful fertility? May we not even have exhibited an approach to impiety in thus attempting to exceed the vast and hitherto continuous bounties of Providence, and, by these terrible visitations, may we not have seen an angry sign in the heavens and in the earth, in the great drought, in the beast, and in the tuber, and in the awful cholera threatened and hovering round our doors, that, in the sight of one who sees all things, we have been presumptuous.

May Heaven avert all further calamity! Words such as these from me cannot be deemed hypocrisy or empty cant; but if these visitations are from the hand of Heaven, men must have done something to bring them on themselves, whether by sin or through avarice—which is said to be a besetting sin—I know not, nor will I presume to look further into the cause and its effects.

To my mind it is a cowardly action to slay all infected beasts, and to hide them as if from our observation. If any creatures of mine were seized by what was called an incurable disease (they never have been), they should never be destroyed. I have watched

over my stable of horses when all died but one of the most virulent glanders. I did the same by a fox-hound, the only instance I ever met with, who was afflicted with hydrophobia, and he died watched and cared for till the last moment of his existence. In each case, the stable and the temporary kennel of the hound, was prevented from extending the contamination. Every precaution was strictly enforced, and the loss was mine alone. I would implore every man to watch the cases, and attempt remedies for the cattle disease, taking care not to extend the infection. I know not whether immense courses of mercury have been tried, and salivation experimented upon; but if I had a beast down with the disease, I would resort to the most violent remedies that possessed the power to kill or cure.

CHAPTER III.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

Early closing movement—Vested interests—Monsieur A-la-mode—Dandies and their extravagances—Blue Hanger and Pea-green Haynes—Cocked hats and evening dress-boots—Hessians—Snobbish dress—Blanching the hair—Premature patriarchs—Piccadilly weepers—Silvery beards—The Farthingale—The hoop petticoat—Crinoline—Going to Court—Empress Eugénie—Absurd head-dresses—Bonnets without crowns—The odious change—Enamelling—Long trains—Dragons at Cheltenham—Legs and no legs—Watering-place life—Beckford at Bath—Drinking the waters—Trip to Scarborough—My comedy—Its prologue—An avalanche of bouquets—Parsons at Bournemouth—The Church in danger.

THE changes in Father Adam's wardrobe must necessarily have been few and far between, as tailoring could not have flourished under such a scarcity of wearing fabrics as prevailed during his prolonged life. His descendants, however, in due course, could hardly have avoided turning over a new leaf, however respectable may have been their conduct. We have no very distinct account of the form or material of the clothes worn before what is commonly called the great flood, but there is reason to believe that garments of some kind of cloth were in requisition with Noah and his family, as we learn the unfilial conduct of one of his

sons when that venerable paterfamilias had tasted too freely of his vintage.

The earliest reliable records that have come down to us of ancient costume are to be found on the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments; in these there is at least enough evidence to indicate a fair amount of employment for the weaver and the sempstress or schneider of the period. Respecting the taste in dress of the more refined Greeks and their imitators in the west, we know enough; as well as of our own insular variations from the time when "wild in woods the noble savage ran," not in the slightest degree impeded by his last coat of paint, or when he could shed his skin as freely as his native snakes—to all the Roman, Saxon, Scandinavian, Norman, and other imported styles of raiment, to which antiquarians have done ample justice. I merely wish to point out some of the most absurd features of a despotism that has turned so many of my countrymen and countrywomen into objects of ridicule or compassion.

It is, I think, that memorable example of a country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, who averred that his vest had been in and out of fashion half-a-dozen times since he had turned his back upon the London world. This was in the reign of Queen Anne. We certainly possess more invention; but in the four reigns through which my career has passed, I have recognised "the sweetest thing in waistcoats" as a repetition in shape on many occasions. Our vested interests, as they may be called, present but a limited

scope for change. They have come over the hips of our great-grandfathers; they have barely covered the chest. They have had all sorts of collars—now no more than suffices to indicate the extreme views of a zealous Anglican divine.

The coat has been much more practised upon. Our ancestors, in the last century, if they directed their Poole to cut his coat according to his cloth, evidently did not stint him in material. In cuffs, in sleeves, in skirts, there seemed always ample room and verge enough for the accommodation of a Daniel Lambert. Little more than a hundred years ago our dandies, through their affectations of fashionable habits, brought upon them the following satirical description:—

MONSIEUR A-LA-MODE.

"Take a creature that nature has formed without brains,
Whose skull nought but nonsense and sonnets contains,
With a mind where conceit with folly's allied,
Set off by assurance and unmeaning pride;
With common-place jests for to tickle the ear,
With mirth where no wisdom could ever appear;
That to the defenceless can strut and look brave,
Although he to cowardice shows he's a slave:
And now for to dress up my *beau* with a grace,—
Let a well frizzled wig be set off from his face,
With a bag quite in taste, from Paris just come,
That was made and tied up by Monsieur Frisson;
With powder quite grey—then his head is complete—
If dressed in the fashion, no matter for wit.
With a pretty black beaver tucked under his arm,
If placed on his head it might keep it too warm;
Then a black *solitaire* his neck to adorn,
Like those of Versailles, by the courtiers there worn.

His hands must be covered with fine Brussels lace,
With a sparkling brilliant his finger to grace,
Next a coat of embroidery, from foreigners come,
'Twould be quite unpolite to have one wrought at home
With cobweb silk stockings his legs to befriend,
Two pair underneath, his lank calves to amend;
With breeches in winter would cause one to freeze,
To add to his height must not cover his knees;
A pair of smart pumps made up of grained leather,
So that he can't venture to tread on a feather;
His buckles like diamonds must glitter and shine,
Should they cost fifty pounds they would not be too fine.
A repeater by Graham, which the hours reveals,
Almost overbalanced with knick-knacks and seals.
A mouchoir with musk his spirits to cheer,
Though he scents the whole room that no one can come near.
A gold-hilted sword, with jewels inlaid,
So the scabbard's but cane, no matter for blade;
A sword-knot of ribbon to answer his dress,
Most completely tied up with tassels of lace;
Thus fully equipped and attired for show,
Observe, pray, ye belles, that famed thing called a *Beau!*'

In this portrait "the black solitaire," as seen in Hogarth's "Marriage a-la-Mode," takes the place of the gay ribbon neck-tie, called a scarf. The knick-knacks to the watch-chain are now "charms," but the jewelled-hilted sword, and smart sword-knot, and other articles of luxury, have entirely disappeared. In the gentleman's court dress of the present day, which has altered very little in my time, the sword is retained with the "smalls," silk-stockings, bag, buckles, &c., but the coat, though worn with them, is of more recent date than the one mentioned by the satirist. *That* has seen mutations innumerable, but these are deviations from two distinct forms—the

swallow-tail and the frock, called in my earlier days the surtout. It was then worn frogged, that is, ornamented with silk embroidery; and in winter furred. In this way I have seen the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, Prince Esterhazy, Brummell, and his aristocratic imitators, promenade or ride in the park—the frock and swallow-tail were used in riding, but the latter only during the evening. It was on this that some years later my friend the Count D'Orsay, who studied the coat quite as much as the beau who had preceded him, made those improvements that gave his tailor so extensive a reputation.

These were the days and nights of broadcloth, but in my father's early association with the Prince of Wales and that set (I publish in this book a portrait of my father as he used to stand on the Parade at Brighton), the material employed was much more expensive—satin, and gold lace, and silk embroidered with flowers, were in requisition; and an assemblage of both sexes became as rich in colour as a bed of flowers. Extravagance in male attire then could only be indulged in by the rich, for a tailor's bill to a man of fashion must have been a tremendous document, considering that a suit of clothes was often made to cost nearly a hundred pounds. This was excelled, however, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, when men who desired to cut a figure at Court wore their fortunes on their backs.

The sombre effect of the modern gentleman's evening-dress no doubt sets off by contrast the beautiful

show of colour provided by the ladies; but there seems no reason on earth why they should look either like undertakers, waiters, or parsons. We stick to black at weddings and balls, at dinners and operas, with the inevitable "choker," for wearing which the host is sometimes by strangers mistaken for the valet, as did the O'Mulligan at Mrs. Perkins's ball.

Sumptuary laws are no doubt obsolete, but the want of them creates immense confusion—the maid often outvying the mistress in pretensions to fashion; while every Jack wants to look the gentleman—an awful failure when the attempt is made.

In the morning-dress a more cheerful effect is now produced by the light summer suits that have been in fashion for a few years past (not forgetting the bright stockings which knickerbockers, and legs, if he has them, enable the wearer to display), but which fashion is now on the wane. But it is not well to be partial to one colour, unless you want a similar designation as "Blue Hanger" (Lord Coleraine), and "Pea-green Haynes," otherwise known as the Silver Ball, in distinction to the one of golden hue. The first was the brother of Colonel George Hanger, equerry to the Prince of Wales, who chose a cerulean suit for his daily wear; the other a verdant one—and very verdant he was—as the action brought against him by Miss Foote went far to prove. She subsequently married one of the most distinguished of the old school of dandies (and a very good

man too) of which the Prince of Wales was nominally at the head—Lord Petersham.

What can have become of the then essential requisites of a beau's outfit? Where is the *chapeau bras?* The *gibus* is the nearest approach to it. When it figured as a head covering for the Vauxhall band, it passed from the use of noblemen and gentlemen never to return. Sundry changes have been attempted in the beaver, or silk hat, that succeeded it; but it is still unsightly and inconvenient. I was one of the last who adhered to the cocked hat, or rather on whose head and under whose arm the cocked hat at evening parties and operas still stuck; and often and often have I been insulted on my way home from balls in London by the drivers of carts and waggons at daybreak, coming into market. Of course a gentleman in evening dress was a novelty to such boors, and because he had a cocked hat and thin shoes on, they vented their gibes. On one occasion, one of two carters, walking together, cried out as I approached them, "Here! look here! my eyes, Jack! here comes a man in his mother's boots!" They were quiet as to the derivation of boot or shoe on my quietly asking them, "What can your nasty hobnails do, or hands either, to my discomfort?" As leg dress depended on the legs of the kings, witness the difference of legs and the change of dress in the reigns of George IV. and William IV., particularly in the dear old white full-dress gaiters of the Guards, so new fashions have been and are invented to hide

the foot and ankle of women, or to make those almost as materially deficient as cherubims appear to be amply seated. Fashions are for ever invented to conceal faults; in my time I never knew one put forth to show a natural grace.

Breeches are preserved for the hunting-field and the court suit—even physicians have given them up—and pantaloons are—nowhere. The top-boots with which the former were once in constant request—for walking or riding at the commencement of the century—are considerably modernized for hunting and racing use. Hessians have become extremely rare. The well-known Romeo Coates wore them as long as he could walk; and since, a few deluded creatures, who fancied they had particularly fine legs, pulled them over their tight leggings, and went their way rejoicing. I remember, however, when men of the highest social station used to be seen in them. The top-boots had been worn by the terrorists of the French Revolution—not the *sans culottes* exactly, but Robespierre, and his more gentlemanlike associates—and the Hessians were regarded as German, and in compliment to the sovereign's connexions, were accepted as significant of loyalty—just as the white hat worn by "Orator Hunt" for many years, indicated an out-and-out radical.

Those long familiar pedal coverings, Wellingtons and Bluchers, have entirely lost their popularity; the convenience of the spring-side boots has been appreciated by all classes, though never by me; and not-

withstanding their heroic suggestiveness, the long and the short leather favourites—particularly of aspiring youth—hang neglected in the shops, and have almost ceased to be manufactured at Northampton. The Prince of Wales favours the spring-sides with cloth fronts; but for sporting purposes the best wear are the tan uppers with stout soles. For shooting I always wear ankle boots, with cloth or fustian ankles made to lace, and nails in the not too thick soles. Riding boots are sometimes selected of the Horse Guards' pattern, made of buffalo hide, and rising above the knee—then white cords or buckskins should be worn with them.

No garment has suffered more from transformation than the shirt. What revolutions in collars have I outlived—from the big stand-up that always threatened amputation of the ears, to the little turn-down, so exceedingly suggestive of innocence and juvenility! The first characterized the dandies caricatured by Cruikshank—the latter, the "swells," taken off so happily by my lamented friend Leech. The cambric frills and the lace ruffles have gone "where the good niggers go." I trust the sable ghosts will know how to appreciate such finery. The front is now occasionally enriched with needle-work or lace, fastened with jewelled studs, and the wrist-bands turned back and held with gold sleeve-links—at least with those who are ambitious of attracting attention to their linen. Unlimited indulgence in change may be procured by means of paper or steel.

collars and wristbands, but I never used either myself, and doubt whether they have secured higher patrons than the swell-mob. Silk shirts are favoured by some, but fine linen is much the most pleasant material.

It should be borne in mind that display in either morning or evening apparel, has long been out of favour in the best circles. Quiet and unostentatiousness in dress characterize the gentleman, loudness or fastness the snob. For this reason there is very little to ridicule in the toilet of the former, as far as regards his ordinary equipment. The assailable points in his get-up are usually his hair, beard, and whiskers.

For some time past people have wondered at the vast increase of venerable-looking young men, patriarchs of thirty, and Methuselahs of twenty-five, with flowing locks and hirsute appendages *white as snow*. Not only the laity, but a few of the clergy appear to have found out the advantage of appearing the "Grandfather Whiteheads" of their own little drama —the long-skirted curate, "passing rich with forty pounds a year," as well as the reverend speculator in a low-church proprietary chapel, finding it answer his purpose with his congregation to give himself the honours of extreme old age.

The mystery is thus explained—the hair-dressers not only sell preparations for dyeing the hair a youthful black or brown, but another for entirely taking the colour out of it, and giving it the silvery whiteness of senility. The effect is not only found to be

novel, but in most cases prepossessing. It has become known, and now, to use a familiar figure of speech, every one insists on cultivating his own cauliflower. Hence it is that a face without a wrinkle is made to assume the gravity of a judge, the wisdom of a sage, the benevolence of a philanthropist, and the meekness of a saint—the heart may glow with quite a torrid heat, though eternal snow covers the head: and all at the cost of a half-crown bottle of wash.

This imposition completely mystifies those not in the secret; they may have heard of the fabulous mill where old people were ground young, but they cannot realize the idea of young people washed old, therefore the plump-faced fashionable preacher easily excites a demand on his photograph, and a rise in his pew rents, by thus making himself appear as much as possible like a superannuated cherubim; while the fashionable hero is left undisturbed to excite *his* sensation among the young ladies of his acquaintance by the same expedient. Of course "halting Time" toils after both in vain for many years to come. Nor has he thinned their flowing hair any more than he has marked them with his iron hand. The ambition to look respectable, nay, "virtuousest, discreetest, best," can scarcely be reprehensible, therefore no very severe condemnation is called for. It's only another of the almost innumerable pretences of the age. It's unadulterated humbug, that's all.

Of all the most ridiculous appendages to the cheeks of men are those sweeping things like the tails of

squirrels hung on to the temples, that the blackguard boys in London have denominated "Piccadilly Weepers." One day, in Piccadilly, a ragged urchin, at leapfrog with another, ran against the legs of a swell, who, kicking at him, doomed his little ragged soul to an eternity of suffering. The boy was fast, and knew the dandy would not chase him before the public gaze, so, skipping into the middle of the street, and putting his thumb to his nose, he shouted to his playmate, while he pointed to the swell, "My eyes, Jemmy, look here! if here ain't a chap what as killed and swallowed is grandmother's cats, and got their tails a hanging out on either side his kissers."

It is curious too to see how little men, very pale, and very thin, apparently like plants, have run to decrepitude in the production of beards, as the said plants sometimes dwindle down when they have run to seed. I have noticed many instances of this, and one in a member of the London Volunteer Artillery, a member also of the law. He really looks as if he was attached to the beard, and that the hirsute appendage wafted him according to the blowing of the wind.

Having thus disposed of the extravagances of my own sex, I will proceed with those of the other, not in the least dismayed by their abundance and variety. In regarding their changes of costume, the first peculiarity is the ever-recurring passion for excess in material and vastness in size. It first manifested itself in the age of Good Queen Bess, when great ruffs for the neck, and great farthingales for the hips,

made a lady of the Court, as she walked along, look as stately as a ship under full sail; or as a contemporary writer says, while describing her appearance—"So that when they have all these goodly robes upon them, women seem to be the smallest part of themselves—not natural women but artificial women—not women of flesh and blood, but rather puppets or mawmets, consisting of rags and clouts compact together."

During the time of the Stuarts moderation prevailed, at least in this direction, till about the first decade of the last century, when "the hoop petticoat" made its astounding appearance. It was only the farthingale exaggerated. "My grandmother," says Sir Roger de Coverley in the 'Spectator,' "appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart." Another writer, a few years later, adds, "Nothing can be more unnatural, and consequently less agreeable; when a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide, she resembles a funnel—a figure of no great elegancy; and I have seen many fine ladies of a low stature who, when they sail in their hoops about an apartment, look like children in go-carts."

Notwithstanding these and scores of other attacks, the monstrosity grew and flourished. The poet Gay wrote a poem called "The Hoop Petticoat," in which he declared that it had originated in the facility it affords for concealing pregnancy, an idea which exists in regard to the crinoline in New York to the present day. Nevertheless, it still kept in favour, and a loose

gown called a *sacque* thrown over it, did not make it look smaller. At the commencement of the reign of George III., the enormous mass began to diminish. Nevertheless, Mrs. Yates is known to have played Lady Macbeth in a hoop eight yards in circumference. About the year 1772 the obnoxious garment began to be discarded, but reappeared in increased glory on state occasions. Common sense at last prevailed, and it vanished altogether; only, however, to reappear more than half a century later in the form of the equally odious *crinoline*.

The worst features in the hoop abomination were reproduced—servant-girls exceeding their mistresses in amplitude of skirt, and women of every grade making themselves by their preposterous dress a nuisance; wherever room for one was provided, they individually must have room enough for ten. Playing bodkin in a carriage is not always convenient, nor is it pleasant unless between two young ladies, but doing it in one conveying ladies to a drawing-room was infinitely worse. It is impossible to imagine a more helpless object than a short man or a man even of ordinary bulk striving to make himself infinitesimally small, jammed in a corner between mountains of tarlatane and billows of satin and lace. If you see the victim's nose, it is as much as you can. He dare not move, and it is more than his life is worth to attempt a sneeze or blow his nose.

Wide as our pavements are, two or three women walking abreast oblige you to go into the gutter; indeed, one has been known to monopolize the entire

walking breadth of the thoroughfare. A court physician in France recommended his sovereign, who required exercise, to walk round his brother, who was as obese as himself. Instead of the Banting method, a very portly gentleman might, I should think, quite as certainly reduce his superabundance of flesh by walking round his wife.

It has been said that we owe this ridiculous fashion to the Empress of the French, but her Imperial Majesty never wore the ugly hen-coops my countrywomen have so frantically adopted ; nothing but muslin petticoats one over another, like those of the ballet-dancers when on the stage. The horrid mingling of wheel within wheel, whether stiffened with cane, whalebone, or steel, I am told, never was permitted to enter her dressing-room.

It is not merely for its ugliness that I detest it, and for its hiding the beautiful proportions of the female figure, but for the awful loss of life it has occasioned to such of its wearers as have incautiously approached flame. It is really terrible to read week after week the accounts that appear in the papers of ladies burnt to death, without having the slightest hope of rescue.

I am glad to be able to say that I think and hope the nuisance is abating. Ladies of the best society are leaving off crinoline, and ladies of no rank will do the same in due course. As soon as it becomes known that people of fashion wear nothing of the kind, they will be discarded, even by kitchen-maids, as low. The sex may lose in amplitude, but not in

attractiveness. The beauties of my early days wore nothing of the sort, and very few women have existed who have been more admired. I do not advocate the doctrine, whatever my opinion in private may be, of the poet who declares—

"Nature when unadorned is adorned the most."

I should have preferred, had it been possible, an introduction to Grandmother Eve in demi-toilette, or to Lady Godiva *en grande tenue*. But I do say that Nature in a crinoline is adorned the least; in fact, cannot be adorned at all. So collapse, my fair friends, as soon as you can, and let us sit near you on sofa or carriage-seat without knowing that we are kept outside a charmed circle—charmed within if not without—more formidable than that of the burning skulls in Der Freischütz. You always ride without such an encumbrance; what in the world is to hinder your sitting or walking without it?

But the head and front of the sweet sex's offending they carry on their pretty shoulders. It is wonderful to think of the variety of absurd gear they have accepted by way of decoration there. Where shall I begin?—at the horned coiffure, on which Lydgate, the monk of Bury, wrote "A Ditty of Women's Horns." It prevailed till nearly the end of the fifteenth century, with tall, cone-like caps like those still worn by the peasant women of Normandy. Then came a stiff caul and gauze veil equally ugly. The diamond-shaped head-dress of Anne Bullen is

more becoming. The starched ruff was an abomination, and I do not wonder at the satire it called forth.

Mary, Queen of Scots, introduced from France the cap in which she is usually delineated, and I have no desire to quarrel with it, but it has been the parent of ugliness in endless variety. It was not till the reign of Charles I. that the dressing of the ladies' hair approached the modern style, and the fine portraits of that period have sufficiently familiarized us with it. Nor is there any necessity to describe those that always seemed to have been tumbled about by the merry monarch, or by his still more free and easy courtiers. "Heart-breakers," as certain atrocious artificial side curls were called, came into favour near the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Equally ridiculous was the mountain of hair in vogue in the reign of William III., and re-appeared with more elaborate ugliness in that of George III. Indeed the latter reign seems to have given the coiffeur extraordinary licence to disfigure his unfortunate victims.

> "Give Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool,
> Of paste and pomatum a pound;
> Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
> And gauze to encompass it round."

With such atrocities the beauties of my father's youth chose to risk their influence. Better taste at last prevailed, but not till after a long course of extravagances that make one shudder to look at them. Hats and bonnets then became the rage—and *such*

bonnets! in every shape—coal-scuttle, pudding-bag, flat basket; nothing could be too absurd—except the most recent folly—the bonnet without a crown, to allow a great bunch of hair to be shown—about the most misshapen thing ever put upon a girl's head.

By the way, a sensation was caused last summer by a gentleman riding along the Ladies' Mile with one of these unsightly objects at the end of his whip, as if he had picked it up. Simultaneously every fair equestrian raised her hand to her back hair, to ascertain that all was all right behind—involuntarily betraying the artificial character of these appendages. The thing was not claimed, and probably is now in the finder's possession, among his choice curiosities.

Some time since a pretty plait was worn at the back of the head, which in light hair had quite a classical effect; nor do I object to the tresses being left to flow down the back, as girls leave them after bathing, and as all unmarried women wore their hair in the middle ages; but I do object to the ugly bunches of flowers and fruit, and sometimes vegetables, which are occasionally introduced under or on the bonnet, by young ladies of very eccentric taste. I can easily reconcile myself to a pork-pie hat, or a turban, a round, or a Spanish hat, with pinions or without, as long as there is a pretty face beneath it. I only grow impatient when I see the loveliest ornament of women tortured into uncouth shapes, or

hues unnatural to the complexion, or the beautifully-shaped head hid under some queer-shaped nondescript article just imported from Paris, as "the sweetest thing in bonnets!"—its ugliness made fearfully repulsive by the clump protruding through the back.

The Princess of Wales, I hope, will adhere to the fashion her Royal Highness brought from Denmark. It suits the expression of her charming features, and the shape of her well-formed head. Who introduced the ugly clump I do not know—all I know is, the sooner it is abolished the better pleased I shall be.

There is one expedient sometimes had recourse to in the toilette, against which I sternly set my face—this is, enamelling and staining the eyes. It is a pernicious practice, of no advantage even to women who are *passée*, inconceivably mischievous to the complexions and skins of those in their *première jeunesse*. Such as use it, fancy that it heightens their attractions without betraying the cosmetic. They are altogether in error; it gives an unnatural brightness and softness to the skin that tells tales worse than an unfaithful *femme de chambre*. No enamelling, as it is absurdly called, ever came up in effect to the peach-like texture, or hue, of a girl's cheek in perfect health; and although it is a delusion, the promise of being beautiful for ever, it is extraordinary how long the attractiveness of youth may be preserved, when health is carefully attended to, with the assistance of early rising, moderate exercise, and a nutritious diet—and

that great boon of all, a gentle temper and a happy and contented heart.

It is strange to look back from 1865 upon the manners and customs of 1816 and years that have intervened between these two dates, and to reflect on the change that has taken place! In dress, men choked themselves with stiffened gills, and starched sheets for neckcloths, and shoved their hats upon their noses by the preposterous upstanding of their coat collars! Women invented places for their waists where it was impossible for their waists to be, and, from their shoulder-blades to their heels endeavoured to cheat their admirers into the belief that from the back of their heads to their ankles they were as straight and as flat as a pancake.

In an era previous to this, as the family portraits of the time will prove, women were as lavish in the display of their necks as women are now niggardly of giving men a view of their feet. In fact, the dress of the present day, save in the act of waltzing, leaves us all in doubt whether a girl has her proper extremities. It is a pity that women—women with "understandings," but those not in accordance with the outline of beauty—should thus set a fashion to hide more graceful proportions; or, as "Boz" calls them, "the twin invaders of domestic peace;" and harder still on us, the male proportion of the community, that they should, for ugly fashion's sake, trail after them a train to entrap us into the loss of temper. Oh! the looks that I have received of objurgation in

the streets, from what some would call "elegantly attired females," or women of "dashing exterior," simply and solely because, when two or three yards behind them, I ventured to set foot on what I conceived to be unoccupied ground, I found myself bearing my weight on flimsy stuff that had its origin in erroneous and fault-concealing fashion.

At one time during dinner, we gave ourselves up to the genial and heart-opening custom of asking everybody, ladies not excepted, to drink wine. Vulgar men minced the matter, and suggested physic, by asking people to "take wine;" and when we heard a man so misconduct himself in the art of good breeding, he was at once set down as a snob of the most intense snobbishness. Then again if we showed a lady round our gardens and grounds, we offered her our arm, and she took it (it was the custom so to do), but fresh-water sailors or "gents," similarly situated, thought to display their ease and stamp familiarity, by cocking out an elbow and asking her to "take a fin." Perhaps to do away with such occasional snobbishness, the arm-taking fashion became obsolete; and though that chief blessing, woman, still comes to our arms, in walking she must not lean on us for the once acknowledged and accorded support.

In recurring to these obsolete fashions, I remember some fun we had at Cheltenham, just at the time that to take a man's arm was deemed wrong on the part of a pretty girl. Between me and the dried-up Dragons that gave their name to the chairs in which they were

drawn about, there was a perpetual animosity. In walking up the promenade, whether I was personally acquainted with the Dragons or not, their eyes were for ever fixed on me—so much so, that I adopted the plan of winking at them, and then turning my face "here, there, and everywhere," in the direction of pretty petticoats, so as to make them parties to imaginary love affairs. By persisting in thus tormenting them, I am quite sure I got less of their public supervision, and sent to the M.D. and the surgeon no end of apoplectic patients.

On one occasion, some dear and most intimate friends of mine came to Cheltenham—none of them personally known in that lively town—and we walked from the High Street, or from the Plough Hotel, up the promenade together. Papa and mamma went first, and then having permitted many people to intervene between them and us, by a preconcerted agreement, the young and handsome daughter and myself came arm-in-arm together, having agreed to look most lovingly at each other the moment a Dragon chair was about to meet us. One wizened old lady stared so unforgivingly hard at me and my companion that I winked in her face, and nodded as if in confidence towards the beauty on my arm, causing the latter to burst into such a merry laugh that it sent the old lady off gasping as if for very life.

From drinking wine together, we have come to drinking by ourselves; from linking our arms, we have come to a straggling struggle on the pave-

ment, much after the manner of a flock of independent geese. From the stately minuet and bows, we came by degrees to taking our partners round the waist, and whirling them about in the slower waltz, which soon quickened into a polk and galop, and then into a valse "à deux temps," which is really nothing more than a skip out of time, in each other's arms—the absurdly long whiskers of the men mingling with the curls of the ladies. To escape entanglement, however, girls now don't wear curls or ringlets, but scrape their hair back from their foreheads and cheeks, reminding us of a ship cleared for action, and certainly in some faces, most enchantingly inviting to a passage of arms.

It is very odd, but we dress our little girls in attire so short that the legs are exposed to the knees, and fond mammas exclaim, "Are not her limbs most beautiful?" No doubt in some cases they are, but the moment they become still more lovely, then down falls the curtain of the crinoline, and we are left in doubt as to whether or no the girl has one leg or two, or any legs at all. However, one needs but to observe the walk to give a shrewd guess as to the limbs that permit progression. Fashion has its phases—not only at different times, but under different circumstances. The fashion of one age, as I have shown, is not the fashion of another; neither is the fashion of the country quite the fashion of the town. But the most marked and peculiar of all its aspects is, I think, displayed in watering-place

life; and even in this there are variations. St. Leonards is not Margate—nor is Cowes Gravesend. To be sure Bristol sugar-bakers and Manchester cotton lords contrive to penetrate into the most select retreats—the *nouveau riche* and the *parvenu* will elbow themselves a way among the aristocracy whenever they can get a chance, but they cannot sufficiently mingle in society of any fashionable resort, to vulgarize it.

Extraordinary, however, are the changes which railway facility has produced in certain places of this description. Weymouth, once an annual gathering of the Royal Family, of George III. and Queen Charlotte and the courtiers, among whom my father was often present in the height of the season, has become a Cockney attraction that empties all the desks, shops, and warehouses between Tooley Street and Pimlico during the excursion fever. Brighton, where the Prince of Wales and his much more lively, if less respectable Court, made the welkin ring again with the joyousness of lusty life, is as constantly delivered over to inundations of highly exclusive red-tape from the Government offices, and pale-faced counter-skippers from anywhere between Regent Street and the Minories. Bognor, where the amiable Princess Charlotte and her two or three personal attendants used to give the little street and the little parade an aspect of royalty that endeared it to quiet families, is now delivered over to dyspeptic aldermen and tradesmen's widows under the influence of *bronchitis* and *moiré antique*.

I might enumerate a long list, for all

> "Have suffered a sea-change,
> Into something new and strange."

The pleasures, like the dear companions of my youth, have departed from them never to return, and their places are choked with fussy nobodies overflowing with the exaggerated importance of purse-pride, or intrusive "gents," got up regardless of expense by Moses and Son, and poisoning the air with Whitechapel cigars.

But I cannot pass over Bath or Clifton, that could each boast of very pleasant society about half a century ago, and many celebrated characters. The former, long after the "New Bath Guide" had ceased to be quoted, and Lady Miller and her Bath-Easton coterie had found their last rest. Sheridan's "Rivals" is a better illustration of Bath life than either.

Here, once promenaded, as "the observed of all observers," the author of Vathek, when he began to tire of the luxurious toys with which he had surrounded himself—pictures and china, and objects of art that made his mansion a museum. If all was not vanity it was ostentation—if it did not engender vexation of spirit, it created a sense of satiety still less endurable.

Among the *millionaires* who tried to find comfort if not happiness in Bath, Beckford deserves to be regarded as the most refined. Much may be said against him, but voluptuary as he was, he made his great wealth and undoubted taste sources of much

social benefit. They were diffused freely, and the advantage flowed far and wide.

To retire from town dissipations to "drink the waters" was much more fashionable in the last century than it is now—the water-drinking process goes on either at our hydropathic establishments or at the Brunnens in Germany, or the mineral springs in France. Vichy and Seltzer, too, is drunk in considerable quantities at home; but in the olden time, besides Bath and Cheltenham, there were Tunbridge Wells and Harrogate, very lively places during the season; all sorts of fun went on among the drinkers—assemblies, concerts, balls, plays, raffles, suppers, and breakfasts gave ample opportunity and verge enough for both friendship and flirtation, the result being sometimes quite as fruitful in duels as in marriages.

Nor ought I to neglect Scarborough, in high repute in the last half of the last century, and much frequented in this—the third quarter of the present. Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough" is scarcely to be taken as a faithful picture of the Yorkshire Brighton in 1776, when it first appeared, as that play is merely an adaptation of an earlier one by Vanbrugh—but there are some traits of watering-place life that cannot fail of recognition from such of my contemporaries as have enjoyed opportunities of seeing it, about half a century later. Nor am I insensible to the liberal amount of feminine elegance and beauty that so admirably assists both landscape and seascape. The poet says—

"'Tis *distance* lends enchantment to the view."

I beg permission to differ with the poet—especially when I approach seraphs in becoming hats, and light sea-side dresses, fresh from the bathing machine, with treasures of glossy silk drying on their graceful shoulders—I am decidedly of opinion that the enchantment increases with the nearness of the object. Another versifier—a much more sensible one—says—

> "Give me a look, give me a face,
> That makes simplicity a grace;
> Robes loosely flowing—hair as free—
> Such sweet delights more taketh me
> Than all the adulteries of art,
> That charm mine eye but not mine heart."

It matters little the locality, Filey or Tenby, Worthing or Eastbourne, Ryde or Broadstairs, when these bright features meet me on cliff, parade, sands, sea-beach, or breezy down, it is the only *Bellevue* I care to appreciate, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, like honest Tony Lumpkin, that whenever I do behold them, "I feel in a concatenation accordingly."

The prologue to the "Trip to Scarborough" points out the caprices of fashion nearly a hundred years ago. Some of them cannot help striking my reader as droll:—

> "What various transformations we remark,
> From east Whitechapel to the west Hyde Park;
> Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,
> State, stage, trade, taste, the humours, and the passions,
> The Exchange, Change Alley, where'er you're ranging,
> Court, city, country—all are changed or changing.
> The streets, some time ago, were paved with stones,
> Which, aided by a hackney-coach, half-broke your bones.
> The purest lovers then indulged in bliss,
> They ran great hazard if they stole a kiss—

One chaste salute—the damsel cried 'Oh, fie!'
As they approached, slap went the coach awry,
Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.
But now weak nerves in hackney coaches roam,
And the crammed glutton snores unjolted home.
Of former times that polished thing, *a beau*,
Is metamorphosed now from top to toe;
Then the full flaxen wig spread o'er the shoulders,
Concealed the shallow head from the beholders;
But now the whole's reversed,—each fop appears
Cropped and trimmed up, exposing head and ears.
The buckle, then, its modest limits knew;
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke its bounds, and swallows up the shoe!
The wearer's foot, like his once fine estate,
Is almost lost—the incumbrance is so great.
Ladies may smile—are they not in the plot?
The bounds of nature have not they forgot?
Were they designed to be, when put together,
Made up like shuttlecocks, of cork and feather?
Their pale-faced grandmammas appeared with grace,
When dawning blushes rose upon the face;
No blushes now, their once-loved station seek,
The foe is in possession of the cheek!
No heads of old, too high in feathered state,
Hindered the fair to pass the lowest gate.
A church to enter now, they must be bent,
If ever they should try the experiment."

I have an idea in my head of writing a comedy, on the Sheridanean model of course, illustrating sea-side life. I shall call it "A Trip to Bournemouth." All the *dramatis personæ* are in readiness—the scenes and situations of each of the five acts (the interest worked up to an astonishing climax in the last) all carefully imagined, and not even the wildness of the residents forgotten. I would introduce it here, but

for the fear of the dreadful consequences to the metropolitan managers, in their eagerness to be first in the field with it. The reader will, I hope, therefore rest content with

THE PROLOGUE.

A love of change, though all may disavow,
Marked every age, and makes its impress now;
Each era, people, sex, profession, station,
In turn must undergo a transformation;
And whether wits or blockheads, prigs or swells,
Mistress or maid, old frights or blooming belles,
They alter, change, and vary their conditions,
Whatever be their fortunes or positions.
But such an alteration as our age
Has brought us—and to-night the mimic stage
Shall show, as with a mirror, in this play—
Surely was never witnessed till to-day.
Our dandies would astound the Seven Sleepers,
Brushing the air with "Piccadilly weepers;"
Or, while their limbs display a manly grace,
Looking a Father Abraham in face.
The Longobards revived invade our streets,
Our parks, our theatres, our balls, our "meets;"
Where'er we glance the hairy pendant floats,
Scattering its honours upon gowns and coats.
E'en in the race-course blows about our een,
And hides the winner with its bushy screen.
At Chiswick floral shows it curious bends,
And in each calyx dips its straggling ends.
In Regent's Park appears on Sundays, when
It beards the very lion in his den!
The Beauty's circle owns another swain,
She starts to see him moving in her train,
With locks that glisten like a silvery star,
And make him seem a vision of *Old Parr!*
Time was when youth was precious, and when lost,
Lamented as a gift of priceless cost:

Now boys ("Old Fellows") mirth or mischief plan,
And each must be *grand-*"father to the man!"
The fairer sex a different aim pursue,
Their charms, we know, are ever fresh and new;
But still some *will* grow passée, more's the shame!
And horrid wrinkles mar the brightest fame.
However prudent, and however clever,
No woman can be "beautiful for ever."
The well-puffed nostrum ne'er restored a grace
To sunken cheek, dull eye, or faded face.
Enamel as you will, deluded soul!
And glaze your features like a china bowl,
It will but blight and poison all it touches,
And hasten dreaded Time's disfiguring smutches.
Take your cosmetic and go through your task,
What's the result? You only wear a mask!
Your true complexion's gone for aye—and hush!
With it, alas! you've lost the art to blush?
Cease to seem over fair or *over good,*
Care not to join the Pharisaic brood,
Laden with cross and row of jetty beads,
Who glide like ghosts restless from naughty deeds.
Slippers embroider not, nor paint on scrolls
Gaudy appeals to unrepentant souls.
Enjoy your bath, your walk, your croquet game,
And archery practise without fear or shame;
Have your flirtations in a harmless way,
Whether at concert, promenade, or play,
Pic-nic, or yacht excursion in the bay—
And cease to go to church *three times a day.*
Remember you need heed no harsh complaints—
Those who are ANGELS never need be *Saints.*"

I can fancy myself delivering this to a crowded and fashionable audience—(for I think it would be a pleasant innovation for an author thus to introduce his own plays)—at my friend Sir Percy Shelley's new and very pretty theatre at Boscombe, an evergreen oasis in that desert of dulness, the fashionable

watering-place in its vicinity. I have more than once taken a modest share in the private theatricals there, so admirably got up by Sir Percy and my lady, who both on the stage and in the house are hosts in themselves. And then I can fancy the glorious recompense I should be sure to receive from the fair enthusiasts who would be present, in being smothered under an avalanche of *bouquets*.

To "die of a rose in aromatic pain" may be ecstasy enough for small poets, but to die of a mountain of roses and lilies of the valley, verbenas, seringas, camellias, calceolarias, and choice exotics in endless variety of beauty and fragrance, must be a far more covetable form of annihilation, and I think I should like it considerably better than any of the fatal ills that flesh is heir to. However—sufficient for the day is the good thereof—when my comedy is announced we shall see, and so will Bournemouth; such a picture of the caprices of fashionable religion will then—I think I may venture to say—never have been exhibited before.

There is a clergyman at a funeral in one of Hogarth's pictures, that I shall paint to the life in my play: there is one, did I say, there are indeed some dozens whom I shall make to strut their hour on the stage. Time was when congregations were content with one; now we must have a clerical regiment ranked on either side the way to the altar, all doing little bits of the service, as if sinners could not be saved unless by a ladder of divines on whom to ascend to heaven.

There is a couplet in "Hudibras" which I never could quite comprehend—

> "What makes a den of thieves?
> A Dean, a Chapter, and lawn sleeves."

It has often entered my head at Bournemouth, I suppose of course in opposition to the established fact, that in Bournemouth there could not be a den of thieves, as, so to speak, our clergy, good men at times, have made it their den, and though not adopting the enmity of the fox to the badger, they have so washed the site with holy water that sin ought to have fled and virtue become triumphant. Nevertheless, when I go to church I prefer Parkstone to Bournemouth.

As too many cooks spoil the broth, so too many parsons spoil my devotion; and when in the Established Church at Bournemouth, I can't help thinking of the beautiful chapel at Wardour Castle, where, as Jesuitism is to me an abomination, my meditations used to be disturbed by thinking of violent acts, and of the tongs of St. Dunstan, instead of being in a befitting, mild, sweet, and peaceable spirit, such as I can try to be in when seated in the House of God.

It often puzzles me to decide as to the political cry of "The Church in danger," whether those who make that cry, or at least some of them, are really earnest in the belief, and in a desire to avert the risk they seem so anxious to proclaim. The members of the Established Church, or those most interested in its

maintenance—viz., the clergymen, who live in this world by it, as well, I hope, as they expect to do in that to come, surely ought to be vigilant shepherds, guarding against the wolf; yet at Bournemouth, where, for its size, there are more parsons than in any other place in England, less care is shown to keep the Church from her political betrayers than in any other place in England. In making this assertion I appeal to a fact I can easily establish. It is that, if Conservative representation is necessary in order to sustain the Mother Church intact, in all her purity and simplicity, Bournemouth will one day swamp the borough of Christchurch, and a Conservative seat be lost.

Wherever there is dissent or even a considerable shadow of it, there invariably you find that mad and discontented interference with everything, called Radicalism, which, during the experience of my life has done, is doing, and will do so much mischief.

Foremost among the Radicals are the Dissenters of all denominations, from Jesuit, Baptist, and Quaker, down to Wesleyans and Mormons. In short, every sort of methodistical pretension gives political power to the Jesuit and Roman Catholic; by the Jesuits our Church is threatened, and from them danger is more to be apprehended than from any other sect in the known world. For all this fact, which admits of no sort of doubt, the multitudinous divines who talk of sin, affect attachment to the Established Church, and who congregate at Bournemouth, permit, on that

favoured spot, or at least do not in any way attempt to avert the exceeding growth of the evil that threatens to undermine that which they loudly seem to assert is the House of God.

In my opinion, and in such matters as these I am always outspoken, there is too much Jesuitism in the Church of St. Peter in this fashionable watering-place. How it has crept there (it always creeps) I know not, and who is to blame for it I will not pretend to say; my argument is not *ad hominem*, but simple matter of fact. Protestants, unquestionably devoted to our Church, attend the Scottish Church in preference to St. Peter's, and I very much fear, in some instances, the Dissenting Chapels, at the same time making it no secret why they do so. At the bottom of all mischief, in every church but his own, works a Jesuitical underminer. Like a mole in the dark he burrows, leaving no trace of his progress; nothing comes to the surface but dirt; nothing is left in his track but stumbling-blocks, over which blind old-established Churchmen stumble, without any visible knowledge of what it is that impedes their progress.

A husband is often the last man to see what everybody else sees, and if there is not most culpable connivance in the leading shepherd of the flock which frequents the Bourne, whence many "Travellers" do "return," though a great many do not, then—as I have previously said—he is as purblind as any short-sighted soul without his glasses. My own opinion

is, that in every institution throughout the United Kingdom—house, hall, or castle—the domestic peace of which is worth upsetting or perverting, there is, more or less, a Jesuitical enemy at work. Neither age nor sex, nor state nor station, Church nor Chapel, but is looked up, looked into, and if privately assailable, assailed; and I deeply regret to say that, as the nut perishes, and becomes valueless with an invisible maggot in it, so if the Bishop of Oxford and his Right Reverend Brethren do not bestir themselves other than in memorials, the Church at Bournemouth is certainly in as much danger as the Conservative seat for Christchurch.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAWING-ROOM DIPLOMACY.

"A mansion of the first class"—Heads of families—The light of other days—A distinguished pair—Female diplomatists—A wife's ambition—Her husband's disappointment—Security for private conferences—A round game—Political whist—A consummate player—Morning toilette of a great lady—Mistress of the situation—Prince Talleyrand and a fair antagonist—Equivoque—Illustrious political authorities—Finessing—A lost game.

WEST of one of our metropolitan "lungs," there is a thoroughfare which, during the era of the Stuarts, was a suburban lane dividing the fashionable park from aristocratic May Fair. Many men of mark have resided there, and within late years more than one has there set up his rest—at least, for the London season.

Going no further back than the preceding century, there was what auctioneers designate as a mansion of the first class, at the corner of one of its by-streets (now I suppose, from the number of physician-accoucheurs there located, sacred to Hygeia and Abundantia) in which a very distinguished minister held his levées. The founder of his family had lost his head at a period (*temp.* Henry VIII.) when such losses were too frequent to be worth advertising.

Although a once popular picture of a good woman was always represented without this capital ornament—a good man cannot so advantageously part with it—and the family having felt the inconvenience of the decollation, absolutely applied to a sovereign, who—a singular coincidence—soon afterwards was in the same predicament. Their forfeited honours were eventually restored.

This was done with such good effect that the family head held itself up famously from that time, got a little higher in the Peerage, formed alliances with other powerful heads, insinuated itself into the Royal Household, and finally, with an Earl's coronet, undertook to perform onerous diplomatic duties, which were preliminary to those still more onerous that appertain to the high office of one of the principal Secretaries of State.

With such a resident the thoroughfare naturally became exceedingly popular among all classes of expectants, of aspirants, and of connexions. Among the latter were individuals of the highest social distinction; among the former all who fancied that though not born to greatness, they possessed sufficient merit to achieve it, or might meet with sufficient good fortune to have it thrust upon them. If any class profited by this large resort of people to George the Second's minister, it must have been the link-boys, for after dark it was impossible for the most clear-sighted to see his way, the street-lights were so inefficient; and even in the broad sunshine there were many who came to the cabinet of the Secretary of State whose

forward path appeared to require a large amount of artificial illumination.

Not many years ago, a lady with a plebeian patronymic took a house in Belgrave Square that had previously been a favourite place of *réunion* for celebrated people in the gay world of fashion, and was terribly disappointed when she discovered that the company did not go with the furniture.

It seems to have been with some such notion that Lady Blankshire, as I will call her, occupied the very desirable mansion in this extremely fashionable quarter of the town, which the ex-Secretary had left vacant at the conclusion of his political career. This lady having been a great heiress, found no difficulty in forming a union with a noble lord, possessed of high military and civil rank, who had served the State in some important offices, had influential connexions, and aspired to a more eminent position than he had yet filled, though his career had hitherto been singularly fortunate. His affectionate partner, besides endorsing these pretensions with all her authority, which was considerable, cultivated the ambition of distinguishing herself in the political arena.

She therefore did her utmost to render the house as great a resort as it had been during the rule of the defunct statesman who had given his name to it, and if any of the brilliant guests passed out of her door, without the conviction that Lady B. had capacity for the most elevated duties in the service of the Government, it was no fault of hers. In justice to her, it should be remembered that the wives

and daughters of some of the greatest diplomatists in Europe, strove to recommend themselves in the same manner; in short, there was often as much state business transacted in the saloon as in the Cabinet. Is it possible to forget the Baroness Lieven, the Princess Esterhazy, the Duchess de Dino, and other petticoated negotiators who flourished in Paris, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in London, as well as in minor capitals? if not with full powers, unquestionably they seemed to have full assurance to mediate in all the complications of the Continent.

Statecraft never met with such efficient expositors; they could have given lessons to Machiavelli and directed Mazarin. Indeed, a Russian Archduchess I could name, might be pronounced a match for that personage who is, by ill-natured people, considered to be the prototype of those Government *employés* who, according to a well-known description, "lie abroad for the good of their country."

Their capacity for delicate negotiations, their aptitude for embarrassing questions, their talent for the most involved complications, their genius for the subtlest intrigue, and their possession of the profoundest policy, no one could think of denying. With such qualifications, then, our only wonder is that they have never been selected to transact the important affairs which have been arranged by a Congress. Perhaps the powers that have been restrained from employing them as their representatives were ruled by a fear of the tremendous number of protocols that would inevitably be the result, or

from an apprehension that, collectively or individually, they would never be able to come to an ultimatum. Naturally enough, every fair ambassador would insist upon having the last word, and naturally enough, the last word could never be uttered. This is as clearly demonstrable as the easiest proposition in Euclid.

Lady B. had lived in Russia, that hotbed of bureaucracy—had lived in Austria, that nursery of statecraft—and had lived in other countries where that important department of circumlocution, the art of saying much and meaning as nearly nothing as possible, was cultivated with equal assiduity and advantage. Her ladyship had seen with a good deal of feminine pride, and some feminine envy, the influence of certain distinguished individuals of her own sex, who, it was reported among the best-informed, had been entrusted with particular political missions from the principal European sovereigns.

Perhaps these astute monarchs, tired of having been represented by "old women," had thought proper to select young ones for the performance of the same or similar duties, and had displayed remarkable discrimination in the selection. In the diplomatic service, however, the fairer sex had often been employed; indeed, if the work could be effectively done, so little had been considered the nature of the tools employed, that in one case at least—that of the Chevalier D'Eon—it was long an open question as to which sex the ambassador be-

longed. In the instances of the old ladies just referred to, the same doubt might, perhaps, have been entertained.

Seeing Archduchesses, Princesses, and other royal and noble agents, throwing ambassadors extraordinary into the background, and thoroughly extinguishing secretaries at legation, Lady B., before her return to England, resolved to play the same game. Woman's mission was not so well understood then as it is now, and of course allowances should be made for erroneous views of its character and tendency. She studied the most important political questions of the time, as profoundly as an irresistible tendency to bore everybody she believed to be well acquainted with them would permit, patronizing all the clever rising functionaries, and flattering the more experienced into communicativeness. In this way she got instruction certainly very cheap, though not remarkably comprehensive.

On Lady B.'s arrival in London, she endeavoured to make the most of the lessons she had learned. Her lord fancied that, having filled high appointments abroad, he was entitled to look for higher appointments at home; unfortunately for his ambition, the leaders of his party, when in office, did not take so partial a view of his pretensions, though when out of office they were glad enough to avail themselves of his co-operation to annoy their rivals. The greatest political leader of modern times had

been one of the warmest of his friends. In Lord B.'s dining-room hung a series of battle-pieces, with an inscription under each, stating that it had been presented by the Duke of * * * * *. The sending these pictures to his lordship's house was a strong proof of his grace's regard; the sending them from his own a much stronger one of his taste.

When the Duke became the head of a great Government, strange to say, he would neither give away pictures nor places to his old friend. This very much surprised the latter; it more than surprised, it disappointed him. His lordship might have done very well without further pictorial decorations to his own apartments, but a seat in his friend's Cabinet was almost a necessity. Of course, when he found that such an arrangement could not be effected, he disapproved of the Duke's measures, and influenced other dissatisfied members of the same party to declare themselves in opposition.

Lady B. assisted her lord in making their town house the head-quarters of the malcontents, as well as a kind of general House of Call for Cabinet-makers of Tory principles. Young orators wanting an audience, rising statesmen insufficiently appreciated, and pretenders of every conceivable calibre, found there welcome and encouragement. I could name names that have since grown into vast political significance; but I decline to do so. One young man who had evinced intellectual gifts of a high order, with parlia-

mentary ones, according to some authorities, of a high disorder, was much distinguished by her.

Lady B. fancied that she had many strong points; but the strong point she most highly estimated was her diplomacy, and she cultivated the talent with wonderful assiduity. She was always having private conferences with political characters; no individual enjoying a fair amount of celebrity and respectability in England was overlooked by her, provided he entertained, or might be prevailed on to entertain, her own sentiments on public affairs; and no foreigner of good repute in his own country as a politician, failed to meet with similar consideration.

There was a room expressly set apart by her for their reception, and to give a greater air of diplomatic mystery to her interview, as well as to insure the utmost privacy, in the centre of a large apartment she caused a chamber to be made of glass, containing no furniture except two *fauteuils*, and a small table with writing materials. Walls may have had ears elsewhere, but this arrangement prevented any overhearing—the key-holes of doors may in other places have given access to important secrets, but the crystal partitions here shut out effectually every vestige of sound from inquisitive outsiders. Here, then, Lady B. carried on her diplomatic business; and, it must be confessed, carried on a very lively, if not a very profitable trade.

If the sagacious reader will be so good as to look

at diplomacy from the author's point of view, he will see that it is a game of skill, in which it is not always that the player who holds the best cards, wins. At "a Congress" it is ostensibly a round game, where every one is supposed to play for himself. It takes various characters, and is, of course, played in various ways. When the pretensions of the Pontiff have been under consideration, as they have been many times in history, it may be called "Pope Joan"—when the interests of trade have been the subject of discussion, it is "Commerce." Other games are played by diplomatists, but there can be no need to specify them. Let it suffice to say, that Court cards have generally a preponderating value.

When two diplomatists meet to play against each other for considerable stakes, there seems to be one game generally selected. It is whist, with the hands of each player concealed, and the hand of each partner displayed. It is commonly called "double dummy." There is a kind of inductive philosophy in this game, which leads the mind from the known to the unknown. The player having before his eyes three-fourths of the materials of the contest in which he is engaged, knows the constituent parts of the other fourth as perfectly as if they also were spread out on the baize, instead of being in his adversary's hand. He must constantly bear them in mind, and so shape his play as to neutralize the strength of that hand, and take advantage of its weakness. If he forgets, he blunders; if he blunders, he is lost. His

opponent can see into him just as clearly as *he* can see into his opponent, and is on the *qui vive* to profit by his errors. Such is the "double dummy" as diplomatically played.

About this time there arrived in England, in the distinguished position of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's from that of Versailles, a man whose diplomatic reputation was second to that of no player in Europe. The astute Metternich acknowledged his skill—my ready-witted friend, Esterhazy, held it in profound respect—and all the most accomplished *employés* of the most intriguing of Governments respected him as a master of their craft. He had the advantage of wonderful experience, he had had the incalculable benefit of marvellous good fortune. The trials he had undergone and the perils he had survived, the difficulties he had overcome, were enough to have gained for him the fame of enjoying a charmed life, or, at least, of possessing a supernatural intellect. He had never made a mistake. He was invariably a winner. No matter how the game stood, if he could not be permitted to count honours he was sure to win by cards; and if the result depended on an odd trick, that trick was certain to be his own.

Lady B. had met this celebrated man abroad more than once—she had met him at Vienna playing his cards with consummate skill at the round game there got up for the entertainment of the Congress of European Powers—she had met him in Paris,

20142

when he was the host of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, during the occupation of the French capital by the allies, and when it is believed that he was permitted to look at the Imperial hand and suggest the Imperial play—she had met him on one or two other occasions, in one or two other places, sometimes having the deal, sometimes shuffling till he got it—but generally with good cards in his hand, and making the most of his superior knowledge of the game.

He had lately turned up a king—a King of Hearts—that is to say, of French hearts. At least, he was so considered, when he first took the title of "King of the French." A few years afterwards he ceased to be a king, and then some people who looked more closely at him declared him to be a knave. The fact is, the card had been a good deal thumbed, and appeared to have fallen into dirty hands; under such circumstances it is difficult to pronounce, in an uncertain light, its true character. No matter, kings have been found to be knaves before now, and of such we islanders have had our share.

Lady B. having learnt that the representative of this dubious sovereign had arrived in London, forwarded to the embassy a cordial invitation, and having that forenoon sent directions to the hall porter that she was not to be at home till a certain hour, to any one else, she took her accustomed seat in the glass room about the time usually given to morning calls.

She was dressed with great care, but that was a matter of course with Lady B. Her toilette, morning or evening, was always studied ; indeed she dressed as if perpetually sitting for her portrait. She looked well, but that was also a matter of course with Lady B. Whether going to a drawing-room or to Almack's, preparing for dinner or waiting for a visitor, her ladyship seemed to insist on looking well, and what she insisted upon was realized to the letter, as her lord, who admired her immensely, as her family, as her household, could have testified with remarkable unanimity.

Though a matron who had already planted her nursery pretty thickly with olive branches, Lady B. was in excellent preservation. Many of her juniors envied her her clear complexion, her rounded form, and her fine figure. Her personal advantages were still great, and she was not in the slightest degree inclined to hide them from creditable observation. She did not agree with the fact that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," for her sense of the grand was apparently dependent on her sense of the beautiful. Consequently her dress was always elaborately fine; fine in fabric and fine in fashion, made in the best way, worn in the best manner, and set off with the costliest ornaments. The result was certainly imposing.

Some critics in taste might have considered her display of diamonds for a morning toilette not commendable, but Lady B. had finely-shaped white

hands, every taper finger of which merited the three or four decorations that had been bestowed upon it. Her well-shaped ears, her well-shaped throat, had at least equal claims upon the foreign aid of ornament. With such demands upon her, and with so well-furnished a jewel-case, her ladyship must have been more or less than a woman of fashion had she cultivated simplicity of dress at any period beyond the hours devoted to repose.

Lady B., for the present, like her mirror, seemed to be exercising no other powers than those of reflection. She sat quiet and self-absorbed, devoting herself to the consideration of the subject that was uppermost in her mind. She thought of the visitor she expected, she thought of what she should say to him, and she thought of what he was likely to say to her. Her object was to gain information which she could not acquire through any other channel, and she was well aware that unusual skill would be required to extract it from such a source. Her confidence in herself was very great. She was called upon to play a difficult game with an unrivalled player, but rested content on the conviction that she should hold capital cards, and was sure to play them admirably. In short, she felt herself mistress of the situation.

While she was thus intently cogitating on the coming man, and the manner of her dealing with him, the outer door of the large apartment was suddenly thrown open, and the groom of the

chambers, in a mellow, sonorous voice, combining a sense of dignity with a feeling of profound respect, announced—

"His Excellency Prince Talleyrand!"

Presently there slowly entered the saloon a stout old man, with long white hair, walking with a perceptible halt in his gait, while his broad chest, his massive chin half buried in the folds of an enormous neckcloth, and his wide shoulders indicated the extraordinary physical strength that must have once characterized his stooping, shambling, ungainly figure.

It was natural that decay should show itself in his bodily powers. It was between fifty and sixty years since he had attended the coronation of Louis XVI. as the Abbé de Perigord; it was fifty-two years since he had held the ecclesiastical rank of Bishop of Autun; it was nearly forty years since he had ceased to be a prelate, and became an ambassador to the Court of England, since he had saved the head his mitre had placed in jeopardy during the horrors of the French Revolution, and visited England for the second time. It was more than thirty years since he had been nominated Foreign Minister under the Directory, and subsequently gaining the favour of Buonaparte, had become his principal diplomatist and adviser in questions of foreign policy. It was twenty-three years since he had been raised by Napoleon to the dignity of Prince of Benevento; it

was sixteen years since he had represented the reduced authority of Louis XVIII. at the Congress of Vienna; and now this marvellous old man at three score and sixteen possessed power enough to settle another branch of the Bourbons on the throne of France, and had come to represent his august master "the King of the Barricades" at the Court of the most friendly and the most dreaded of his allies.

Looking at his mild, stolid physiognomy, as he slowly approached his hostess in an unassuming ordinary morning costume, hat in one hand and stick in the other, bending as if through courtesy rather than infirmity, who could believe that he had survived two sanguinary revolutions, and had been an influential agent in both—had been the friend of Mirabeau and the colleague of Fouché, and the principal supporter of the Republic, the Empire, the restored Monarchy—of a second Republic, and of a second restoration, with a new sovereign "elected by the people?"

I shall spare the reader a description of the greetings that passed between Lady B. and her illustrious visitor. He will be so good as to imagine them seated in the *fauteuils* opposite each other, the gentleman leaning on his stick, and turning his peering eyes, that lay half concealed under a pair of shaggy white eyebrows, listlessly here and there, repeating the ordinary small courtesies no well-bred Frenchman omits when coming into the presence of

a lady; apparently giving no attention to anything whatever, yet taking in at a glance the glass room in which he had found himself, and the purpose for which it must have been erected. Involuntarily he drew the thick lips of his large mouth closer together, sunk his big chin into his capacious cravat, and looked with an air of intense simplicity into the fair face of his elaborately got-up hostess.

Lady B. had paused in the delivery of her civil nothings. In fancy, perhaps, she was dealing out the cards for the interesting game she was bent on playing. If so, this was soon accomplished. She presently placed her hands on her lap, in a way that disclosed to view the beauties of her taper fingers. Her companion did not take any notice—at least, did not seem to do so. Lady B. cleared her throat; she was evidently going to speak—that is, to play—and looked like one about to commence playing for a great stake. Her companion, whom I may as well call her adversary, seemed to divine that something was coming. On the shrivelled parchment that did duty for his face, a set of wrinkles followed each other from the top of his forehead to the roots of his shaggy eyebrows, and a fitful smile came out of the corners of his twinkling eyes, and played about the curve of his heavy mouth.

"Prince," said Lady B. in a stage whisper, "now do tell me what you think of the Balance of Power?"

He suddenly looked thoughtful; it was a question

that required consideration. He presently looked perplexed, though only in a slight degree.

"The Balance of Power," he repeated deliberately, as though to himself—"what should I think about it? Pardon! I do not take the interest in such things I did when I was more fond of amusement."

Lady B. opened her blue eyes very wide.

"The stage is a delightful gratification," continued her companion in the same tone, and with the same manner, "especially with your Shakspeare and your Sheridan."

"Shakspeare and Sheridan!" exclaimed her ladyship in amazement.

"Ah! I knew Monsieur Sheridan when I was here with Chauvelin, and since," observed the old man.

The lady looked at him attentively, but the face before her was not much more expressive than that of a large cod-fish. "What can your Excellency mean?" she inquired.

"Pardon! the Balance of Power. Did you not ask my opinion?" he demanded in his turn.

"Certainly, Prince."

"Then, my lady, I say I see your favourite comedian last night at the Theatre Royal, from my box, where I go with my suite. I see him in the *rôle* of an Irishman. It is droll that 'Teddy the Tiler'—his acting was good. I notice him a little unsteady; perhaps what you call rollicking. But, pardon! I cannot say I saw him off his balance."

Lady B. for a moment looked confounded, then

detecting the equivoque, which she believed was accidental, laughed a pleasant mellow laugh, in a slightly perceptible degree, it must be added, mingled with mortification.

"It is a mistake," she said; "a misconception of my meaning. I alluded to the necessity that exists for maintaining among the principal European states an equilibrium that shall prevent mischievous rivalries and dangerous complications."

"Aha!" cried the veteran diplomatist, as the wrinkles of his forehead mounted from his eyebrows to the roots of his silvery hair.

"Pozzo di Borgo told me," resumed the lady, putting on a confidential air——

"Monsieur di Borgo!" repeated he, in a low voice, pinching his chin with his disengaged hand, and then allowing it to sink into his voluminous cravat.

"Yes, Prince, Pozzo di Borgo told me—and your Excellency must allow that he is likely to be well informed as to the ideas of his Imperial master, my friend, the Autocrat of all the Russias——"

"Ah!" exclaimed the ambassador, scratching the point of his nose with his finger.

"That he is certain there never will be peace in Europe till the great Powers are so equal in point of material strength that there shall remain nothing for them to desire, and nothing for them to dread."

"Good!"

"And Palmella——"

"Monsieur le Comte Palmella!" repeated the diplomatist, and the wrinkles of his face followed each other like waves from his eyes to his chin.

"Exactly; the Count assured me that a Holy Alliance, to be durable, could only exist among sovereigns, when there should be no superiority of any kind throughout the Continent and Peninsula."

"Good!"

"On the contrary, Metternich informed me——"

"Prince Metternich—Oho!" cried the old man, peering curiously out of his dull eyes at his companion, as he put his chin a little deeper into his cravat.

"Informed me that it was necessary, for the security of Europe, that Austria should dominate both in Germany and Italy."

"Ah!"

"Now what is your Excellency's opinion?"

Lady B., when she undertook the task of obtaining information from Prince Talleyrand, had evidently fancied that the game she was venturing to play would be an easy one. She soon found that there were difficulties in it she had not calculated upon.

"Pardon, my lady," replied her companion, the wrinkled parchment smiling all over, as if from an hilarious impulse he was courteously restraining, "I cannot presume to speak in opposition to the illustrious authorities you have been so amiable as to

name. As a matter of course, I agree with them all."

"But their sentiments are conflicting," cried Lady B.

"So are mine," cried the Prince, and he again pinched his chin.

"Their ideas cannot be made to coincide."

"Nor can mine." Then scratching his nose once more, he added, significantly, "As one of your popular writers has so well observed, 'much may be said on both sides;' but as this has already been admirably expressed by your ladyship's friends, why should I weary you with my tedious repetition? I agree with everybody. There is nothing new to advance."

Her ladyship felt that she had lost a trick, though she could not clearly understand how. She saw, however, that she must go on with the game, and thought that the most prudent course she could take was to *finesse*. She therefore began a very confidential conversation about the younger Bourbons, delicately intimating her desire to know the secret machinery that had been employed to lop off the elder branch, and leave the other flourishing in its place. It is scarcely possible to describe how the wrinkles travelled up and down, how the chin rose and sunk, and how the sighs and exclamations followed each other, as the great diplomatist became aware of his hostess's meaning.

Having heard all that she seemed inclined to say

on that particular point, interspersed with confidential opinions from various influential sources, his venerable face suddenly assumed an expression—his heavy features lighting up apparently with some unusually strong feeling.

"Ah!" he exclaimed in a kind of subdued enthusiasm, "how you English ladies astonish me! I am amazed at the wonderful inclination I observe in you for the consideration of the most difficult questions. Mothers and wives forget their nurseries, forget their husbands, indeed, not unfrequently, forget themselves, to enter into inquiries of some profound policy that the wisest men find it almost impossible to comprehend. Really you must excuse me: I am quite unprepared to discuss such delicate subjects. But if you like, I will venture to offer some suggestions as to the best method of administering to your charming little family manna and magnesia, castor-oil—whatever you please!"

The veteran again scratched his nose, and sunk his chin into the bottomless pit of his cravat, with an air of mingled simplicity and interest that defies my powers of description.

Lady B. paused—seemed puzzled—then, with true feminine perseverance, continued the game; but almost every card she played passed over to the other side of the table. She lost, as a matter of course. She need not have averred, like the French King after the conflict at Pavia, that all was lost except honour, for hers had never been in jeopardy; but

when the Prince rose from the unequal contest, the result of the game ought to have satisfied her ladyship that she was not quite the skilful player she had thought herself.

As I have previously said, my readers must do me the favour to bear in mind that many anecdotes which I relate have been strung together from what I have heard of the conversation of my elders, as well as from circumstances that have come within my own observation, and, possessed of such references, I endeavour to put them together in a way that may be amusing to the world.

CHAPTER V.

ILLEGAL SPORT.

Impositions on gaol chaplains—The lost ring—Coming the pious dodge—Zeal without judgment—Clergymen's female assistants—A clerical tattler—Shooting rabbits without permission—The trespasser caught by me and fined—A threat from a man of peace—Taking the ditch—Effect of psalmody on hounds, and church-bells on puppies—Baying the clergyman in his pulpit—Children playing with puppies—A young ruffian.

No man effects so much real good for the labouring population as the industrious and discriminating parish priest who is zealous in his office, and will not suffer himself to be imposed upon by designing people. It is the want of discrimination in the chaplains of gaols that gives us, the acting justices of peace, so much trouble in re-convicting offenders who, by imposing on the former, get a commutation of sentence—"a ticket of leave"—to be let loose upon the public, having pretended repentance and piety, or, in their own phrase, "come the pious dodge" to secure the reverend gentleman's influence. I will give an illustration of the extent to which these impositions are carried on.

While shooting in the New Forest, I had seen a stalwart young fellow cutting furze, who displayed some anxiety to gain favour with me by marking

game, or otherwise endeavouring to assist my sport. Though not approving of the place of his residence and entertaining grave suspicion of the inclination to honesty of any able young man, living where game was known to exist, entirely neglected by the men in the lodges called keepers, yet wanting a servant, I offered to take him on trial. This he gladly accepted. Looking after things as closely as I look after them myself, I left this man not much opportunity to go wrong, nevertheless I did not like his manner or his looks.

One night, when I went out to dine with the officers quartered at Christchurch barracks, a chance was afforded me to test his honesty. It might have been about midnight when I returned home to Beacon Lodge, and I was rather surprised that my very vigilant retriever, Tramp, did not bark at the sound of my footstep as I passed the gate of the field where he was chained in his hutch on guard over some young feathered game in the coops, where they were being reared. As he did not bark, I entered the field, when, seeing nothing of him, I pulled off my glove, and felt the straw within his house, to see if he was there. He was there all right, but fast asleep.

On reaching my room, I found that a mourning ring was missing from my finger, and immediately surmised that the straw in Tramp's house had pulled it off my hand. It was on, I knew, when I put on my gloves at the barracks, and the first place where my glove was removed was at Tramp's hutch.

On the following morning, I sent for my servant and told him of my loss, and that, being sure of the place where it must have been dropped, I desired him to make a careful search. He did this, and returned with the assurance that the ring was not there.

"Not there," I replied, setting my eyes full on his, "perhaps not, but have *you* found it?"

"No, sir," he rejoined, but apparently looking guilty.

"Very well," I said, "if you should find it, bring it me."

The man then went about his work.

I felt perfectly certain that he had stolen the ring, therefore I at once sent private intimation to the police to watch all the jewellers', watchmakers', and pawnbrokers' shops in the neighbourhood, and to give a description of the ring, that any tradesman might at once keep it in hand if offered for sale. Of course I told my servant nothing of this, but on finding that he did not do his general work to please me, discharged him.

It was some weeks after his dismissal that the ring was stopped by Mr. Watts, a watchmaker at Christchurch, when offered to him for purchase by the man whom I had sent to the dog's hutch to look for it. On being questioned, the fellow strode away, but was soon overtaken by a vigilant policeman, and lodged *pro tem.* in the cage.

Of course he was committed for trial, when it turned out that, on the strength of his being known in Christchurch as a servant of mine, he had gone to

Lockyer, my hair-dresser, and obtained from him hair-brushes and other things in my name, after he had left my service. He was tried both for the theft of the ring and obtaining goods by false pretences, and committed to Winchester Gaol for a given period.

Some time after he had been undergoing punishment, I received a letter from the chaplain, asking me to obtain a remission of his sentence; assuring me that if I could but see the penitence of the man, and the extreme affection he showed in his desire to get back to his newly-married wife and innocent little child, he felt quite certain that I would exert myself in his favour. My reply to this well-intended, but most mistaken interposition was, that the convict had been practising on the reverend gentleman's credulity, for he certainly was *not married*, nor had he an innocent babe of any sort that I had ever heard of, belonging to him. He therefore served his term.

During my experience as a justice of the peace, I have frequently observed that what with an overweening desire of the priest to convert the villain into an honest man, and the craft of those who desired to be converted, who are aware how much it is to their interest to dissimulate and to pretend a reformation, instead of rogues being brought to better things, they quickly learn to add hypocrisy to their other sins. There are many equally well-intentioned people who act as injudiciously in another way—ladies, for instance, so intensely anxious to display their zeal for the poor, that wherever there is sickness of any kind they hurry themselves beneath the roof,

whether sent for or not, and thus in fevers go forth again to carry contagion into many a little family which might otherwise have escaped.

My ancestor, Lord Berkeley, in 1670, published his "Meditations." Of him, Waller wrote:—

> "High birth and fortune warrant give,
> That such men write what they believe;
> And feeling first what they indite,
> New credit give to ancient light.
> Amongst these few our author brings
> His well-known pedigree from kings.
> This book, the image of his mind,
> Will make his name not hard to find.
> I wish the throng of *great* and *good*,
> Made it less eas'ly understood."

In page 145, Lord Berkeley says: "Some very curious scrupulous persons have made inquiries, whether friendship between those of different sexes may be innocent? To this I answer affirmately, without the least scruple or dispute; but he that truly values the honour and reputation of his female friend will be very cautious, lest by any act of his indiscreet affection he should lessen her good opinion in the world." My ancestor then quotes Dr. Taylor's "Tract on Friendship," which he recommends as worthy of perusing, and whence he quotes the following words: "A man ought to lose much of his satisfaction rather than she anything of her honour."

I need not say how entirely I concur in this beautiful principle, nor to what extent I have endeavoured to guide my conduct by it through life. Let me quote a few more words from Lord Berkeley's "Meditations."

In his first chapter he says, "It is a most sad and deplorable thing, to reflect upon the impious and unparalleled vanity prevailing in this our age, whereby men play with holy things."

Had he lived in my day he might have added "women" to his category of persons thus offending, for I have no doubt many of my readers are as well aware of it as myself that there are women who absolutely hunt clergymen with interesting bags and bushels of tracts, and make them in *some instances* out of all patience with their fanaticism. At Bournemouth the clergymen seem to like this co-operation, but at other places I have known very excellent parish priests completely exasperated by such meddling.

The shooting, which I at one time held, extended quite up to the back doors of the village near where I then resided. One day, as I was coursing, I was surprised by seeing several scared wives, with children in their arms or hands, running wildly out into the fields and hedgerows. Having a notion of fire, or some such danger, I asked one of the fugitives "What has happened?"

"Oh, there! God bless'y, sir," was the answer; "don't stop I, for there's Miss —— after me!"

The lady alluded to had made one of her accustomed descents upon the cottagers.

Of the same parish, the clergyman told me, that calling in one day to examine the children in their catechism, the moment he produced the book the mother of the family cried out, "Lord bless'y, sir, dont'y let us have no more of *that*. Miss —— has

been at it all the morning, and left us no time to do nothing!"

I remember on one occasion a curate coming to reside at the living of Berkeley, and the first thing his tenderly virtuous, but mistaken wife did, was to declare to the surrounding poor of the very large parish that she had an interesting bag for lying-in women, but none of them should have it if *required too soon.* The consequence was, that I believe for a long period the bag was not sought after.

We must take people as they are, not as we wish them to be, and this injudicious severity is as bad as indiscriminate charity. If you are as "good" to the poor bad man, as you are to the poor good man, there is no difference shown between honesty and crime. The good man feels he is no better for his good character, than his neighbour is with his bad one.

I have often thought how lamentable it is that there is no power in the Bishop's hands of summarily proceeding against an unworthy working member of his diocese. Surely, if any house ought to be put into order, it is the House of God, and yet it is almost impossible to displace a man possessed of a living, however scandalously improper his life may be.

When I was living in Bedfordshire, such a disgrace to holy orders came peculiarly under my observation. My friend, Mr. Magniac of Colmworth, gave a dinner to which this clergyman was invited, and there I met him. During the conversation over our wine, a parish scandal was discussed. A farmer's

daughter was alluded to as being, as the Scotch say, "ower sib thegither" with a young man. This private conversation was the next day repeated to the parties concerned, and on the clergyman's report, my friend Mr. Magniac was threatened by the relations of the girl with an action for defamation. The menace was treated with contempt.

The parishioners of this incumbent expressed an intention to kill the rabbits on their farms, over which I held the exclusive right of all sport. A burly young farmer, the brother of the girl who had threatened my friend with an action, was selected to commence these hostile proceedings. I chanced to be in the woods, and the reports of his gun reached me. Guessing the inroad on my sport that was being made, still being at the moment in very agreeable society, I could not leave it to indulge in a conflict with a rustic, so the aggression was successful, my keeper, I suspect, having kept purposely out of the way.

Grown bold by this impunity, he came again on an afternoon when I chanced to be in company with my keeper in the woods, and suddenly we heard a gun. We differed as to the direction of the sound, then separated; and, according to my expectation, I was perfectly right, for at the side of the wood there was the farmer, gun in hand. Before I got up to him he had another shot, but killed no rabbits.

Knowing that he was nearly as tall, and certainly heavier and bigger than myself, as well as being the younger man of the two, and that a severe scuffle most

likely would ensue, on my way I pulled off my neck-cloth and put it into my pocket.

His business being demanded on reaching him, he replied, "that he was killing rabbits." When ordered to desist he refused, so I demanded his gun. This he would not surrender. Approaching him it seemed as if he were going to strike with the butt-end, so lowering the muzzle of my gun for a thrust if necessary, and rushing into him, closing upon both his gun and mine without loosing my own, I seized his with the other hand, and wrenched it from his grasp with considerably more ease than I expected.

It was certainly in my power to have thrown him, and to have sat on him as long as I chose. A report perfectly untrue was however, spread about, that because he refused to walk I pulled the "Morning Post" out of my pocket, and seated on him, read it for some time. He refused to go with me, or to desist from shooting my rabbits; and knowing that I could not carry an athletic young man of fourteen stone, if he chose to hang heavy or clutch at gates, stiles, and boughs of trees, and produce him forthwith before the nearest justice of the peace, as directed to do by the stupid act of parliament, to save my property and rabbits I took his gun.

On the next day he was summoned for the trespass, and fined two pounds—poor, dear old Mr. Gibbard of Sharnbrook, the magistrate before whom I had him up, directing me to return him his gun, as, according to his idea of the law, it ought not to have been taken.

After this, the farmer's brother-in-law, attended by a very honest, good labourer, his shepherd, came one evening and killed a couple of rabbits. I caught him in the act, took the rabbits away from him, and fined him for the trespass two pounds.

On the report of the capture of the farmer's gun, to my very considerable astonishment, I received a letter from his clergyman, saying, "The capture of the gun has reached my ears, and I beg to tell you that if you presume henceforth to lay your hands on any of my parishioners, I will take the first opportunity I can find of serving you the same," or words to that effect. On receiving this curious epistle from a professed man of peace, with a pair of scissors I cut his letter into the most minute particles, enclosing them to him with the remark—"You may judge of the estimation in which I hold your threat by the treatment I have given your letter." This menace induced me to walk many a mile of footway and road, to see really what he would attempt to do if we met; but all in vain. One day, however, I was proceeding to the woods a short cut across the fields, when in a narrow way, with a deep ditch and high hedge on either side the path, leaving no more than room for one, I saw the reverend gentleman's very burly form so far advanced in his progress that we must meet half way. He was one of the biggest young men I ever saw, and powerful enough to take his part against any man living; so I got into a fast swinging pace, making my gun swing with the action of my arms and body, directing the muzzle as a sort of battering ram at

about the third button of the approaching waistcoat, leaving it to the owner to receive it or not, as he pleased.

Staring full at his face, but apparently not being conscious of his presence, or looking as if I saw beyond him, I kept straight on in my swinging walk, when suddenly the would-be champion vanished by a skip into the ditch, leaving me the entire path; and never looking back at him I went into the woods without a word.

Having in a letter to his diocesan summed up all his delinquencies, "lying and slandering and evil speaking, repeating private conversations from his entertainer's dining-table, thrashing his wife as so quaintly proved by his flock, who shot a load of chaff at his door; and his threats of personal violence against myself," I prayed the Bishop to remove him as totally unfit for his situation. The reply from his lordship was that he much regretted what I told him, but those things were not such clerical delinquencies as came within an infringement of either of the thirty-nine articles; and thus ended the affair.

Mr. Montague Burgoyne, not very long before my residence in Bedfordshire, actually spent a fortune in turning out a most disreputable clergyman from his living.

While I was there, as the Squire of Harrold Hall and Manor, if any horse, cow, donkey, or pig, of a poor man of any persuasion, met with an accident, the first man at my door to beg a subscription was the Dissenting Minister. It is thus that

where the clergymen of the Established Church are supine to the interests of their flock, the Dissenter steps in, and by personal attention gathers a sheep to his own fold; and it is this that so largely fills the dissenting ranks, where really they would otherwise scarce keep a footing.

Among the industriously-working parish priests whom I knew was "Mr. De La Hook," who for a time was curate of Harrold. He was not only an eloquent, good preacher, but in all his practices an excellent man. As my kennel of fox-hounds and stables, from the church being absolutely within my grounds, were built on to the steeple, I foresaw on hearing the sounds before my hounds came, produced by a very gruff violoncello and a very shrill or piping clarionet, joined to rustic voices not very well trained, that unless I took great pains to prevent it, a louder stave would be added to the psalmody, than my excellent friend, the worthy curate, desired. Every one knows the propensities of the canine race, unless very well broken from it, to join in musical sounds, particularly if such are doleful or out of tune.

On finding that this close neighbourhood to the psalmody must exist, when my hounds came from the Cranford kennel, I saw the clergyman, and told him of my dilemma, at the same time assuring him that every care should be resorted to to prevent unseemly disturbance. If he heard the voice of a hound, therefore, I begged him to report it at once. So well did my people obey my orders, that without any punishment, and

simply by admonitory signs and cautions to the pack, who were at first very much inclined to sing, they induced them really to turn the "deaf ear" to the church service, and in attitudes of sleepy wonder they remained silent.

On a bright and beautiful sunny Sunday morning, when the summer was in its first freshness, and the minnows were merrily basking in the clear shallows of the adjoining mill, having breakfasted I went forth before church to look at my numerous litters of puppies in one of the adjoining fields. The ground was dotted with hutches, and there sat the vigilant and sensible mammas all over the most private part of the field adjoining the river Ouse, chained to their hutches and lying or leaning in every graceful position, with their litters if too young to come out, sleeping in their beds of bright, clean straw, or if older, crawling round their dams, and leaping in sportive gambol at each other.

In one place a fat-faced, wrinkle-cheeked, sleek little fellow, with large round legs, straight as a die, but apparently too thick for his height, and drooping velvet ears, was curiously, and to a certain extent timidly, with nose to the ground, hunting a large blackbeetle; in another, dappled little things were up and out with their dam, as she sat and leaned her shoulder against the sunny side of her box, and as it was the first time she "knew 'em to be out," they approached her with dubious humour, and offered her their fat little paws in the way of propitiation.

I had approached this pretty scene without any of my favourites being aware of my presence. The larger puppies had played together till they were tired, and all lay asleep, their heads lapped over each other on the grass, so leaning against a walnut tree, I kept my quiet position. All at once "Ting tong, ting tong," went the church bell; "Bah, boh," went one of the largest puppies startled from his sleep, "Bah, bivivick, bivivick," went many little ones who were out for the first time, and thought some terrible danger would overtake them ere they could gain the Alsatia of their straw. I now advanced, and was received by the joyful well-known tongues I had so often cheered upon a fox. Having paid a caressful visit to all the boxes, and patted and played with the larger whelps, some of which walked towards the gate with me as I proceeded home to get brushed for church, I then went to profit by De La Hook's exhortations.

The afternoon of that day was a very hot one, and during the service, the church door was set wide open for air. Most of the rural congregation were propped up in listening attitudes fast asleep, while the entire assembly was hushed and still; all but my worthy friend, and he was in the full tide of impressive delivery.

I was standing up leaning over the side of my pew and listening, my eyes happening to be directed down the aisle of the church towards the open door. All at once, and just within the door, appeared one of my most favoured and beautiful fox-hound puppies. Frightened at first, and inclined to say "Boh," and

run back, I soon saw that his curiosity was arrested, and, to my horror, beheld him venture into the aisle. He came on, stopping every now and then to smile up at, and try to win favour from, every face he saw. Those that were asleep saw him not, while some that had their eyes open, opened their mouths in surprise, looked at the puppy, and then stared at me. No one, however, stirred, and on the intruder came, his beautifully round snowy feet and legs contrasting with the damp brown flags and tombstones over which he passed, and his black sides, black tan and white face gleaming as sleek as the coat upon a mole.

On, on he advanced amidst solemn silence from all but the clergyman, until he came within ten yards of the pulpit, when his bright smiling face being at last arrested by De La Hook's voice and action, he stopped short, and fixing his eyes and his tanned and marked eyebrows, now perfectly smooth in recognition, on the minister, he stooped his shoulders in playful attitude, waved over his loins his firmly pointed stern, threw back his long velvet ears, and gave vent at the same time to a little grunt that sounded like "ufh." In another moment he would have bayed the parson in his pulpit!

It so chanced, however, that a person of the name of Durham, who kept the Wheat Sheaf Inn, whose pew was close by the intruder, and to whom all the puppies were known, quietly opened the door and invited him in. The invitation was at once accepted, and myself and the minister were similarly

relieved. De La Hook told me afterwards, that the effect of the puppy at the door, and his cautious, yet supplicating and smiling advance up the aisle, and then the fixing his attention upon him, the only thing in motion, was irresistible, and that he could not help feeling as much inclined to laugh as the puppy seemed to give tongue.

The field where I kept my puppies before they were of an age to hurdle in, had a footpath through it, and I allowed the children of the town to enter to play with them, as it was close to the boiling-house, and the boiler, William Mitchell, was always there. Indeed, I have seen the prettiest tableaux imaginable consisting of little girls with puppies all round them, and in their laps, or lying asleep in the sun together, taking care to keep beyond the reach of the chains of the suspicious mothers. I have seen many little girls, and some little boys, bring a portion of their bread to share with their dappled friends, and, as there seemed to be nothing but love between them, I could not feel in my heart a wish to sever the connexion. The time came, however, when this was forced upon me.

There was a beautiful and bold little puppy, much more bold and glad to see the children than any of the rest, and this happy, playful thing would chase the boys when they ran away over any part of the field; and in his turn, and without any fear, he would be the mimic fox for them to chase and capture, if they could, before he regained his hutch. Once there, the frowning face and deep growl of the mother would scare any child away.

One, a bigger boy than the rest, joined in the play for some time. In one of the chases afforded by the puppy, just as he had reached the walnut tree, but before he attained the hutch, the unmitigated young ruffian caught him, and seizing him by the hinder legs dashed his brains out against the tree.

None of my people saw this, the parents of the boy and other children reported the fact, and he caught a severe punishment from his father, who seemed so shocked at the affair that I left all punishment to him.

The hurdles then were put up, and no children permitted to come into that part of the field.

CHAPTER VI.

FASHIONABLE CARICATURES.

Ancient origin of grotesque portraiture—Dutch idea of high art—New caricatures—Lady Burlington—Lord Townshend—Henry William Bunbury—Clerical caricaturists Gillray's illustrations of fashion—George Cruikshank—H.B.—My published caricatures—A resemblance to Lord Grey—Doyle and Leech—Suggestions for Mr. Briggs—Caricatures on the sly—Modern poets—Humbug societies—Bores—Shortcomings in early photography—The Royal Family—Turning droll people to account—Employment for unappropriated blessings.

BURLESQUE portraiture is of ancient origin. Traces of it may be found at a very early period of art, and it was a popular source of ridicule in the middle ages. It is said that where rogues fall out honest men get their own; equally true is it when hypocrites quarrel their exposure of each other's deceit is an advantage to the lovers of truth. The monks of the different religious orders, holy men though they assumed to be, were jealous of their rivals' operations upon human credulity, and, whenever they had a chance, revenged themselves by secret representations of the frauds they were practising. Their favourite form of attack was perpetrated while an edifice for their use was being erected or extensively repaired, when the ingenuity of the stone or wood carver was taxed

to perpetuate the greediness, incontinence, impiety, and folly of the obnoxious brotherhood.

These were intentional caricatures; but many artists of later date have involuntarily glided into the same kind of composition, particularly when treating sacred subjects under the influence of local prejudice, or an imperfect knowledge of the subject. The Dutch and Flemish painters are unrivalled in this line. Even the ablest of them can only delineate the Hebrew maiden as a lusty *vrouw* fresh from her home in Rotterdam or Antwerp—while the lower lot seem striving to exceed each other in the ridiculousness of their versions of Scriptural incidents.

I remember the creation of Eve illustrated by an actual rib in the act of being taken from the side of a sleeping boor, and the Conception of the Virgin by an egg sliding down a tube into the open mouth of an awkward, coarse-looking kitchen wench. But the funniest interpretation of all was intended for a picture of "The Flight into Egypt." A portly Hollander is represented as a landlord of a wayside inn, pointing with out-stretched arm over a sluggish canal to a mill in the background—while an old Dutch mechanic is leading a Dutch donkey that carries a Dutch mother and child—and the old fellow has evidently been asking Boniface *the way to Egypt.*

The elder painters who introduced their liberal patrons among the most holy personages, were also unintentional caricaturists; indeed the juxtaposition of the ideal and matter of fact, though intended as a very great compliment, is a greater outrage upon

common sense than the most burlesque portrait could be.

I remember well the unfailing resource for the entertainment of guests in large country houses, of the book of caricatures. Those unfortunates who cannot be got to talk, or are nervously reserved, are usually set by the hostess to find entertainment, and become social over a portfolio of ludicrous scenes in which celebrated personages have acted with more or less success. Shy girls and silent young men generally get on pretty well by means of such a *medium*—in truth, grave and reverend seignors and ancient tabbies have been found to grow quite amiable, as well as cheerful, as the more equivocal prints were turned over.

It was the custom before my day, and in my youth, to get all the novelties of this kind from London as regularly as the fashionable novel or the last new ballad; and notwithstanding that they were coarsely drawn and still more coarsely coloured, it is impossible to exaggerate the amusement they afforded—especially if at the expense of any particular friend. So popular were they that besides the usual channel of publication, a magazine was started, one of the most attractive features of which was a political illustration by a popular caricaturist. This was the famous "Anti-Jacobin Magazine and Review," for which George Canning and Hookham Frere wrote such capital satires. The art has been, with more or less privacy, practised by distinguished amateurs. In the last century there were many persons in the

upper classes who possessed much talent in this way. They illustrated Burns' well-known couplet:—

"O would some fay the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

They showed how others saw us—sometimes, it must be acknowledged, with a little malice—sometimes with a good deal of humour. Dorothy, Countess of Burlington, made a clever drawing of the fashionable opera-singers Farinelli and Cuzzoni, singing a duet, which was etched by Goupy, her drawing-master, and her ladyship is said to have assisted him in the burlesque print of Handel, who is represented as a hog playing on an organ hung with geese, turkeys, hams, and sausages, to indicate the great musician's German love of gross feeding.

The Marquis Townshend, while famous as a soldier, chose to try to win renown as an artist—a burlesque sketch of the hero of Culloden, however, obtained him more notice than was quite agreeable. His lordship subsequently tried his hand on less exalted personages, and gained the following eulogium:—

"Armed at both points, unless you keep aloof,
With sword or pencil he can take you off."

Several officers in the army of less rank, distinguished themselves by the exercise of the same talent. Captain Grose, remembered as an antiquary, published numerous comic illustrations of men and things. Captain Tatham etched his own designs, which were very spirited. Mansell and Mercer, also

in the service, frequently contributed to the portfolio and the shop windows—the latter produced a great number of political caricatures, in which the Royal Family, the Whig and Tory leaders, and people of fashion figured prominently.

One of the cleverest amateurs of his time was Henry William Bunbury, second son of the Rev. Sir William Bunbury, Bart.; *his* second son, Sir Thomas, married Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. He moved therefore in a society whose foibles he was well qualified to illustrate, for he was an able draughtsman, and possessed much humorous invention.

The Church, too, has contributed, as in the olden time, several lively illustrators of the living manners as they rise. One, the brother of Theodore Hook, burlesqued his own vocation in two well-known designs, "Going with the Wind" and "Going against the Wind," contrasting the fat rector and the lean curate. He produced many other droll things of the kind, that were made much more popular than his sermons.

There was another reverend humourist of the name of Edy, whose "In-fashion" and "Out-of-fashion" were long a source of amusement in the best circles, notwithstanding their unclerical character; but, as usual with gentlemen of his cloth, he delighted in showing up a brother divine, and his "Putney Disaster" was one of his most successful hits.

I have no doubt that the talent is still in active employment in the profession—the pulpit affording

no scope for its display. Some parsons, to be sure, satisfy themselves with being funny in other secular employments, such as deadly-lively novels that certainly quite as much deserve the name of caricatures as the designs I have been noticing.

There were artists in this line whose reputation far exceeded that enjoyed by any of the amateurs—Gillray was deservedly at the head of these. His portraits of contemporary characters were hit off with singular fidelity, even when their peculiarities were exaggerated. This is to be seen even in the print called "Doublures," which anticipated the "Shadows," that had a certain degree of popular favour a year or two back. Thus Charles James Fox is made to produce as a counterpart a representation of the Arch Enemy; the Duke of Bedford figures as a jockey, and the Duke of Norfolk as Silenus—the last is a most successful performance.

Very spirited were his figures introduced into Loutherbourg's Siege of Valenciennes, wonderfully characteristic his "Connoisseur (George III.) looking at a Cooper"—a miniature of Cromwell. The King and Queen were favourite subjects, and other members of the Royal Family were treated with equal freedom. In the "New Way to pay Old Debts," the former are seen leaving the Treasury with their pockets overflowing with guineas, while the Prince of Wales is a miserable mendicant accepting alms from the Duke of Orleans, in reference to a loan said to have been negotiated at the time. In "Ancient Music" the musicians are

the ministers, of whose performance their Majesties are testifying marked approbation. "Frying Sprats" and "Toasting Muffins" are supposed to represent the thrifty habits of Queen Charlotte and King George. "Anti-saccharites" include the Princesses, who object to their royal parents leaving off sugar. There is a very clever satire in "Temperance enjoying a Frugal Meal," and "A Voluptuary under the Horrors of Indigestion," contrasting the frugal king and his extravagant heir. The same characters are in "The Reconciliation."

Gillray's social sketches were quite as happy. In "A Pic-nic Orchestra" the likenesses of the Marchioness of Salisbury and Buckingham, Lady Maria Cholmondeley, Lord Edgecumbe, and Charles Greville are remarkably good. The same persons figure in "Dilettante Theatricals." In "Blowing up Pic-nics," Sheridan is introduced as harlequin, and Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble assist in the business of the scene. "Push Pin" possesses characteristic portraits of the Duke of Queensberry and Miss Vanneck; and in the "Bulstrode Syren" were Mrs. Billington and the Duke of Portland. His fashionable portraits, indeed, are innumerable. I must not forget his "Cockney Sportsmen" in four plates, and "Rake's Progress in the University" in five capital designs.

Rowlandson's genius in humorous designs was not inferior, though he did not seek popularity by ridiculing political or fashionable people. He was much employed in illustrating books, such as the far-famed

"Travels of Dr. Syntax;" but his drawings on a larger scale, of both French and English social gatherings, are marvellously clever and original.

In my boyish days I remember the delight with which I looked over these and other attempts to hold the mirror up to Nature, particularly those—their name is legion—in which my much-respected godfather and such of his associates as I saw at Brighton, or who came to Berkeley Castle, were figured. There was one by Mansell, entitled "The Caricaturist's Stock in Trade," wherein were grouped George III., the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Richmond, Sheridan, Fox, Lord North, Pitt, Edmund Burke, and George Hanger; the Queen; Mrs. Fitzherbert as "Queen Would-be;" the Duchess of Devonshire as "Queen of Westminster;" Mrs. Abington as "Queen Scrub;" and Mrs. Siddons as "Queen Rant."

The various pictorial representations of the Prince's mock marriage were also much admired. Wicksteed's "Marriage of Figaro," in which Weltjie, of the Prince's kitchen, with a corkscrew hanging from his pocket, is acting as parson; while Hanger, the equerry, is giving away the bride—was a very popular print. There were at least a volume of quizzical illustrations of the same subject. Much, too, was I pleased with Fox and Lord North having a fistic encounter, and with a similar conflict between George Hanger and a notorious female known as "Big Bess," with the Prince of Wales and other people of fashion watching the contest.

To our present refined taste, these things may appear coarse and vulgar, and many more than questionable in point of taste, but they answered the purpose for which they were designed. They were food for laughter, and I am not certain that we always find more wholesome nutriment for mirth nowadays. I took up a book a short time ago, called "A Shilling's-worth of Nonsense," with engravings in every page, and found it a very childish affair. In my juvenility I certainly should have preferred the portfolio of caricatures.

George Cruikshank was a great master of expression; but in his early works there was not more refinement than can be found in those of some of his predecessors. Who can forget his commotion caused at a large dinner-party by a lady getting up to ring the bell, or the cockney relations visiting the farm; and numberless other shop-window favourites in my youth. In no work, however, has his remarkable talent displayed itself so happily as in Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion." His graphic portraits of the Fenians of nearly seventy years ago, are worth looking at after a perusal of a newspaper account of the new revolutionary movement in Ireland.

Caricature underwent a complete change at the hands of the once familiar "H. B." It became cold, almost classical, elegant, clever, but never funny. The joke lay generally in the person joked on assuming the character of a worthy or unworthy of bygone times. There is a certain amount of enter-

tainment to be found in such transformations, but this is of a mild kind. The broad fun of the old school of pictorial satire I must confess to appreciating more than this very decorous jesting. I look upon this artist as the last of the genuine caricaturists. We have portfolios of his works in most country houses, as a provocative to cheerfulness, but the figures seem ghosts, and the wit of the design, if it ever had any, must have evaporated when the subject became obsolete. He closes the long line of pictorial humourists who worked for the shop-windows.

I used to try my hand at caricatures, but never of a personal kind. I "went in" at vice and folly, or at political mistakes. McLean, in the Haymarket, used to give me a sovereign for any pen and ink sketch he accepted, and then they were engraved, and certainly in one instance *touched up* by "H. B." In *the* instance to which I thus allude, I had sketched the portrait of an "emancipated negro." He was depicted almost in a skeleton state, a small rag round him, a dagger in his hand, and with the empty hand grasping at a butterfly for food. "H. B." either saw, or thought he saw, a resemblance to the late Lord Grey, and in the engraving made "The Emancipated Negro" so like him that many of my friends—and among them Admiral Sir George Seymour—remonstrated with me for having burlesqued the looks of the leading statesman. My "Dedication to the Temperance Society"—"devils" wheeling away from the figure of an intoxicated man his heart and soul, his

brains and his riches, was accepted by McLean, and took enormously, so I was told, in the *then* "United States," as well as considerably in England. McLean accepted many others which I now forget, and when I found that I had gold in his hands, I took it out in engravings, of which few men had a greater collection than himself.

With the publication of "Punch," commenced a new era for caricature. Novelties came so rapidly and in such profusion that it left the old school of satirical artists nothing to do. Society found itself illustrated to the fullest possible extent. It cared not for entertainment on a larger scale, and the caricature-shops died a natural death. Occasionally, one of the bright-coloured prints that so immensely amused our fathers and grandfathers, is placed in a window, but photographs of fast men and loose women soon elbow it down, and it is put away out of sight among album scraps of an unsaleable reputation.

The first artist who won a reputation in "Punch" was Richard Doyle, son of "H. B.," but much more appreciable as a humourist. Nothing could be cleverer in their way than his designs, with numerous figures, caricaturing the social life of the middle of the nineteenth century. "Mr. Pips—his Diary," for instance, is overflowing with graphic talent. He has attempted some things since in the same style, but they have not been executed with the same spirit.

My friend Leech excelled him in invention, as well as in natural illustration; in truth it may be said that his genius was inexhaustible. It is im-

possible to look over the enormous amount of humorous designs he has produced, and not give him the first place among the comic artists. Whatever happened to be his subject, fashionable or low, sporting or scholastic, clerical or "fast," duchess or fish-fag, he invariably seized the characteristic traits, was quite as true to nature with his young ladies as with his venerable dowagers, did equal pictorial justice to the swell as to the saint, and never for an instant trenched on coarse vulgarity.

John Leech, therefore, will always be referred to as an authority on our customs and manners; and, however completely English peculiarities of dress and conduct may be forgotten and obliterated by the influence of change, in his lively pages they will remain, as an ever-living memorial of what we were when he flourished in our midst. May his fame never fade from the memory of the lover of sterling English humour! He was long a source of unalloyed pleasure to a large circle of enthusiastic admirers, and they have missed him, and will miss him for many a long year to come! I have often thought of those happy hours when, as the guest of the late Lord Breadalbane, John Leech went out with me deerstalking, that I might suggest to him incidents for "Mr. Briggs."

In winter time, during a dreary snow-storm and hard frost, when hunting is impossible, and shooting difficult, a large party in one of "the stately homes of England"—not a tithe of which can find occupation in the billiard-room—who shudder at the

thought of croquet on the slippery lawn, or skating on the treacherous lake, are not to be enticed to chess, to backgammon, or by any other "gammon," to lotto, or to any of the games invented to kill time when it cannot be profitably disposed of—when charades are voted a bore, the last sensational novel a swindle, and private theatricals cannot be attempted—when no gentleman is sufficiently ambitious to turn conjuror for that occasion only, and the ladies are averse to forfeits, and are not to be coaxed into an imitation of a "Decamerone"—then the works of my departed friend circulate from hand to hand, attracting around them groups of animated commentators, whose mirth makes the capacious chamber ring with the heartiness of their enjoyment.

A good deal of caricature goes on in society, on the sly. Skill in drawing is a pretty general accomplishment, from her Majesty to the *débutante* at the last Drawing-room; and several amateur draughtsmen I know possess considerable ability in sketching portraits, doing it almost as well as poor dear D'Orsay. It is not, therefore, at all improbable, if you happen to possess any marked peculiarity out of which any fun is to be made, that some —— good-natured friend will take you off, and then, of course, it is shown in confidence to all your other amiable acquaintances of both sexes, and much effect produced.

If you should have done anything ridiculous, which you are supremely desirous to have forgotten, in this peculiarly friendly way, it is sure of preservation. So it has been from time immemorial, and so it will

be till the advent of the New Zealander. People must find amusement somewhere, you know; and as good breeding will not permit you to laugh in your friend's face, you make up for the privation by laughing at his resemblance. For myself I care not for jokes of this kind; such jesting does not cut very deep unless a man is morbidly sensitive. If attacked, all I should ask for in return is, the right of recompensing the joker, which I trust I should be able to do in a manner that would leave nothing further to desire at my hands.

Malicious revenge in this way, such as that practised by an artist upon the late Mr. Hope, the banker, and his lady, when they were represented as "Beauty and the Beast," is very bad. That cowardly caricaturist deserved any amount of punishment, and no one but himself could have lamented its severity.

Where individuals, by their disregard of the ordinary rules of society, make themselves a fair subject for pictorial or any other kind of ridicule, such attacks are matters of course. If "a fellow" chooses to go in for some egregious folly, he ought to know that he goes in also for a free admission into the columns of "Punch," and an equally free, but not half so pleasant an *entrée* into private sketch-books and albums. The family fool has long been in desuetude as a domestic institution, but the fool of the family survives in most large households. The suit of motley and the cap and bells have been thrown aside; nevertheless it is wonderful the number of

aspirants there are in society for these obsolete distinctions.

It has been left for the present generation to behold the son of a peer doing duty as a low comedian—very low, indeed—in a metropolitan theatre; to behold a member of the landed gentry of England a stage-coach proprietor, where railways were abundant; another gentleman of family living in bestial filthiness, under the pretence of being a hermit; a clergyman pitching a poor girl into a bush, because she had dared to ask support from her seducer; a Sister of that Charity which covers a multitude of sins, applying to the Law Courts to transform a reputed paramour into a husband; a set of silly women allowing themselves to be plundered by a religious quack, under the idea they were securing the Saints' Everlasting Rest in a private hotel styled "Agapemone;" people of high social position, severe morals, and proud ancestry, worshipping the Mammon of Unrighteousness in the vulgar person of a commercial adventurer; and other fashionable fools of all varieties, stations, forms, and characters, rushing intensely after the imaginary benefits of hydropathy, homœopathy, Puseyism, Brunnens-visiting, mountain-climbing, Bubble Company, Protection Societies organising—and the thousand and one other types of that credulity and imitativeness which render society like a flock of sheep in warm weather, ready to rush in a body wherever they can get the most quickly fleeced.

Of all associations to whom the most consummate

contempt is due, is the one styled "The Aborigines Protection Society." To quote from "The Times" of the 23rd of September, 1865, these benighted men affirm "that the New Zealanders are as justly entitled to their land as the Duke of Northumberland or the Duke of Bedford are to their estates in England." Ho, ho! what fun these associated geese are. The title-deeds of the Maories *lie in their teeth.* They did, precisely as "The Times" says, use this notion over two hundred years. They came, saw, and conquered; but unlike Cæsar, they not only conquered, but they ate up the Aborigines who then existed, their *title*-deeds and all; and thus, according to the benighted ideas of the "Aborigines Protection Society," established as good a right to their lands, as can be given by the hereditary laws of civilization to the English nobility and gentry. Funny fellows, these Protection men! I wonder what next will be set up as a thing for conservation! Perhaps Satan and his imps will find a conclave of heroes desirous of keeping them to the fire —an inexpensive speculation at the least, as no one will be anxious to colonise these dominions, or to interfere in any way as to titles to hot coals.

These, and such as these, are fair game for the caricaturist. I remember a certain alderman in the City of London who gained a wide celebrity by his frequently expressed desire to "put down" abuses. He seemed inclined to do this office for everything and everybody, going at it head-foremost like a bull in a china shop, though not having it all his own way, till nervous men became anxious and

timid young women frightened. Poor Sir Peter bore a close resemblance to the herald reprimanded by Lord Chesterfield—the foolish man did not know his own foolish business. At last, however, came the great putter-down, and put him down most effectually. He died, was buried, and forgotten.

It is rather a contradiction, but the best way to put down absurdity and pretension is to show them up—and that can be done as well with the pen as with the pencil. Pope in this way made havoc among the Grub-street poetasters by his "Dunciad"—Gifford slaughtered innocents of the Della Crusca school of namby-pamby in his "Baviad"—and Byron smashed the whole nest of waspish critics by whom he had been stung, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

At the first discovery of photography, an impression began to gain ground that it was a new process of caricature. Every one operated upon was literally seen "as in a glass darkly"—perhaps one eye very dark indeed, the other nowhere, and all with immense noses. The groups were no less metamorphosed—the baby in the foreground was an undoubted pickaninny as black as a coal—the young husband was perfectly bald, and had lost one whisker; while the interesting mamma, who ought to have borne the pledge of affection in her arms, had effected a very reprehensible elopement. She had gone without leaving so much as a negative trace of her whereabouts.

In other instances where several persons had sub-

mitted to be thus cruelly taken off, their mouths were so magnified, and their other features so fishified, as to suggest a family conclave of codfish, assembled to protest against the inordinate employment of a particular portion of their interiors for medical purposes and the renovation of man.

In short, the art in its infancy made every amateur his own caricaturist, and it was a long time before order came out of this chaos, and a tolerable resemblance proceeded from bath and camera. Great fun as well as great disappointment were the result of the photographer's first efforts. The beauty lost every attraction—the good-looking, though they looked their best, could not be recognised, so plain had they become; and persons in perfect health appeared victims to an incurable disease—ghastly spectres escaping to a better world, after enduring the plague, the jaundice, and consumption, all at once.

Perseverance, however, and scientific experiments at last made the process more certain, and the result more agreeable—the horrid libels were put behind the fire, and handsome little volumes became family galleries in miniature—a thousand times more interesting than the dingy fogies I have sometimes seen in equally gloomy frames, frowning down upon the guests of their descendant by blood, or successor by purchase, who venture in the corridor, the hall, or wherever they may happen to mount guard. The portrait in the Castle of Otranto could scarcely have been more terrible than some of these appear, when you are re-

tiring to rest, with just enough dim mysterious light from your chamber candle to render their ugliness discernible.

Much we prefer going through one of these galleries with a charming and amiable Cicerone to point out the characteristics, mental and personal, of maiden aunts and bachelor uncles, venerable grandsires and juvenile cousins, mammas and papas, whose hospitality you are enjoying; of brother Frank, who is in India with his regiment, and sister Gertrude, who is supposed to be enjoying her bridal tour in Switzerland—an enjoyment I very much doubt. This is a very pleasant confidence, far more trustworthy than the Peerage, besides being infinitely more interesting. Nevertheless we get too much bored by these family talkatives, and wish at times that they never had been.

Then, possibly, is produced another handsome volume of the Royal Family, and you have the honour of being introduced at Court without the intervention of the Lord Chamberlain, or the discomfort of a squeeze in "the pen." You are not only admitted to a private interview with her Majesty, but have the advantage of beholding her in half a dozen gracious moods: then comes the same distinction from the Prince of Wales, only his Royal Highness is good enough to take a look at you in at least a dozen different positions. The same may be said of the Princess—indeed, it is more than probable that, including the Royal Infant, the bright Alexandra face condescends to be visible for a score of times at least.

You cannot, as at a city banquet, include the Prince of Wales with the rest of the Royal Family. Photography forbids it. They come in single file *and* in battalions, every separate example apparently having as many variations as a piano-forte version of "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

Then comes Prince Alfred, looking as if his Royal Highness had never been in the shadow of the dark valley, whence he emerged by the skilful treatment of Dr. Armstrong, at Malta; and Prince Arthur, a much more quiet personage, I suspect, than his namesake of the Round Table. The Princess Royal heads the bevy of fair women whom their thoroughly English mother has reared so admirably, and is, of course, accompanied by her husband, the heir of the Prussian monarchy. The Princess of Hesse in the same amiable way brings her German lord forward. Her sisters follow in due course with their partners, so selected as to make marriage almost a geographical idea. Indeed, if the handsome book and its handsome contents is not an "*Almanach de Gotha*," it much more nearly realizes that title than the more miscellaneous volume so designated.

There is one portrait which, though latest referred to, is not "last in our dear love." Though his place knows him no more, he is never omitted from the loyal album, and the fair Cicerone is sure to give him a double share of her enthusiasm and sympathy, because of his premature absence from the circle of domestic virtues his example had assisted so powerfully in creating. Moisture is sure to dim each of the

bright eyes, but, in my opinion, it brings my charming Cicerone a little nearer to the angels.

Possibly after this another volume may be opened, *cartes de visite* of friends and acquaintances; and then you unexpectedly come upon old comrades or messmates in the service to which you have been attached: old associates in the hunting field: fellow-adventurers in foreign and far-off wilds: companions in deer-stalking in the Highlands: brother sportsmen at the river-side, fly-fishing for salmon, or on the wide northern moors beating for grouse: cronies at school and friends at college. Naturally enough you rush into anecdotes, recount perhaps perils, if not in the imminent deadly breach, still requiring pluck to meet them, moving accidents by flood and field, resuscitate buried jokes, detail amusing traits of character: in short, indulge in such a fund of conversational entertainment, that your fair companion gives unequivocal indications of being as much interested as amused.

It not unfrequently happens that a volume is dedicated to living contemporaries possessed of celebrity of some kind, and you may be asked to peruse the features of the Emperor Napoleon III., and General Tom Thumb; of the Pope in his pontifical robes, and Miss Isaacs Menken as Mazeppa; of Ignatius, of the loose cord, and Blondin, of the tight one; of Spurgeon and Skittles; of the American President and the Chinese giant; of Tupper, the poet, and the one-legged dancer; of the Bishop of Oxford and Miss Constance Kent; of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Sothern; of the Brothers

of the Oratory and the Ethiopian Serenaders; of the winners at Wimbledon and the losers at the Derby; of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the model boy of the Blacking Brigade; of, in short, endless contrasts, nothing being so easy in a photographic album as to make extremes meet.

Of course you can easily make conversational capital out of this, and it is your own fault if you do not get a good investment. But there is a higher use for photography to which amateurs might have recourse, not only to the successful development of their artistic taste, but to the special gratification of their friends; I mean making their sitters dress and group into picture subjects. In this way, with the assistance of the larger lenses, and improved chemical process, you may produce a series of classical, grotesque, pastoral, or historical studies, of far higher value than common-place likenesses, some of the features in which you cannot see without a microscope.

Something, too, in the shape of caricature might also be done by ingenious mystification, and a skilful operator. If you see a particularly marked countenance, there is no need of your going, like the imprudent painter, and, after telling its unfortunate possessor that you are engaged upon the subject of St. Dunstan, and are provided only with a saint, ask him would he be so obliging as to sit for *the other gentleman* in the tableau. There must be considerable diplomacy employed, or your prospect of fun will evaporate. If you require a Bottom the weaver, you ought not to insist on his bringing his

own ass's head; if your Titania is at all up to her work, she will readily, when required, make a complete donkey of him. A Bardolph may be found in every port-drinking admiral, and any of the disciples of Banting would turn into a Falstaff; a little attention to costume will change them into Silenus and Bacchus. Mawworms and Stigginses are as thick as mushrooms at every religious gathering, and you may find a Moses ready to be done to any amount in green spectacles, in every greenhorn who attends a race-course or a fair.

As for the softer sex, I feel much remorse in suggesting their employment in the burlesque line of art, nevertheless it is not to be denied that here and there are to be found some evidently formed by nature to be appreciated in this line, and in no other. There are faces that are fortunes, according to the old song, and there are faces that are misfortunes, and as this ought to be endured as cheerfully as possible, how can it be done so well as by turning them into ridicule? I do not advise laughing at a squint, or being openly jocose upon a turned-up nose; but as the general good is to be preferred to the individual—witness the greatest happiness of the greatest number principle—it is lawful to amuse the community by a pictorial representation of either or both.

I think you might find some difficulty in getting "an unappropriated blessing" to sit for a Medusa or stand for a Mother Brownrigg—possibly she might entertain some objections to figuring as the mistress of Do-the-Boys-Hall, or as Hecate, either of the Infernal Regions or Macbeth—but as she is unqualified to

serve as Joan of Arc, or Una, as Ariadne, or Venus, as Highland Mary, Juno, or Black-eyed Susan—and you would be sure to affront her if you suggested the Magdalen, or Ninon de l'Enclos, or Anonyma, or the Fair Gabrielle, or Nell Gwynne, or Lady Hamilton—you are reduced to the necessity of making the best use you can of your raw material; therefore you must entice her to come within the influence of your camera, and christen the negative as may be most expedient.

In this way a species of caricature may be made to flourish that will beat any that has preceded it—in fidelity to nature—and thus countenanced by the sex, as it cannot help being, will become an invaluable reference to Preraphaelite students, and those who desire a plain introduction to the very comprehensive knowledge of female physiognomy.

CHAPTER VII.

BRANDENBURG HOUSE.

Lady Craven as an authoress and dramatic writer—Excels in private theatricals—Marries the Margrave of Anspach—Is created Princess of Berkeley—Purchases a residence at Hammersmith—Private theatre at Brandenburg House—Young Angelo and his "gag"—The Margravine's death—Hon. Keppel Craven—Queen Caroline inhabits Brandenburg House—Her Court—Theodore Hook and "John Bull"—His burlesque odes—"Hunting the hare"—"Mrs. Muggins's visit to the Queen"—Rev. Sydney Smith's opinion of Queen Caroline—Changes at Brandenburg House—The saloon—The Queen's household—Domestic arrangements—Her contempt for the world's opinion—Pretends excess in wine—Lords Brougham and Truro—Meeting the King—Scurrilous street-song—Her attempt to gain admittance to the Abbey during the coronation—Sir Thomas Lennard and the Queen—Excessive dose of magnesia—Her death.

My father's sister, the Lady Elizabeth, figured prominently in society after her first marriage with the Earl of Craven, by whom she had several children; one or two of them attained no slight celebrity at the time. She travelled much on the Continent and in the East, when touring was not the easy recreation steam and Murray have made it, and wrote several books of travels, when such works by ladies were rare. Indeed, I believe she preceded Mrs. Stark, whom all dilettanti describers followed so frantically as to lay them under the suspicion of being

stark mad. Her "Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople" was published in 4to., in 1785; her "Letters to the Marquis during her travels through France, Germany, Russia, &c., from 1785-87," in 1814. Horace Walpole had many years before placed his Strawberry Hill press at her disposal for a translation from the French of Pont de Ville of her "Sleepwalker," in 1771. Ten years later appeared "The Miniature Picture," and in 1795 her "Pleasant Pastimes for Christmas Evenings, or the Predictions of Cosmopolitus Occultarius, &c," which was also privately printed.

Lady Craven also wrote plays of a tenderly sentimental kind, and when she got them performed, never failed to play the interesting heroines. Private theatricals were much in vogue then, many people of distinction having theatres in their own mansions, and they sought the bubble reputation, not at the cannon's mouth, but at the foot-lights. There was Lord Barrymore, and, after him, Lord Blessington, ambitious of the honour of the sock and buskin. Both belonged to the Irish peerage, and, if I remember right, with both, their dignities as well as their fortunes died with them. Lady Alicia Buckinghamshire was often associated with Lady Craven in these amusements, as well as other ladies. They have all in consequence figured in the caricatures of Gillray. In this way they may have come to a good deal of fun—even were this more than they desired, they were content, as it did not bring them to grief.

While abroad, Lady Craven attracted the attention

of a German potentate, and after her husband had departed to a better world, this illustrious personage married her. His Highness did more than this—he had sufficient influence with the Imperial Court at Vienna to get his lady elevated to the dignity of Princess Berkeley; he moreover had such a friend in the King of Prussia as subsequently to induce him to purchase his dominions.

Divested of all cares of sovereignty, and with plenty of ready money (the sinews of fashion quite as much as of war), the happy couple made the best of their way to England, with the intention of there filling a prominent position. The Court of St. James's, however, did not approve apparently of the transfer of the little German sovereignty, and Queen Charlotte, a German Princess herself, chose to allow no sister near her throne. The honours of the Princess Berkeley were not sanctioned by the Crown, so the possessor of them was forced to be content with the less dignified title of Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth.

Of this she made the most, the Margrave assisting to the best of his ability. They purchased an estate at Hammersmith, in which, after marvellous improvements had been effected in the mansion and grounds, under the superintendence of the Margrave, with the new name of Brandenburg House, it was thrown open to the London world with a masquerade. The most distinguished of the English and foreign nobility then in London were invited to this opening entertainment; but some of the company behaved

very badly, and could not have been gentlemen: one, dressed as a sailor, and I suppose very drunk, rushed against a magnificent mirror—a marvel of plate-glass at this period—and smashed it; while, in another apartment, in which the curtains were composed of the richest silk and point lace, and the coverings of the chairs and sofas of costly satin, portions were purloined, and the satin covers ripped and slashed with a knife. A theatre had been built and very prettily decorated, and the private theatricals of the Margravine became much more attractive than her previous performances. She produced more plays and played more prominent parts in them. Besides the Margravine's own dramatic efforts, English standard plays were sometimes produced. On one occasion "The Provoked Wife" was given, Sir Walter James personating Sir John Brute, and the Margravine Lady Brute.

It has been alleged that, like other manageresses, her Highness was in the habit of securing for herself the *maximum* of interest, and giving the *minimum* to be shared by the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. Amateur actors are not always satisfied with having little to do and less to say, and on one of these occasions, the younger Angelo, a *protégé* of the Margravine, who could not reconcile himself to the no part given him to enact, noticing that his patroness had left the stage, seized his opportunity for distinction, and burst out into a "gag," the length of which was only exceeded by its absurdity.

The distinguished authoress hearing peal upon peal of uproarious laughter where she had placed the most touching sentiment, rushed in alarm back to the side

scenes just in time to behold her walking gentleman, for whom no speech had been written, concluding a soliloquy in a style of extravagant fustian that was literally convulsing the entire audience.

He made his exit amid "thunders of applause;" but pleasant as his success must have been to him, the gratification vanished when he suddenly came face to face with the offended Margravine. A pretty sharp scolding for his unwarrantable interpolation was, however, his only punishment, notwithstanding that the profound interest that should have been excited for her heroine, was totally marred by the recollection of the audience of the capital fun of Angelo's extraordinary soliloquy.

The distinguished hostess generally had her son, the Hon. Keppel Craven, to play with her; her Chamberlain, Count Dallet, who was clever in French comedy—they played both French and English, written or adapted by my aunt—was the heavy father. A Miss Sutherland, a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, played second to the Margravine, who was invariably the heroine of the piece.

Brandenburg House became the resort of the gay world of both sexes; but the Margrave at last joined his ancestors, and his widow as she advanced in years, became less and less fond of gaiety. In the year she published her memoirs, which proved her last work, she went to Italy, where the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos met with her. In the published diary then written by his Grace, he gives some interesting particulars of the decease of this notorious lady, and

of her will. The Margravine died in 1828, leaving the bulk of her property to the Hon. Keppel Craven, one of her sons by Lord Craven. He lived much in Italy, published one or two books descriptive of the country, and was intimately connected with the next royal possessor of Brandenburg House, Queen Caroline, having been a member of her household.

During the period of the Queen's residence, the place was kept in a ferment of loyalty. This exaggerated feeling had its ridiculous aspect, which was eagerly seized upon by the greatest humourist of his time. Hitherto the kingly power had been the favourite object of popular joking. Dr. Wolcott, as "Peter Pindar," had made great sport out of George III., and Tommy Moore had done his best to ridicule his son and successor. In the columns of a new Sunday newspaper, called the "John Bull," there now appeared facetious communications that did more towards re-establishing a feeling of loyalty in the public mind, than hundreds of Bills of Pains and Penalties could have done. It was not generally known till long afterwards, that Theodore Hook was the author of these clever productions. Such uncompromisng sentiments as these, startled the enthusiastic Carolinians.

"Oh deep was the sorrow, and sad was the day,
When death took our gracious old monarch away,
And gave us a Queen lost to honour and fame,
Whose manners are folly, whose conduct is shame,
Who with aliens and vagabonds long having strolled,
Soon caught up their habits, loose, brazen, and bold."

Those who, for their own purposes, had so carefully got up the cry of "the injured wife," affected to be, or really were, horrified by this retaliation for the Hone and Cruikshank attacks. Before, however, they had reconciled themselves to the audacity of the too plain-spoken, perhaps not over truthful, writer, there followed one another in rapid succession, a series of the most ridiculous travesties ever penned.

Who can ever forget the lyric written to the tune of "The Hunting of the Hare," commencing—

"Would you hear of the triumph of purity?
Would you share in the joy of the Queen?
List to my song, and in perfect security,
Witness a row where you durst not have been.
All kinds of addresses,
From collars of SS.
To vendors of cresses,
Came up like a fair;
And all through September,
October, November,
And down to December,
They hunted this hare."

One of the multitudinous addresses that choked the streets of Kensington, the poet describes as consisting of

"Damsels of Mary'bone decked out in articles
Borrowed of brokers for shillings and pence;
The eye of vulgarity anything smart tickles;
Drabs love a ride at another's expense.
So swarming like loaches,
In ten hackney coaches,
They make their approaches,
And pull at the bell;

And then they flaunt brave in,
Preceded by Craven,
And clean and new shaven,
Topographical Gell."

Every person, male or female, who assisted in these popular demonstrations, worth naming, was held up to ridicule—as in "Mrs. Muggins's Visit to the Queen."

"Have you been to Brandenburg, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?
Have you been to Brandenburg, ho?
O, yes, I have been, ma'am,
To visit the Queen, ma'am,
With the rest of the galanty show, show,
With the rest of the galanty show.

"And who were your company, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?
And who were your company, ho?
We happened to drop in,
With gemmen from Wapping,
And ladies from Blowbladder Row, Row,
And ladies from Blowbladder Row.

"And what said her Majesty, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?
What said her Majesty, ho?
—What I understood 's,
She's come for our goods,
And when she has got 'em, she'll go, go,
And when she has got 'em she'll go.

"And who were attending her, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?
Who were attending her, ho?
—Lord Hood for a man,
For a maid Lady Anne,
And * * * * * * * * * * * * for a beau, beau,
And * * * * * * * * * * * * for a beau."

Lady Anne Hamilton is the lady ambiguously alluded to.

The fun soon grew fast and furious, the "John

Bull" rapidly increased in circulation, and as the laugh became more general at these fearless lampoons, those who were most severely handled by them began to move away. The great Whig families who had supported the Queen, as a party manœuvre only, rapidly withdrew, their usual custom when their friends are no longer of use. The "unprotected female" cry could not get a hearing—the "injured wife" appeal only excited unpleasant retorts—and any reference to "the wronged Queen" elicited a burst of mirth.

The distinguished successor of my aunt as a tenant of Brandenburg House, became aware, then, that her cause was no longer popular. Instead of being ruined by persecution, the Queen had been overthrown by puns; a threatened rebellion had been put down by a discharge of squibs. She had been joked out of popular sympathy, and now the mob were not to be moved except to join in the laugh at her expense. Even the great Whig authority, Sydney Smith, describes her as "contemptible;" nevertheless, it is unquestionable that she was the making of his principal friends.

When Queen Caroline adopted the Hammersmith mansion as her residence, an excellent and valued friend of mine, the Rev. John Wood, now Sir John Page Wood, Bart., I am happy to say well and hearty still, acted as her secretary and chaplain.

It commanded a pleasant view of the Thames, and in the grounds was a walk on the bank of the river, leading to what had been the private theatre. The Queen adopted as her private apartments a suite on the ground

floor adjoining the capacious dining-room. The glory of the house was the saloon on the first floor, which was of large size and lofty dimensions, with massive folding-doors. On one side was a life-size full length portrait of the Margravine, or Princess Berkeley, painted at a time when she was in the zenith of her charms. On the other side of the doors were life-size portraits of her brothers, Berkeley and Keppel Craven, the former a very handsome young man, leaning on the shoulder of his brother. Both were painted, I believe, by Romney. At one end of the room, in the centre, stood a self-acting pianoforte, the tones of which were beautifully modulated and sweet. This instrument was always kept surrounded by a bower of tuberoses, and the scent from it perfumed the entire apartment.

At a little distance off there also stood a grand pianoforte with keys at each end for two performers, on which William Austin used to play duets with the chaplain's lady, who to this hour is one of the best amateur performers on that instrument I ever heard. In music and drawing she is thoroughly accomplished.

On one side of the saloon was the billiard room, in immense request among the Italians in her *suite*, and on the other side were the rooms occupied by my friend and his own family.

The Queen's Household consisted of the following persons:—

Lady Anne Hamilton, *Lady in Waiting.*

Mrs. John Page Wood, now Lady Wood, *Bed-chamber Woman.*

Mademoiselle Demont, *Principal Attendant* (sister to the notorious Demont, a witness against the Queen at the trial.)

Viscount Hood, *Chamberlain.*

Mr. Wilson, }
Captain Hesse, } *Equerries.*

Rev. John Page Wood, now Sir John Page Wood, Bart., *Private Secretary and Domestic Chaplain.*

William Austin, the Queen's *protégé.*

Dr. Holland, now Sir Henry, *Domestic Physician.*

Italians.

Marchese Antaldi, of Bologna.

Carluccio Antaldi, his brother, and the brother's son, of Calabria, both as wild as their native province.

Count Vassali, of Milan, Foreign Equerry.

Professor Tommasini, of Bologna.

The Prince Ercolani, of Rome, whose brother married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte.

Three other Italian gentlemen were added to this list, and Mr. Hieronymus, the House Steward.

Mr. Wilson, the Equerry, was a son of General Sir Robert Wilson, who was afterwards Aide-de-Camp to Bolivar.

Captain Hesse was subsequently killed in a duel in Paris.

Queen Caroline never appeared till dinner, which

was always at three o'clock P.M. Everybody else breakfasted when, how, and where they pleased.

After her breakfast, Mr. Wood had to attend her Majesty for any instructions she might have to give, and to arrange the replies to letters, as well as to write others. Dinner over, the Queen took her accustomed drive, and the rest of the household did as they pleased from that time till the next morning, so that there was not much restraint. Coffee and tea were served at eight, and music, dancing, foreign games and forfeits, passed the time very pleasantly till the hour for rest arrived. At one o'clock supper was served, which was often protracted till a very late hour.

The only arrangement in the house which was a bore, more particularly to Prince Ludovic and the young Italians, was the uncouth hour of dinner; for having introductions to the best society in London, they found it difficult to keep the Queen's dinner hour from interfering with their many visits, as well as her eight o'clock tea with other engagements, and the supper at one from cutting up their night at Almack's ball; but, being her guests, they felt themselves bound to be very close in their attendance.

My friend assures me, to use his own words, that there never was a more attractive and alluring person in manner than Queen Caroline. She had an excellent temper, and most benevolent disposition. Her fault was, a contempt for the world's opinion when she was unconscious of doing wrong; a con-

tempt, I regret to say, which no woman can entertain with safety to her reputation, for there are ever a multitude of envious men and women, who knowing well their own want of attractions, and the little temptation they are likely to meet with, the instant they can see the foot of beauty only seem to trip, are down upon her with overwhelming detraction.

On one remarkable day, a noble lord, now no more, came to Brandenburg House with the not very magnificent present for a Queen, of a pine-apple. After he had left, her Majesty sent for her secretary, and laughing at the present of the fruit, told him that in return she had asked the peer to dine; "but," she added, "he's nothing more nor less than a spy from Carlton House, so with him we will have some fun."

She then ordered two decanters of *tea*, the colour of wine, to be placed on the dinner table, on either side of her, and from these she drank copiously and with considerable display, taking care that the noble lord should never taste the wine she seemed to be so fond of.

As soon as his lordship had taken his leave, her Majesty laughingly exclaimed, "Oh rare the fun! now he will go back to Carlton House and say that he saw me the worse for wine, and that I finished the best part of two bottles at dinner."

The real fact was that the Queen *never drank* anything but milk, tea, and coffee.

The general conversation in her household was always, and by her own command, in French, for she used to say "that French is the language of the world." This was an inconvenience to her, as she

spoke Italian better, and as to the Italians, to them it was a real grievance, for of French they knew too little to make themselves understood.

The intuitive perception of the Queen was remarkable. On a particular evening there was a reception; she was at one end of the room playing at an Italian game of cards, and at the other, her secretary was in conversation with Mr. now Lord Brougham, and Serjeant Wilde (Lord Truro.) She sent for her chaplain. When he had reached the card-table, leaning forward as she played, she said—"You have been talking of me; they are persuading you to urge me not to go to the Coronation. Brougham has been doing so more than Wilde; go back and tell them *I will go.*"

Of course, he could only do as he was desired.

William Austin, her *protégé*, was a poor weak selfish creature, less calculated to create an interest in the breast of woman than almost any one. Many years later he died in a madhouse near Milan.

One day when the Queen was driving out, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, the chaplain became aware of a crowd standing on either side the street, apparently expecting some one to pass. "Your Majesty," he cried, "it is the King coming along this road."

"I'll give him a polite bow, *en passant*," replied the Queen.

She did so; George IV. saw her and her action, but took no notice whatever of the salute, and looked uncommonly angry.

The more exalted the rank of a man under diffi-

culties of whatever kind, the greater the extent of ribald sarcasm that is cast at him. There was a song made when George IV. refused to acknowledge his Queen, and sung in the streets by ragged vocalists seeking pence.

It commenced by an allusion to the fact that there was but a scanty attendance of the nobility at his coronation—

"Rego regis, hallo! how's this?
What! only half my peeries?
Regas regat, good God, what's that?
The voice was like my deary's.

"Horum, scorum, shut the doorum,
Harum, scarum, strife O,
Clap trap, sherry merry, periwig and hatband,
Lord! if I hadn't a wife O.

"I declina, C. Regina,
Rex alone 's more handsome;
Lord, what luck, sir,
Exit uxor, rursus ego a man sum!

"Horum, scorum, sum divorum,
Harum, scarum, vivo!
Clap trap, sherry merry, periwig and hatband,
Lord, but I haven't a wife O!"

This doggrel alluded also to the Queen's attempt to gain admission to Westminster Abbey during the august ceremony; but the "knocking at the door" was of no use, for every precaution had been resorted to to thwart her resolution of forcing herself into the presence.

It had for some time been known among her household that her Majesty had resolved on attempting to gain admittance to the Abbey, though Lords

Brougham and Denman, and every other sincere adviser that she had, implored her to relinquish her intention. Strong in their opposition to her will, as her eminent counsel were, in this instance at least, they pleaded in vain. The Queen turned a deaf ear to their prognostications, derived from private information, that if she appeared thus in public she would be insulted; and was equally indifferent to the allegation that the peace of the kingdom was involved in the rash enterprise she contemplated. The first step she took was to command her chamberlain, Lord Hood, to demand of the Lord High Chamberlain of the Crown then in office, "that proper accommodation should be provided for her in the Abbey, as Queen Consort." This was copied out by her private secretary, sent, as she desired, and then and there peremptorily refused.

Her Majesty, in full dress, with coronet and diamonds, and seated in a royal state carriage, attended by servants in the state liveries of the Crown, accompanied by her household and by my friend, from whom I had this information, left Brandenburg House, and issued orders at once to proceed "to the Abbey of Westminster."

The royal carriage, however, had not been long in the streets, when its approach towards the Abbey was thwarted by a mob of people, all of whom my friend observed to be acting in concert under special leaders, and in perfect organization. In short, the vociferous multitude consisted principally of the prize-fighting class and "roughs" of the day. Many of the pugilists were known to my informant, from his having been fond

of gymnastic exercises and sparring; but after the lapse of so considerable a time, he cannot now remember all their names, though he recognised "Josh Hudson," "Peter Crawley," and "Richmond the Black," who were among the most active in impeding the progress of the royal carriage.

The mob having formed across the street and stopped the vehicle, the coachman then received orders from some of them to drive in another direction.

During these riotous proceedings, from the pressure of the crowd around the Queen's equipage, other carriages that were passing at the time, became blocked up; one was for a moment brought to a standstill alongside, if not almost in contact, with the royal carriage; and in this was a lady attired for Court. Whatever the dress of this female might have been, at least her manners were not courtly, for, after gesticulating in anger towards the Queen, whatever she said being drowned by the cries of the populace—this woman spat at her Majesty through the open window.

A public attempt to gain Westminster Abbey having thus failed, the friends of the discarded sovereign hoped that their advice, even at this the eleventh hour, would be followed; but they were mistaken. The Queen had too much sense not to know that the treatment she had met with was not the real feeling nor the true manifestation of the opinion of her people, and she resolved to carry out her intention.

Finding that to enter the Abbey in her real character was impossible, she now had recourse to her chamberlain, and, availing herself of the peeress's ticket placed at Lord Hood's disposal, came to the determination to seek as private an entrance to the scene of the coronation as possible; and, once in the Abbey, to be guided by circumstances as to any other course she might pursue.

The day was very hot, as is recorded in a verse of the song before alluded to—

> "What a dies, how it fries!
> Handkerchiefs for sixty,
> Approbatio, tribulatio,
> How I sweat betwixt ye."

It so happened that Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, (a very old man—he died eventually in his ninety-eighth year,) who had been admitted to the Abbey by a ticket from a friend who was one of the canons, had found the Abbey so oppressively hot that, having entered from the cloisters through the canon's private door, he repaired to the house whence he came, in order to reach the cloisters for a little fresh air. The only person left to take care of the rooms was a servant girl, all the other inmates having had permission to go forth and see the procession.

To this girl Sir Thomas applied to open the door to him for his admission to the cloisters, but his request met with a civil but firm refusal. She had the strictest orders to do this for no one, and to disobey was as much as her place was worth. These orders were to keep the door locked against

all comers. Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard assured her that, as he had been admitted by that entrance, she must see that he was a friend of her master's. He promised to assist her in keeping the door against all intrusion, and that if she would let him out he would remain at hand, so that no stranger could by any possibility be admitted in his stead. Thus assured, but at the same time with considerable reluctance, the girl did his bidding, let him go forth, and then carefully locked and barred the door behind him.

Sir Thomas was in the height of his enjoyment of the cool air in the cloisters, listening to the roll of the wheels in the streets, and the distant shouts of the people so amusing themselves, to wile away the time until the return from the Abbey, when he heard steps approaching him from behind. He faced about, and confronted Lord Hood, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and a lady whom he did not know.

"Good morning, Sir Thomas Lennard," exclaimed Lord Hood. "I see by the direction you are taking that you can do me and this lady an essential service. She has, as of course I have, a ticket of admission to the Abbey, and we are desirous of entering thus in the most quiet way. Seeing, or supposing, then, that you have the entry by a private door, we should be charmed to profit by your courtesy."

"My lord," replied Sir Thomas, "I regret that it is totally out of my power to comply with your

request," bowing to the lady, "for I am pledged to permit no one thus to enter the Abbey."

"Surely, Sir Thomas," exclaimed Lord Hood, "a private promise might give way to the exigency of a lady."

"No, my lord," replied the other; "I deem the word of a gentleman, under any circumstances to be binding, therefore with much regret I repeat that I cannot comply with your request."

While thus speaking, the noise of the relaxation of bolts and bars from within, became audible to all, when the lady who was leaning on the arm of Lord Hood, throwing back the veil from her head, exclaimed—

"Sir Thomas Lennard, I have seen you at Southend; know me now as the Queen of England. As your Queen, then, I command you to afford me ingress to the church by that private door."

"May it please your Majesty," replied Sir Thomas, bowing at the same time very low, "though it is well known that I sympathize with your cause, the word of honour of an English gentleman, passed to a poor girl, must not be broken, and all the royalty of Europe could not make me do so. In everything else I am your Majesty's most faithful servant."

Turning to the entrance, he exclaimed—

"Keep the door fast, and let none enter unless I tell you to do so."

The Queen and Lord Hood for a short time continued their exhortations that the door might be

opened, but at length finding them in vain, they turned about and walked away, the Queen in tears. What *might* have been the upshot of the affair, had Sir Thomas yielded, and thus have brought the discarded Queen and her King face to face, the army doubtful, half the peers opposed, and the infuriated people in the streets likely to resent the browbeating of hired ruffianism, Heaven only knows. It is fair to presume that the peace of a nation trembled in the balance, and that the "luck, sir," chanted in the doggrel lines of the song, lay on the side of the fourth George on that memorable occasion, to the happy issue of which Sir Thomas, by his firmness, in a very great degree contributed.

On the night after this occurrence, when the Queen and her attendant sat down to supper, her Majesty put on the semblance of unusual gaiety, but the friends who were around her observed, that though she laboured hard to deceive them, she only deceived herself, for while she laughed, the tears rolled down her face—tears of anguish so acute that she seemed to dread the usual approach of rest. About three o'clock A.M. she desired her attendant to bring her a tumbler of water and some magnesia, putting in such a quantity of the latter that it was literally a tumbler of paste, to which she superadded a few drops of laudanum. Her chaplain and lady of the bedchamber, and all her attendants did their best to dissuade her from taking so strange a mess, but in vain; with the aid of a spoon she contrived to get it all down, and not till then did she retire to bed.

On the following day, as might have been expected, the Queen was very ill, and totally unfit to go in state to Drury Lane, as had been appointed, to see Kean in "Richard the Third." She was entreated to send an excuse through her chamberlain, but replied, "No, I will neither disappoint the public nor the management of the theatre." Accordingly, ill and out of spirits as she was, she fulfilled her promise. Before the performance was half concluded, her Majesty was observed to grow very pale, and at length, completely overcome, she sank down in a fainting fit at the back of her box. The carriages having been brought up with the least possible delay, she was then conveyed home to a bed from which she never was to rise again. Her apothecary and Drs. Ainslie, Moxon, and Warren were in attendance, but Dr. Baillie was at his seat in Gloucestershire, so that the promise he had made to the Queen in former years, to attend her at any minute, could not at the time be kept; but she desired that he might be sent for. The news of the Queen's illness, however, reached Dr. Baillie before the messenger or letter, whichever it was, four hours, for his carriage was already waiting in his stable-yard when the summons arrived. The hurried arrival to attend the Queen of the little doctor, is well remembered by my friend, who was present at all these proceedings, as well as his oddly-twinkling eyes and queerly-fashioned top-boots; and when he entered the saloon after his visit to the bedside of her Majesty, he was asked his opinion of the state of his royal mistress.

"Oh," he replied, "don't make yourself uneasy, the Queen will be among you again in a few days."

None of the physicians thought seriously of the case except Dr. Holland, who from the first, and from his knowledge of the Queen's constitution, anticipated a fatal result. The royal patient lingered in agony for some days, and died of the dose she had prescribed for herself, just as assuredly as if she had taken the most deadly poison. In her last moments she appealed for religious consolation to Mr. Wood, then a very young man, who feeling the deep responsibility of the situation, with great good taste craved permission to call in to his assistance the Incumbent of the parish of Hammersmith, a highly respected and venerable man. The Queen having given her consent, the two then attended upon the sufferer together.

My friend assured me that the contrast in this house which had taken place in but a few days, impressed him more than any other event of his life. For he saw himself in the midst of rooms, which but some short hours before had rung to the liveliest laughter, to the sounds of music, and the dance, that had teemed with the scents of clustered roses, and had been lit up by light reflected again and again from chandeliers, now turned into a house of mourning as silent as the grave—towards which all things seemed pointing.

When not a hope remained, there was a marked contrast between the silent, reserved, and self-possessed, unutterable sorrow of the English attendants,

and that of the vehement, demonstrative cries of the Italians; for the entire household were dearly attached to their royal mistress.

On the evening of the 7th of August, Queen Caroline expired of mortification caused by inflammation. The chaplain was standing at the bed's head, endeavouring to discover if yet the slightest pulsation of life remained, when Dr. Baillie desired him to hold a candle, that by its light he might open the eyes; he did so, and with tears running down his cheeks, faltered out, "It is all over—*she is gone.*"

"Willis's Memoirs of Queen Caroline" give a full account of the funeral and burial at Brunswick, so with that portion of the sad tale I have nothing to do. I must also keep in view the fact that my information of all that took place in England relating to the funeral is derived from those deeply and personally interested in the matter, and therefore apt to view, though under the government of the strictest truth, things in a light unfavourable to the Queen's foes. Thus it has been urged that the party in power slighted the obsequies of the discarded Queen by every means they dared to exhibit, save and except the Chief of the Board of Green Cloth. In England the respect exhibited was nothing, but on the other side of the water the case was very different, and thus, from the soldier who escorted the procession down to the very lowest of the people, there seemed to be a very strong feeling in favour of the departed. Abroad, nothing could induce the people to believe that the Queen had not been poisoned.

On her death-bed, when her clerical attendants were in prayer with her, the Queen volunteered a statement that, as she knew she was about to die, and joyful thus to resign her life, so, too, did she know how innocent she really was of the charge made against her as to "Pergamie" (it is an error to pronounce it "Bergamie"), and almost her last words were that she trusted "in heaven to see her Charlotte again."

When her Majesty died, she was about 51 years of age; those who knew her say that in youth she was very lovely, and that to the last the expression of her face was charming, and the form of her arms most symmetrical. Her hair was light, and her eyes what they describe as something very brilliant, and when, after death, in accordance with her behest, her hair was cut off to be distributed among her faithful friends, time had made no change in it—the hue and texture were the same as when it played around her face in the happy sunny hours of childhood, before the world had thrown upon her a burthen greater than she could bear.

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Opportunities for observation—Mismanagement of Crown lands—New Forest abuses—Cultivation of salmon—The Stour and the Avon—Water newts and worm—Illustrating Parliamentary tactics—Birds frequenting my lawn—Domesticated wood-pigeon—Animal instinct—American quails destroyed by a rat—Perch spawning and dace feeding on the spawn—Heath lizards and vermin—Squirrels—their destructive character—Young aquatic fowl attacked by them—The common snake and adder destroying pheasants—Rearing wood-pigeons—Taming hawks—Absence of owls—Artificial ponds for rearing wild-fowl—Water insects—Foreign birds I have acclimatized—Necessary knowledge—Poison in water at Bournemouth—Battle of missel-thrushes and redwings.

I HAVE often thought that if I had had broad lands, woods, and rivers at my command, and the means to turn them to the best account, what a number of useful experiments I could have made by the introduction of foreign birds and animals, as well as on the sources of production in the soil. In consequence of the determination to deprive me of my birthright, which, as I will prove, was first displayed when I was but one year old, and has continued without intermission to the hour of my penning these lines, I have had to work hard to find a roof above my head with space around commanding acreage enough for any enjoyment at all; so that in means, as well as in space,

my opportunities in this direction have been considerably circumscribed.

However, I have contrived to arrive at many curious facts in natural history, and the longer I regard the resources of nature with an observant eye, the more shall I learn from that interesting study—a study as profitable to the mind and heart as invigorating to the frame. Let me first have a word or two on the improvement of land.

Without going closely into facts which would fatigue my readers, let it suffice to state that drainage was begun, by Drainage Commissioners, from the *upper* level instead of from the *lower;* thus the outlets to the ocean, the lower portions or mouths of the rivers, as well as the lower portions of brooks and running ditches, were overwhelmed by a rush of surface water, which their natural formation did not enable them to carry at once to the sea—fisheries, trout streams, salmon rivers, and waters for pike, in many places, being thus very considerably injured.

If any man desires to see upon the Crown lands a sylvan monument of folly and mismanagement, he has only to look on the indiscriminate drainage of the New Forest, the soil of which in many places consists of an admixture of sand with clay. There the professed object is to enable the land to bear plantations for oak. In many spots thoroughly known to me to be clay and sand, the clay having parted with the humidity, gives the preponderance to sand, and the plantations then are good only for the Scotch fir. But there is no helping this;

those Liberals, as they call themselves, the Whigs, when they knew that they were in power, and very reasonably thought that some fine day they would be out of power, took very good care to profit as much as possible by their own liberality; they set everything they could on the system of a "close borough." The late Lord Lansdowne put in two of his family connexions into the New Forest Commission, and shut up all possibility of change for the future, creating not only in this instance, but in others, an extent of patronage exceeding that which he had declaimed against in the superseded Government.

There are two things in the United Kingdom that suffer by what is called "reform" more than anything else—they are the interests of the Crown and those of the lower class of the people; at least they certainly have so suffered whenever the Whigs have been in power. The New Forest, by political enactments under the Whigs, was turned into a vast scene of incendiarism, and the most valuable of its products, the deer, were destroyed on a plea of giving a *quid pro quo* for the inclosing of a large extent of common for planting, but which was really no exchange at all. The paramount idea in the Whig head was, that the Royal Forest would make a valuable inclosure; but after all was done, it was discovered that so shamefully had the Crown rights been neglected, and local rights extended, that to meet the justice of the case by compensation for vested rights, would leave the Crown without the slightest prospect of remuneration. I warned them of this in my place in the House of

Commons, but was refused the least attention. They must admit the truth of my warning now.

From the Forest I proceed to the Hampshire rivers, and am perfectly aware that all that has been done, or that man can do, will never make the Stour a salmon river. It is too slow, too chalky, too muddy, and too weedy ever to entice to its depths or shoals enough salmon to give ten fish in a season to forty miles of water.

Not so the Avon. The Avon may be improved, but at present the fish are monopolized by the Ladder at Knapp Mill at Christchurch, and not a fish passes that fishery save when gates and racks are up, from twelve on Saturday to six o'clock on Monday morning.

That Ladder, though it gave a certain monopoly to its possessors, conferred as great a favour on the public fisherman this last season, for there being so little water in the river, the fish, on finding the obstruction of the Ladder, fell back to the run at the harbour's mouth, and by so doing afforded the public fishermen the best season they had had for years. Had the river been full of water, Mr. Pepys Cockerell, who rents the Christchurch Fishery, would have had every salmon to himself, except from the Saturday to Monday morning.

Upon the wilds in Dorsetshire I do not think that I ever saw so many large lizards or so many snakes and adders as there are on the heaths I allude to attached to my present residence near Wimborne, or so many water lizards, or newts, of a smaller kind, as there are in the little pools or springs. On a lovely day in the present Russian-like spring of 1865, which has burst upon us

all of a sudden, as if with an extinguisher to put out all reminiscence of winter, I was enlarging a beautiful spring near my house, for the use of some wild-fowl, when the spade cut a poor earthworm in two. Not wishing to see the writhing of the thing in its agony, I tossed it on one side with the spade, and it fell into a small shallow puddle of very clear water, about two or three feet in circumference. On turning my eyes that way again, after a few strokes with my spade, I perceived that two of the largest water newts that were there, had greedily attempted to swallow each end of the worm, and were choking and rolling about in vain endeavours to get down the rest of the worm, or to eject that portion they had swallowed. While they were doing this, there were several smaller newts looking on, and frisking from different corners of the humid moss; then ugly water black-beetles came forth, betraying some emotion, and timid, yet deep interest in the struggles of what I presume were the master reptiles of the little pond. At first they seemed afraid of approaching too closely, but apparently having made out that the jaws of the tyrants were completely employed, they came nearer, till at last, avoiding too near a proximity to what the lawyers might term the tenants in tail, eleven black-beetles seized on the middle portion of the worm, and commenced taking their share of the plunder. All this time other and smaller newts that seemed inclined, as I thought at times, to join an outside beetle and make in, kept hovering around, longing for office, but fearing to offend, unless on a very good oppor-

tunity; and this state of aquatic politics continued till I grew tired of watching it.

My retriever Brutus then came to me and touched me with his nose to arouse me from my contemplation, and to induce me to quit my spade and take up my gun for a shot at a young rabbit for the table, or at a stoat or hawk, or other vermin if they came hostile to the interests of the game. As I arose from my singular study, the idea was suggested that the House of Commons had not been badly illustrated by the little puddle there. There, there is always a big man at each end of the worm, and a lot of outsiders ready to make in, to assist one or the other; or if the leader should choke in office, then to follow whoever felt inclined to make a dash for possession.

How genial is the air of this lovely spring, and verdant the re-awakened vegetation! Birds and buds, in song and hue, all burst out together; the band and banner of the summer host is seen and heard on wooded waste and wild; and I in my solitary life am spoken to in turn by my feathered little friends who had lingered round my cottage in frost and snow, and had come to my call, and fed on such food as I could give them. While sitting at breakfast during winter and looking out on the frozen lawn, and on my varied guests, I used to please myself with thinking that those I saw, then silent and sad, would, when spring time came, rejoice me with their sweet songs, and recall my thoughts to boyhood's hours, by the treasures shown me in their wondrous nests, no longer to be reft and broken. Here now, while I write by my open win-

dow, sits my little friend, the hedge-sparrow, in her russet garb, on four beautifully bright blue eggs. In a nook of an old ivied stump of a tree close by, nest the, to man, social robin, but to his tribe the most quarrelsome little bird of all. Then in those laurels are nests of the thrush and blackbird; while up in the fork of the birch above, sits the mistletoe thrush—her screeching voice ready to proclaim the presence of a hawk, and to call me forth with the ever-protecting gun. As I wander in the kitchen garden, to inhale the perfume of the blossom from the apple and cherry trees above my head, the grateful goldfinch gathers moss from the bark to make her nest, and the warbling lesser whitethroat, by some erroneously called the willow wren, sings his little song sweetly, while seeking insects so minute as scarcely to be traced by human eye.

There, too, is the cuckoo, the never-failing harbinger of spring; but not the nightingale, for wide heaths, moors, and hollow pinasters, have no charms for Philomel. To hear that delicious voice, I must wander on four or five miles to Lord Malmsbury's seat at Heron Court; and there they are so plentiful, that in his bosky dells they seem to sing in rivalry night and day.

Listen to my pet, to the soft clear voice of the beautiful wood-pigeon. A stranger would be astonished to see such a bird on the lower bough of yonder spruce, ready to alight at my foot when called by the name of Tooey, to get his breakfast of Indian corn. I took him from the nest last year, and tamed

him in a wire aviary on the lawn, him and his brother, and when spring came and the time for shooting wild pigeons had passed, one night, while the birds were at roost, I opened the side of the aviary for them to make their exit quietly, at leisure, in the morning. He, my pet, never forsook the place, and, driving his brother away, took to mate immediately a wild love or dove, who now sits on her eggs in a fir tree close to my cottage. When he has fed, he goes to feed her, and then to talk to her in that suppressed note, the perfect and sweeter piano of his forte call. My bird is jealous, and while I remain gazing at him he will not go to his nesting mate, I suppose, from the fear of betraying her locality, so I pretend to busy myself about other affairs.

As the plover, and indeed all birds that build upon the ground, will lead the step of man away from the nest with consummate craft and cunning, the same instinct keeps other birds from going to their nest while man has his eye upon them. They know when he is occupied with other things, and not watching them, even when he is close by, and still confessed to view, but his object being accounted for, their dread of him is allayed.

Thus in the New Forest, when killing the bucks, before the order came for indiscriminate destruction, if one caught the wind of me, and could not see me, or satisfactorily account to himself for the vicinity of man, he was off like a shot; but if up wind, I seemed to pass him by in my shirt sleeves, singing or whistling, or appearing to cut furze, then he

neither feared the scent nor sight of man, because he could account for his presence, and his suspicions were banished *after due contemplation.*

All these are very curious facts as to instinct approaching to reason, and had the Salmon Commissioners studied the instinct of salmon as I have done, they would have avoided the gross blunders they have committed.

This morning, Sunday, the 30th of April, my keeper came to me to say that one of the female American quails in the garden had been killed by a vermin, and he did not know exactly to what predatory inclination to attribute the offence. I had kept her three years, and she was the tamest of the whole bevy. On examination I found her very little torn, more like the picking of a hawk than anything else. The head, however, was crushed, though not entirely eaten; to a hawk, then, I attributed the deed, until shown where it had been found. Then I at once determined that it could not have been placed behind the stem of a cherry tree trained to the wall, by a hawk—that it must have been done by an animal that had either been disturbed while devouring its prey, or by some creature whose object was destruction, and whose motive was not an appetite for food.

Having come to this conclusion, I set a trap with the remains of the quail, in case the vermin was a nocturnal prowler; and during the day myself or one of my keepers, watched in and around the garden with a gun.

Nothing came during the day or evening up to nightfall, so leaving the trap set, I awaited the event of the next night; but, alas! in the morning, there was the trap and the body of my poor bird untouched; while a second hen quail lay dead, slightly eaten and considerably plucked, like the other—so thus I had lost the two hen quails sent me by my friend, Mr. Cunard, from New York.

On this, within the walled garden, I instantly constructed with wire a rat-proof aviary, and put my three remaining quails into it, two males and a female, and then set another trap with the second dead quail, and also a third trap without a bait, close to the side of the wires in which the birds were. In addition to this, we watched the garden until dark. On the following morning of course the quails were safe, but there was nothing caught in the traps. A day or two later, however, an enormous rat was shot by one of my keepers —no doubt the murderer of my American quails.

On a still, hot, sunny day in the latter part of the month of April, 1865, while on a visit to Lord Malmsbury, I was loitering about the gardens and streams, listening to the chorus of innumerable birds from the groves around the house, when on coming to some hatches which divide the little Stour river, and turn a part of it through the pleasure grounds, while the rest goes on to join the main river, the gates being up to give my little pony carriage a passage through the ford above, I cautiously peeped over at the shallow but brisk run of water below. There, in clear water, just deep enough to cover them, I saw six or seven

perch holding the ground; in the act of depositing their spawn.

I had not stood long in this study, when ascending with that consummate, effortless ease with which all fish can glide up a strong force of water,—but in which fact the ill-informed Salmon Commissioners do not seem to believe—I saw eight or nine dace. Guessing their present intent, which I knew by experience in my study of the river Avon while at Winkton, to be a raid upon the roe of the perch, though I had never seen the act committed, I watched with excessive interest. Up the dace came behind the perch, and fed for a second or two on such roe as the stream brought down to them, when having cleared that away, as I could distinctly see by their deviating motion and the working of their gills, they came absolutely behind a perch and up to her. I could see she was heavy in spawn, and I suspect was the only female there, and turning slightly on their sides, I distinctly saw the dace take the spawn from the perch as it left her, when, as she was the fish the highest up the flow of water, the dace passed among the lower perch. So intent were they on their fecundity, that they neither took any notice of the depredators, nor stirred a fin to drive them away. I suspect, also, that as the dace occasionally touched the heavy fish, but never headed her, if she felt them she must have thought it was some of her males.

My brother anglers may take for granted the truths I have ever promulgated. All fish feed on the spawn of each other, the most destructive of all

being the eel, because eels are greedy feeders, and they are more numerous than any kind of fish. For a long time I only suspected the roach and dace, because they were less at the bottom for their food than the gudgeon, eel, lampern, and minnow, loach, miller's thumb, &c. &c.; but now I am convinced there is not a fish that swims that does not feed on spawn, except the pike and larger perch. Perhaps the carp and tench do so; having taken them at spots where they would scarcely have haunted but *for some especial reason*, I am bound to suspect them.

It is this long, quiet, and observant study of nature that makes the naturalist; and if men who have all their lives sat by the wall and not by the water, are sent forth to dictate to our fisheries, the public will be cheated, and the fish receive no benefit; but as we never get the right man into the right place, it is vain to imagine that a head in office will ever have the right idea.

Attached to my shooting-box there is a considerable extent of wild heath, which, though adjoining the preserves of Sir Ivor Guest, is too wide of his woods for his domain at Canford to add much to my stock of game; but, thanks to him and other kind neighbours, the acreage assigned to me gives me a wide field for observation and exercise at least, if it does not afford me much game, and with an occasional wild-fowl, woodcock and snipe, I am never at a loss for amusement. In short, the first year of my occupation I had amusement enough in restricting the most idle and pilfering set of mud-hut squatters I ever met with, to their own

cottages and gardens, and keeping them and their starved cattle out of mine. Long neglect and non-interference had really induced them to assume that all they saw was theirs, and that the heaths, wherever heather and furze grew, were commons, at their free disposal for grazing, fuel, and water. When I came to Alderney Manor there was on the ground four pheasants—three cocks and a hen—and a few partridges and rabbits. In an attempt to kill or steal these four pheasants, I and my keepers took, during the first year, ten men, many of whom had former convictions against them; a pretty good proof that poaching, theft, and every sort of crime exists, as I have ever said they do, on neglected lands where there is a little unpreserved game, and that on such lands, and not around the great preserves, the bad characters congregate. The first summer passed by me in my new residence—I came to it late in June—was occupied in repressing crime among the bipeds, in destroying four-footed and feathered vermin, snakes and adders, and in wonder at the innumerable large lizards that ran about the heath, larger in size, and more brilliant in colour than any I had ever met with in England. I have seen no English lizards like them in any Zoological Gardens, so at first I thought of catching a pair and sending them to the gardens in the Regent's Park; but on second thoughts, the invariable disinclination of that society to be of any service to me in the loan of an unpaired bird, through which to carry out my experi-

ments on the crossing of species, hybrid and mule, prevented my taking any trouble in the matter. In addition to stoats, weasels, cats, rats, hedgehogs, hawks, carrion crows, magpies, jays, and owls—of "Birds of Minerva," though, there are very few—I also found an immense number of squirrels; in short, they, around my cottage, were like the mice in the "tower tall" of the Bishop of Mentz.

"He built him in haste a tower tall,
In the tide, for better assurance,
But they swam the river and scaled the wall,
And worried him past endurance.

They gnawed the arras above and beneath,
They ate each savoury dish up,
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the Bishop."

They did not nibble me, and it being my desire to let every harmless creature live, though I had shot a squirrel sucking a pheasant's egg while I resided in Bedfordshire, for a time I did not interfere with them. They played on my lawn, and chided me from their trees in the woods so prettily, that it was hard to deem them foes; but forbearance has its limits, and experience soon showed me that if I wished the beautiful cushat doves, the turtle doves, and the little blue rocks to retain an egg in their nests, or to rear a young one, the squirrels must be exterminated. In addition to this the destruction of fruit in my garden was enormous; apple trees in the course of an early morning that had required props to their boughs to

sustain the weight of fruit, bough by bough were cleared; and as to wall fruit, the few peaches, apricots, and nectarines vanished the instant they became of any size. The doom of the squirrels was therefore sealed, and in a short time we had killed considerably over a hundred; but still fresh customers for fruit and eggs kept coming, and still the slaughter continued. When the second summer of my residence among these squirrels arrived, they had become very scarce, an occasional one, however, fell to my gun, or those of my keepers, and one was now and then taken in a vermin trap; at last in the month of July, 1865, an occurrence happened in regard to the predatory peculiarity of these little animals, that perfectly astonished me. Had I not seen it, it would have been beyond belief.

By the side of a little stream, made close to the rise of a beautiful spring, I had, in different places, three hen-coops: one contained the foster mother and a brood of half-bred wild-ducks; another contained five little tufted ducks, from eggs which I obtained from my friend Mr. Webb, of Newstead Abbey; and the third coop had two little Pochards, reared from eggs from the society in St. James's Park. It had been my delight to watch these three active broods of little things, and to see the enormous amount of turnip-fly picked off the rising turnips in the field where the coops were, by the little ducks, and with what keenness they examined each young plant, to look for their favourite food. The Pochards and tufted ducks never left their purposely-kept shallow stream, (never give

the young of aquatic birds deep water, or they are sure to die,) but precisely as the old birds do in winter, kept diving in mimic display of future powers.

Around the spot where these young birds and the game coops were, were more than twenty differently placed vermin traps, some with baits, some at holes, or at tunnels made through banks; and there was a watch kept by myself and by my men day and night.

One day, however, about two o'clock, the smallest of the brood, consisting of eight young ducks, disappeared. The fact was ascertained certainly within half an hour after it had occurred; but we could never find out what had happened to the bird, though on the light sand at some holes where the year before a litter of stoats had been bred, we could here and there see the impress of some foot very like a stoat's, though the falling sand would not permit us to be quite sure. This made us suspect a stoat, yet we had not seen or found one for months, and on this account I doubled the traps all along the bank on that side of the turnip field.

We also resolved always during the day to have one gun in attendance on those coops, and I had promised to take my turn the next morning as soon as I had done breakfast. Some letters, however, that required immediate answers, detained me a little while later than the hour I had promised to be there, and my keeper, expecting me to come, left the place and went about other duties. He had not had time to go further than the nearest coop of partridges, when he heard the hen belonging to the tufted ducks scream

in alarm and anger. Catching up his gun, to his dismay and astonishment, he found that in the brief period, both the young Pochards had disappeared, as well as three out of the four tufted ducks. Having sent one of his undermen for me, I joined him, and we searched the turnip field, the little stream, and the banks around; but not a sign of the depredator, whatever it was, could be discovered, and the matter appeared inexplicable. My opinion was that it must be a stoat with young, that from our having doubled our traps on the other side the field, we had made her shift her litter across to the less dangerous bank; that she had lost her leg, and therefore knew a bait too well, and the trap too well, to be attracted by the one or taken in the other.

We remained listening for any noise, and in consultation for some little time; my keeper then had orders to remain on watch till my return, and I went home to finish my correspondence. I had not been gone half an hour when a double and then a single shot reached my ears, so throwing down my pen and snatching up my gun, which always stands ready to my hand, I repaired to the scene of action, to hear the following extraordinary tale. The keeper had sat some little time on the ground near the coops whence the birds had been taken, and had his eye on the brood of young ducks who had come the whole length of the field in their assaults on the turnip-fly, thinking that they might attract the raider, whatever it was, again to be down among them. All of a sudden he fancied that he could distinguish a faint and far-off cry, his

listening to which was considerably impeded by the voice of the young ducks near him; but he made out its direction, and went to the deep ditch or small brook on the side of the turnip-field, away from the coops, and his first thought was to look into the water. There was nothing there, but again the cries reached him, and they came from some distance over the brook, and up among some high fir-trees in the fir wood beyond. Beneath those trees, at this spot, the heath had been cut away, so the ground around the over-shadowing firs was as plain and visible to the eye as the floor of a barn, and on it the following scene presented itself.

There were two old squirrels and the three young tufted ducks; one squirrel was capering about as if at play, with a little duck held by the back of its neck in her mouth, and the other squirrel with his tail well over his back, was hemming in the other two young tufted ducks to one spot, frisking about close to them and preventing their running away, while the two little birds in horror were shouldering each other, crying and opening their mouths at him, in futile desperation and show of resistance. A chance came; the squirrel that had got the little duck, in one of her gambols went wider, and my keeper shot him, on which the other squirrel dropped her victim and ran up the tree, and the second barrel missed her. Loading again she was then killed from the top of the tree, and the three little ducks secured, two of them without the slightest mark of a bite or injury of any kind; but the third died of the wound received.

In the afternoon, and a long way off from the spot of this strange occurrence, and in the same wood, the keeper then heard the cry of one of the young Pochards, which he also secured without any injury having been done to it whatever. The second young Pochard we have never been able to find.

The curious incidents of this tale are—first, that the young birds must have been taken by the squirrels from the water; that is proved by the fact of their never leaving the water of themselves, except to go into the coop, and by the scream of the hen, whose coop was on a little island just large enough to contain it, down in-between the deep sides of the ditch, whence she could see nothing but the water and the precipitous banks. The land above was entirely secluded from view. The squirrels must have captured the ducks in the water, in spite of their activity in diving, the water being shallow; they must have carried them across the narrow turnip-field, about fifty yards, and then to get them over the still deeper banks of the other ditch into the wood, they must have borne their burdens across a long narrow rail, which goes from bank to bank and spans the water; and this certainly without injuring three of their captives, the two tufted ducks and the Pochard, who are now restored to their coops and thriving very well.

So much then for the innocence of squirrels, and now for the innocence of the common snake. At one of my pheasant coops, where there was a newly-hatched brood, my keeper missed two young birds, and watched in the vicinity and paid frequent visits to the coop to try to account for their disappearance.

On the afternoon of the day on which the callow things had been taken, at the coop, and lying in wait by it, there was a very large common snake, which, on being killed and opened, had still left in its stomach the legs of the young pheasants; the other portions of the more tender frame had disappeared. Snakes are always in pairs, and soon after this the other snake was found lying in wait at the coop, but was killed before he could do any mischief.

We have all seen the fabulous pictures of the boa constrictor coiled round a full-grown buffalo, an attempted meal which I never believed, because no serpent will ever try to kill a prey far beyond its power to swallow; as they have not the facility to tear the flesh, they can only gorge their food, and therefore a buffalo would not be touched. "Wherever there is smoke," however, there must be "some fire," and at one of my pheasant coops the following scene presented itself. A large adder had seized a young pheasant, and holding it somewhere by the head, had coiled himself tight round the body of the bird, with about two folds as pressure, and I never saw a little thing more completely crushed to death. It was precisely a miniature of the boa and the buffalo. The moment the adder saw my keeper he left his victim, and dived into the thick-laid heath and grass close by, my servant's foot crushing him only into safety, for the stuff yielded to such an extent as completely to save the reptile. On examining the brood, the viper had wounded another bird, which died in a few minutes.

In addition to these reptile raids upon my game,

we have had four bantam hens, while sitting on game eggs, driven from their nests by adders; but as we chanced to be near enough to hear the cries of the alarmed hens, we went to their nests, found the respective adders coiled up among the eggs, and in each instance killed them, the hens returning to their nests, and the eggs uninjured. During the time of my residence at my shooting quarters, we have occasionally examined the stomachs of snakes, but not always, and these stomachs very often contained a young bird.

There is a beautiful pet for a young lady, which I very seldom, or indeed never see, except on my own lawn, and that is a tame wood-pigeon. They are capable of considerable attachment, and are particularly mindful of a peculiar call, if invariably used from the first, and during the time of feeding. The wood-pigeon, or ring-dove, quist or cushat, should be taken early from its nest, when it has commenced being feathered; and peas soaked in water should be put down its throat, and it will very soon learn to drink out of the neck of a bottle, into which it can thrust its beak, because it is thus that it takes its water from the beak or mouth of its parents. As soon as the pigeon can be put into a large wire-net aviary, or cage, in a sheltered spot on the lawn, and has learnt to pick up his food, then when food is given it should always be accompanied by the voice, the voice being the herald to prepare the bird for the coming event, and to prevent its ever being scared by too sudden an approach.

Thus, during the entire winter, the pigeon should be fed, and up to the commencement of spring, or until the bird begins to coo in the adult voice, which is a signal of a desire to pair. This period having been arrived at, then as soon as it is dark the cage should be left open for the pigeon, free from excitement or fear, to find his way out in the calm hour of daybreak, and get used to the novelty of his situation. Not knowing where to seek for food, he will soon be hungry, and in all probability return to his cage, and when there he should again hear the well-known call, and have food thrown to him, great care being taken not to frighten him out of his cage. I did this by a wood-pigeon this last spring; he has never left the lawn or the surrounding trees, but found himself a wild mate, and they have built a nest in a fir-tree close to the house, and certainly reared one very fine young one, for strange to say, my pet one day suddenly brought him to my window, just as fearless and tame as the parent bird.

The ring-dove has been a great solace to me, for, with Walter Scott, I think the note is full "of peace, and rest, and love." In the bright tint of the glorious spring and summer morn, my pigeon serenades me at my window; and when the breeze is hushed, and the sweet scents from the dewy lawn begin to ascend at sunset, he flaps from the hushed boughs to light by my foot, and enjoy his measure of Indian corn.

It is strange that some men who call themselves sportsmen should have no idea of pleasure save in re-

lentlessly dealing death and destruction to everything that runs or flies. I confess that I love best the peaceful hours when I can tend a bird or beast with protecting and affectionate care, induce their confidence and win their love; and this can only efficiently be achieved through the study of natural history and individual character.

I remember among the very many foolish questions I used to read in the "Field" newspaper, that one man left his hawks but for a short time, and when he suddenly returned, and rushed into their presence, to his ignorant astonishment he found his birds that had been tame, so wildly terrified that he lost all power over them. He asked how this might be supposed to have come about.

No doubt he had been used to go to his hawks in a homely shooting jacket, but on returning home after absence, he sought his birds in a smarter travelling costume than they had ever seen, and hence they really did not know him, and were terrified. If you wish to tame birds or deer, dress yourself in a costume in hue as different from that worn by other people as possible, and let it be one of the most bright and unusual colours. When feeding your birds or deer, wear that and no other dress, and you will find that the more uncommon the attire, the more impressive it is to wild eyes, and the sooner they take to it and learn that that extraordinary and isolated appearance is the one which brings them food and never does them harm.

On a glorious day in July, 1865, when the hot and dry weather had yielded to gentle showers and intervening sun, according to my custom I sauntered out with my constant friend and retriever, Brutus, and my gun, to keep from the game depredators of each kind, and to refresh myself with a contemplation of Nature in the many phases of her existence.

On my first arrival at Alderney Manor, it was a lone and overlooked little residence in the midst, as I have said, of wild and most atrocious bad characters "squatting" in mud huts, with a tract of land around it impossible to cultivate, save in isolated spots, and really bearing scarcely anything but the several kinds of short ground furze, that nothing, not even a rabbit, could get into, and innumerable adders, snakes, blindworms, lizards, and log-tailed field-mice. So "severe was the country" that even owls could not hunt it, and nothing would have amused me more than to see "the owls of the Foreign Office," who contributed to a paper of that name, asked to sit to luncheon upon the stunted gorse in the midst of which my residence has been cast.

When I say that owls could not hunt, I mean a fact relating to the feathered tribe; for, as field-mice abounded to an enormous extent, the only way to account for the absence of white owls is by showing that the country was really too severe for them, and by the white owls deemed impracticable. In short, snakes, adders, blindworms, lizards, and mice either formed a "happy family," *or* concealed

their quarrels, and "washed their linen at home," *or* they lived under such a short, severe, and close mat of this ground-creeping furze, that owls of both kinds, as well as cats, could only hoot, shriek, and mew, and assent to the fact that to catch a mouse so sheltered was out of the question; therefore the owls abandoned the field to the more subtle politicians, the snakes and adders. I should add that my friend Mr. King, of whom I rent the place, at great cost and perseverance has brought the farm around my house to bear very good crops.

My first occupation had been to cut long wide "ringes" between the furze, so as to permit the feathered game to get at the immense amount of insect life that had hitherto crawled unmolested beneath furze and heather, and to enable birds of game, when I had reared them, to walk in dry places, when the short matted cover was wet, so as to guide their young into a place where they could not only sun themselves and walk, but find the sustenance they required.

While my attention was thus turned to interests on the land, the water also shared my assiduity; and, finding some beautiful springs, the flow of which neither summer nor winter could impair, I set about arranging little ponds for the rearing of wild-fowl in successive pools from shallow to deep, so that, according to the provisions of instinct, and the knowledge of feathered mammas, I might suit the newly-hatched offspring from the egg by first introducing them to sun-warmed shallows,

letting them find their future way to deeper and therefore colder water. For many a contemplative hour, when the wilds have been offering up the incense of their sweet scents and sounds to heaven, as a worshipper of nature, have I sat by those pellucid little pools of my own digging, and seen in the clear mirror-like water the phenomena my act had created. There at the bottom glided the water-newt, up and down with great rapidity arose and fell the water-beetle, while on the surface skimmed the water-spider, plying his four oars with a length of stroke, rapidity, and vigour that would have served as a lesson to the "champion of the Thames." At the bottom, too, were smaller beetles, whose motions were as rapid as the lightning; in short, clear and transparent, sunlit and pure as the water was, as I lay by its side, I learned an entomological lesson of which I had been the humble originator as far as space went for its development.

And now what glides down towards the brink of my little pools with short, sharp, and active locomotion? It is the land lizard—or rather a pair of them; the larger one is the female, and the other, the brightest, the male, but as yet I am not sure that the larger one is invariably the female. They dislike the water so far as an approach to immersion goes, but holding on to the grasses or fibrous roots they will drink, and then hurry back to bask in some sunny dry corner, the delight of their lizard life.

Oh, my mimic pools, how you *do* amuse me! Behold the young Pochards, and the tufted and the

wood or Carolina ducks; they leave their foster mothers in the coops, and, just as the adult birds do, in the most active way they dive, and dive again, and enjoy the minced rabbit-meat and liver mixed with barley-meal which I have taken care should lie at the bottom. Look at the young eider ducks; in their natural birth-place they seek for insect or minute fish-life at the bottom; they therefore dive not up and down, but glide beneath the water for some space, their heads actively working from side to side to catch some expected prey that would evade them, precisely as the cormorant does when seeking fish. The young eiders have no inherent idea that the flies and gnats upon the water, are for them. Nature having whispered to them certain instincts, they pursue them, and seek their sustenance *beneath* and not *upon* the water.

The circumscribed space around me proves, of what an Acclimatization Society might be capable, if its intents were honestly carried out under the supervision of one who really knew how to adapt foreign creatures to the soil of England and to the change of temperature. My means, alas! are but too limited; still there are acclimatized and tamed and attentive to my hand and call upon the water, the eider duck, the Pochard, the widgeon, the tufted duck, the pintail, and the wood duck, the Bahama drake and his beautiful hybrid offspring, that are breeding again—creatures still more lovely than themselves—and the smallest goose in the world, from "Marhanham" in the Brazils. On the land, the common pheasant and

the Japanese pheasant, the American quail, the common quail, the common partridge, the red-legged partridge, and the thoroughly domesticated wood-pigeon. Among these many living things, my retriever, Brutus, stalks, an acknowledged friend to all, and a vigilant protector; when if some cunning rat should have escaped the traps, and come forth in comeatable places, Brutus will either kill or "spot" his place beneath the ground, and vigil the foe in the latter instance until the ferret comes.

Each fox-hunter or master of hounds should be intimately acquainted with the nature and habits of the animal that gives him sport; each hare-hunter should know the inclination of the hare; each courser, when hares are few, should be cognizant of the likely place to find her form, according to the nature of the ground, the wind and weather; and even the boy with the ferret after rabbits should have learned that to speak loudly above the holes, or to stand up wind of them, would make the timid creatures below apprehensive of the near neighbourhood of their most dreaded enemy, and therefore not come forth.

When this knowledge of natural history is so much needed to help the mere sportsman to his sport, in addition to its being so beautiful a study in every department, is it not surprising that so few ostensibly well-informed persons, should be able to give the correct name to each bird or insect that frequents their gardens? The proprietor gathers no flower that does not contain in its calyx a little world of its own; nor does he use a drop of vinegar or of water which is not

a miniature ocean teeming with invisible existences. Life lives on life, and dissolution is the precursor of reproduction. Byron tells us that "the tree of knowledge is not that of life." I have looked into every revelation that time has shadowed forth, and am still content to rest my faith on the indisputable facts of philosophy and religion.

For instance, I believe that water has killed more men than wine, and that half our ailments spring from mineral poisons contained in it. I had a lodging last spring at Bournemouth; luckily my housekeeper and cook were with me, and seeing that the water was kept in a leaden tank, took all the care they could to remedy the evil. Nevertheless I was in a little time seized with an unaccountable lassitude and debility—in short, the system grew so enfeebled that sleep became fitful. Though I have quitted the place several months, I do not feel completely recovered.

I was succeeded in that lodging by two young ladies of my acquaintance; they, not having so much strength to resist the insidious poison, succumbed to it. They were seized with gastric fever, and one of them for a time was given over; fortunately, however, both recovered. People ought to be punished for being so careless—the action of water on lead being known to be as poisonous as that of acids on copper.

It is the 29th day of the month of January, 1865; there is a deep snow and a severe frost. Within my room Brutus and myself are warm and comfortable by a good fire; but on the lawn, though I have swept places clear of the snow, birds hop about,

"bluffed" in their feathers, hungry and out of temper. There, stands a holly tree which bears a good crop of berries, and on and over this tree two mistletoe thrushes—the strongest of the thrush tribe—have established their dominion.

On the swept portions of the lawn, the pretty male chaffinch in his pink vest, and accompanied by his more soberly attired mate, makes a diminutive canter from crumb to crumb, for he neither runs nor hops. The sober-plumed hedge-sparrow, too, is there, with the robin, the gold-decked greenfinch, and an occasional brown linnet. There, too, *run* and feed the thrush as well as several blackbirds in their sable hues; and up they all fly when a pheasant deigns to come to their humble table for his share of the banquet. But what bird is that now hopping among them? He has a darker cheek, a darker hue all over than a thrush, and has quite a foreign appearance; he looks curiously upon the crumbs of bread and potato, but offers to the viands no more assault that an occasional peck at a raw slice of swede turnip. It can now be recognised as the redwing—a foreign visitant. He flies at the holly berries, but no sooner does he attempt to settle on the crimson treasure, than down upon him comes a mistletoe thrush from the birch tree above, and stops attempted theft. On or under the forbidden fruit it is all the same, the two forlorn-looking redwings (for there are two now) make several combined attempts to get a morsel of food, but are promptly driven away.

The blackbirds respect this claim of proprietorship,

and never attempt to approach the holly tree; the thrushes do the same—but migratory birds do not, of course, know anything about it.

Heyday! what a commotion!—the mistletoes "*screech*," and are immensely excited; but louder still, or quite as loud, come cries of a foreign tongue, and down pours a flight of chatting fieldfares that have in passing descried the ruddy treasures. There were more than forty beaks at work upon the crop. In a very few minutes, indeed before I could withdraw number 5 from my gun, and replace it with a charge of snipe shot, the fight was over, the foreign bellies full—the flock of fieldfares had ascended to the topmost boughs of an overhanging beech tree, amply refreshed, and the two much-ruffled old mistletoes, wearied with the assaults of so many robbers, sat on the site of their once full stores, chirping in angry murmurs to each other.

I have been in my present residence only since the 6th of June, 1864, yet in sundry bushes on the wild heath covered land, have established friendship with that thoughtful social bird, the robin. Should I pass by or sit beneath his haunts, I am rebuked by his little diamond eyes, which shine close to me, for forgetfulness, if by chance I have not with me the expected crumb.

There is going to be a thaw; I judge of it more by the behaviour of my feathered guests on the lawn, than by the change of wind, the sky, or glass. Supper for my feathered friends is spread—soaked biscuit, crumbs of bread, kneaded barley meal and barley, mashed potato and swede turnip, fail to draw the number

of birds that for the last three days gathered on my lawn and breakfasted with me this morning. They know that a change *is* coming; they will now seek my woods and wilds; but they will when spring and summer come repay me threefold by a sight of their wonderfully constructed nests, their delicately-tinted eggs, and by the music of their sweetly rural songs.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY RIDERS AND DRIVERS.

Riding to hounds—Mr. Magniac, of Colmworth—A lady taking a fence despite her husband's objections—Requisites in a lady's horse—Haidee, Dudu, and Beacon—My fall with Goshawk while hunting with the royal hounds—Jack-o'-Lantern—Fair equestrians in the Park—Suggestions—Lady Grey de Wilton and her sisters—Miss M. Evans with her father's harriers—Ladies racing—Mrs. Thornhill—Mrs. Webb—Female whips—The Marchioness of Salisbury—Margravine of Anspach—Marquis of Worcester and Lord Forbes.

PERHAPS the most beautiful of the creatures kept, taught, and domesticated for man's use is that noble animal the horse—and one of the best out-door accomplishments either sex can attain, is to ride him gracefully and well. Some of my male contemporaries have professed not to approve of women riding across a country *with* hounds; nevertheless, it is a spectacle I like much to see, because several ladies of my acquaintance, some related to me and others not, not only can go out to see hounds, but when well mounted can be well and gracefully *with* them wherever they go. There is a suspicion in my mind that certain of these objectors dislike their presence in the hunting field because they do not approve of being "cut down" in the saddle by the gentler sex; and I

am perfectly convinced that at Cheltenham some pottering riders went home whenever they saw Miss Northey in the field, knowing that they dare not follow her over the stone walls.

While hunting Bedfordshire, my excellent friend, Mr. Magniac, of Colmworth—he has been my friend through my hunting life, and continues so to this day, and a better sportsman or a better gentleman never existed—had a pretty good proof that it *was not always* on account of their personal peril that men objected to see women ride over fences.

We were returning from hunting, and in our company was a lady, a near relative of his, with her husband, and some little distance could be saved by riding over a moderate hedge and ditch. We suggested this to her, and she at once consented; but at the moment she shaped her horse at the fence, her husband shouted out, "Oh, don't do that; you know how distressed I am to see you risk a fall. The ditch is from you, it is blind; I cannot permit it." Further interposition was prevented by the crack of the brambles and the feet of her horse and ours taking the same leap. Landed safely in the other field, "All safe; set your mind at ease about her," cried Magniac; "and come along yourself; another jump or two will put us into the straight road home —they are *nothing compared to this.*"

Mr. —— rode up to the fence, craned at it, and, as is usually the case, the more he looked at the less he liked it. "My dear," he exclaimed to his wife, "I

cannot let you out of my sight, some accident might happen—you must come back to me."

"Oh, no," my friend Magniac exclaimed, "that is out of the question. You know how alarmed you are at seeing her jump—you have just said so; so we can't distress your feelings any more."

We then proceeded on our way, and left the anxious husband to find his road as well as he could.

It has happened to me very often to be asked to look out for a lady's horse, and when I have had to do so, I always prefer seeking one that has never had a woman upon its back. If it is what is termed a lady's horse, and is clever and handsome to look at, as well as fresh upon its legs, rely on it that it has some fault for which it has been discarded. It has either thrown her or it has come down, and I dislike a horse *that has found out* he can *dislodge a woman from her seat;* for when he has accomplished this *once designedly* he is sensible enough to remember that, if he pleases, he can do so again; therefore I would never trust him.

To be sure there are some ladies who ride so well that I should not fear to let them mount almost anything; but I am now speaking of procuring a horse for the generality of female riders.

In those happy days when I used to have twenty horses in my stable, as well as two or three ponies, if a lady wished to go out with my hounds, though in some instances my horses had never carried a petticoat, I could always tell which of them would suit her best.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a horse will go more quietly with a woman than with a man, be less fidgety, and pull much less; and the reason is, that a woman on a strange horse takes much less liberties with him than a man does, and by nature she is generally given a much lighter hand.

While in Bedfordshire, I bought a little thorough-bred chestnut mare, which we called "Haidee," for a young lady, and taught her to ride it. This she did beautifully—and I remember putting another young lady on a pony called "Dudu," that had never previously worn a sidesaddle. As for my dear old charger and Park horse "Beacon," he carried ladies to the extreme of perfection. It was beautiful to see him put on his fiery airs with a very young girl on his back, taking the greatest possible care of her, and becoming calm in a moment if he thought he had shaken her in her seat. Either for a man or a woman, I would always select a steed as nearly thorough-bred as possible—of course quite up to the weight I designed him to carry. One of the greatest mistakes imaginable is very often made by men, in throwing away the advantage of a moderate weight, by mounting a thing that really is not well up to carrying them.

If you meet with a steed with nearly the substance of a dray-horse, and find that he has good action, and is fast, never turn from him on account of his size, for he may prove a phenomenon whose power no weight can affect. My "Goshawk" was out of a sister to "Huile de Vénus," and he stood over seven-

teen hands. In hand he was as light as a feather, temperate in temper, steady at his fences, and could jump anything and go any pace. Now comes the drawback. For an animal nearly thorough-bred, he was the softest beast I ever crossed, and if the ground was in any way heavy, I could stop him in a quarter of an hour, and that, too, taking no liberties with him, but riding him steadily to hounds going their best pace.

I bought him of my ever-lamented friend William Locke, and it was Goshawk that gave me the severe fall with the royal hounds, at the end of *his* quarter of an hour, when Locke and myself, side by side, had been going hard. My friend was on a young horse, and on that day I saw him charge a single heavy bar like a toll-bar, in a green lane, nailed across it for the purpose of stopping the way. A single bar, when high, is a nasty thing, particularly for a young horse —it shows so much daylight under it. On this occasion Locke's horse appeared not to make an effort to jump, but being put fast at it by a strong rider, he took it simply with his chest, and went as clean through it as if it had been the top bar of a common hurdle. In fact, he cut the thick bar right in two without a fall or stumble.

Locke was before me then, and as Goshawk had been going ten out of his fifteen minutes, right glad was I to see so stiff an impediment cut down; and the more reason had I to rejoice, for after crossing one more large field, and one small fence, there came a hedge—not a large one—the ditch from me, into a

newly-made gravel road. I was ahead of Locke at the moment, and all I remember was a resistless launching forth in a downward direction of Goshawk's head, an ineffective and momentary hopeless pull at it on my part, then a violent smash of my face upon the gravel, and then the knowledge that I was down.

When I attempted to stand up, my legs for a moment would not obey me. The next thing was several horsemen passing to my right and left, not any of them stopping to speak to me; then the late Lord Maryborough, the master of the hounds, coming up the lane, pulled up, on seeing me seated all over blood, and casting a horrified glance at my contused lineaments, instantly, and without saying a word to me, ordered the servant who rode after him to gallop off and bring a doctor.

If I remember rightly, I met the doctor, after mounting Goshawk, who, from having got his fore-legs through the reins, without the reins coming over his head, had stood still—indeed, as I have previously said, after fifteen minutes, there was no more go left in him.

My face was only bruised and cut by the gravel; but what alarmed Maryborough was, that a large quantity of extravasated blood being within the skin of my under lip, made it four times its natural size, and it hung down; and no doubt he deemed it a broken jaw.

Jack O'Lantern was sixteen hands high, and quite thorough-bred, and with one eye; but, as I have often said, and so have my hunting companions in

their time, Jack could see more with one eye than most horses could see with two. Brutus was just over fifteen hands and an inch, of enormous power and perfect shape, and his wonderful proficiency in jumping all things, and his stoutness, made up to some extent for a little want of speed.

The wonderful brutes that some men buy for their own riding, and even for their wives and daughters, astonishes me beyond measure. In fact, there are men who are always riding, but who have no more idea of shape and make than a tinker has of a Turkey carpet. In the Park I often see men sitting in happy security on animals that I would not canter up the loose gravel there for anything in the world. They don't know their danger, but they do look hurriedly astonished when, at a foot's pace, they find themselves delivered to the ground, the ears of their toddling beast being the last part of him they saw as they left the pommel of the saddle.

How beautifully, how gracefully, and how complacently, too, some of the girls ride in the Park their to them well-known nice horses—horses that, at an imperceptible hint from their young mistresses, seem to break out into a succession of violent plunges, head up, *but neck always arched*, fore-legs striking out high into the air, *but haunches well under them*—not a bit of this action abrupt, but all as smooth as oil, and the well-made habit and rounded hip never stirring, or permitting a ray of light to come between them and the saddle!

The last time I was in the Park, during May, 1865, one of these graceful female centaurs, for she seemed

a part of her horse, and the prettiest part too, though the animal was very handsome, went through these gambols on my right hand as I passed her. She was coming from, and I was going up to Kensington Gardens. I saw that the dear horse had his hint, and I saw ignorant pedestrians fear for his rider, but I well knew there was infinitely greater safety in that charming lesson in equitation than there really is in the actionless quadruped sidling along in dubious safety, and apparently in sleep.

There is really very little advice to give to what my amusing old friend, the late Mr. Mathews, called shequestrians; if a girl is a really good and finished horsewoman, she can ride anything. The things most objectionable in a lady's horse, in addition to unsafe action, are violent starting, rearing, and the wish to run away. I detest a horse that is aware that he can run away, and I hate one in harness that has shown that he knows *how* to kick.

When it is suggested to me to obtain a hired horse, and take a young lady out with me to ride in the Park, though charmed to be of service on such occasions, it is with no small degree of anxiety that I search for an animal sufficiently good-looking and quiet to be trusted in a crowded space, and free from every species of vice. However, as I have said before, it is astonishing how quiet horses become when under the lightness of the female hand.

In selecting a horse for a lady, great regard should be paid to light handsome shoulders, rising well upon the withers, and to the nice position of the head,

which, when touched by the rein, should have no sort of inclination to go up. A well-placed head, with a fine mouth (should always arch in the proper way), and the chin be inclined to come down in a line with the point of the shoulder. If the hinge is in the wrong way, and the head inclined to be thrown up with the nose in the air, then nothing but a martingale to the curb rein—not to the snaffle, where it is very often most erroneously placed—will bring it down to the proper place; but I would always turn my back on a violently thrown-up head.

A lady's horse, to be perfect, should be all over handsome, and well upon its haunches. If slightly hollow in the back, so much the better, for it generally tends to ease in action, and to less motion to the saddle. A lady should never be heard *upon* the saddle—that is, there should be no bumping noise, not even in a trot. She should sit so closely, and when rising to the trot possess such elastic motion from the foot to the knee and the waist, that her return to the saddle should seem as light as a feather. She should sit "square to the front" and her horse's ears—to speak as a soldier—ought to dress well with the buttons on the bosom of her habit. Nothing is so bad as to sit with a lean to one side, and when admirers are following after, to let them fear that a very little would cast her off from the stirrup side of her saddle. Her hands should be down, but light, and her arm, as well as every inclination of her figure, should harmonize with the motions of her steed, as if both possessed the same volition.

I do not like the chimney-pot hat, but fashion insists on the male incongruity being worn. When a girl has an enormous quantity of beautiful back hair of her own, it cannot help pushing or tilting up the hat upon the nose, as some men may be seen to wear their hats on a very hot day. This is ungraceful, and it is my wish to see the defect remedied by the substitution of a more graceful hat and feather. I do not like black veils; green or white ones are still more objectionable, tied, as they are often, at the back of the hat, in a fashion appropriated by undertakers.

Would that it were the custom to wear the back hair down, I knowing instances where it is so thick, silky, beautifully waved, and bright, that to see it always tied up in the manner of a road-waggon-horse's tail, drives me almost frantic. I am sure, however, that this will never be. The why and wherefore is, that fashion always is designed to cover some general defect, never to disclose a rare beauty. Thus the crinoline hides a bad figure, long trailing dresses, clumsiness in the foot and leg, and as the greater number of horsewomen have not long, luxuriant, and beautiful hair, the fortunate few are condemned to hide their attractions.

The last time I rode in the Park, May, 1865, a fair-haired girl had her back hair down, reaching almost to the saddle; and, while I intensely admired it, I glanced at the young lady who was riding with me, wishing that she had been permitted the same privilege, as I knew it would have placed her without a rival.

There is one thing that has puzzled me much in the

treatment of horses—this is, the effect produced on a hard-mouthed, pulling horse, by putting the curb chain across inside his mouth instead of under his chin. It can be no sort of lever to the power of the bit, and in fact it can have no absolute action in any way; yet I have had the hardest pullers cease to pull, with a curb chain so disposed. I mention this, as it is not a remedy known to every rider.

Many of my female friends and relatives ride beautifully, and with as much ease and grace as they would sit on a sofa. No ladies can be put on their horses better, nor ride more gracefully than Lady Grey de Wilton and her sisters; and I have seen Miss M. Evans, before her marriage, when out at Uddings with her father's splendid pack of the choicest harriers I ever saw, ride to them too well to be beaten by any man in existence. The banks are very high and steep, a ditch or a deep drop very often on either side; but her nice well-bred horse did them on and off with perfect ease. There is nothing unseemly, rude, and graceless in such equitation, and it unquestionably is greatly conducive to health. It is infinitely more amusing to a girl, and has not a bit more risk in it, than the dull routine of Rotten Row, wherein are assembled men, women, children, and horses, ponies, and water-carts —not one in fifty of the equestrians able to manage themselves or the brutes they ride; and the stupid carters "mooning" across the way to the risk of running against some one, or being run into, as chanced this summer when a woman was evidently thinking of other things.

Girls, when learning to ride, should never be entrusted to the teaching of a groom outside the park or field adjoining their mothers' residences—for this reason: a man of that class never apprehends danger, except through the breaking of a stirrup or the fall of the horse. His ideas are confined to the routine of the stable, to the saddle, to the horse, and do not extend to surrounding objects which *may* cause the horse to start, or may get suddenly in his way to throw him down. It is also unseemly to see a servant riding by the side of his young mistress and lounging in the saddle, no master being there to keep him prim. When girls quit the private park or field, and enter on the highway, they ought to be attended by either a relation or friend in their own rank in life, who should do the same that, as a master of hounds, I have ever done in hunting my pack—he should have his eyes directed in advance of his charge, to avert any approaching danger. When riding with young ladies not much experienced in the saddle, my eyes are always on them, as well as on surrounding objects; my vigilance being like the blind man's prudence. When met during a dark night, he was asked in a gibing tone, "Why he of all others carried a light?"

"Not for me to see with," was the reply; "I carry it to prevent fools like you running against me."

In riding along the road, each uncommon or unfamiliar object should be pointed out, and the fair rider put on her guard. Such are hounds in couples, and threshing machines in barns close upon the highway. I remember a fatal accident to a beautiful girl

from the latter, while she was accompanied only by a stupid groom.

I cannot say that I approve of ladies riding races, though it has been done with impunity both in public and private—witness Mrs. Thornton's three matches in 1804-5. The first on Colonel Thornton's "Vingarilla," she rode against Mr. Flint on "Thornville," a four-mile heat on York Course, and lost; the second on "Clausum Fregit"—she was permitted to walk over; the last on the Colonel's "Louisa," she beat Mr. Bromford's "Allegro," ridden by Buckle, the well-known jockey. I have elsewhere referred to Mrs. Webb's match with Jack Musters; but this was less objectionable, being more private. Similar races I have no doubt are by no means uncommon; but I cannot reconcile myself either to the act or the risk.

There are ladies of my acquaintance, as much experienced in driving their pairs of ponies or horses as they are, or as others are, in riding. Lady Aylesbury, Lady Dorothy Nevill, and others do this to perfection; and I do not know anything prettier than a nice turn-out of this description. I have heard of, but never beheld a lady drive four-in-hand, and should be sorry to be a passenger under her guidance.

The most famous female whip and horsewoman in or before my earlier days was the Marchioness of Salisbury, whose well-rouged cheeks, hat and top-coat, as she sat on the box behind a well-appointed team, cannot have entirely passed away from the recollection of veteran sight-seers. Her ladyship risked her neck with perfect impunity,

surviving to an advanced age—when she was accidentally burnt to death at Hatfield, in a conflagration that broke out in her own chamber, caused apparently by her reading in bed.

My aunt, the Margravine, was in the habit of driving a curricle and four white ponies, her most frequent companion being the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, who, with her three famous beauties, were often guests at Brandenburg House, as well as the Countess of Cork.

However nicely a light arm may handle the reins, my opinion is that the coach is always, to a certain extent, in danger, if there is not muscular power as well as skill in the possession of the box-seat. To be sure, with our four-in-hands there are always two grooms, who, at an instant's notice, can be at the leaders' heads; and very good and timely service I have seen them do. I must here relate a funny thing which happened to two noble friends of mine, now no more, the late Duke of Beaufort, when Marquis of Worcester, and the late Lord Forbes. They were travelling outside one of the public "flash coaches" then in vogue, with the intention, on Lord Worcester's part, of driving when fairly in the country; for this purpose he had the box-seat, with Forbes and other passengers immediately behind him.

The latter, though an excellent gentleman in every way, was remarkable for his silence, and famed, whether rightly so or not I cannot say, for his wisdom. All young men (the time of life I then was) were told to look up to him, and regard his word as law.

He had a way, while listening to what was said to him, of grunting to himself at the end of every sentence, which obtained for him from myself and contemporaries, in perfect good nature, for we liked him very much, the appellation of "The Sapient Pig." When our elders heard us so call him, we used to catch it, receiving the assurance that we might think ourselves lucky if we ever got as much sense in our heads as he had in his little finger.

In the instance I am narrating, Forbes's silence stood him in good stead, and also proved his wisdom and his impudence, for, on Lord Worcester's being about to change seats with the coachman, and to take the ribbons, he exclaimed, "Coachman, I protest against your giving up the reins to any man. If you let that gentleman drive I will report you to the proprietors, and I insist on your driving *now*."

"My dear Forbes," began Worcester, in a mild voice of remonstrance. "Dear Forbes! don't dear Forbes me, sir," replied the objector; "I don't know you, sir; never saw you before, sir; I insist, sir, that the coachman keeps the reins."

Thus exhorted, the puzzled coachman remembered that, though the two had got on the coach together, Forbes had never spoken once during a journey of some miles; so the man obeying what he deemed a public necessity, Worcester was done out of his drive.

The number of fair equestrians in our Parks and hunts has increased far beyond any powers of calculation. The riding schools are thronged

with pupils, and male and female teachers kept in constant requisition.

It is very gratifying to know that accidents to properly-instructed lady riders and drivers are rare, even in our over-crowded streets and Parks. As in the majority of instances they have had no experience, except in the easy rides and drives on the quiet ancestral estate, or the equally safe roads and lanes in its neighbourhood, this renders their safety the more surprising. The confidence which they acquire in their own skill and nerve, much increases the pleasure afforded by the spectacle to be seen in Hyde Park during the height of the season.

CHAPTER X.

ANECDOTES OF ODD PEOPLE.

Captain Cripps,' of the South Gloucestershire Militia, asked to sing under aggravating circumstances—Gloucestershire dialect—Lord Craven's Berkshire anecdote—The rustic and the bees—A policeman weary of nightingales—Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard's haunted house—Barclay, the brewer—Lord Glasgow and the railway clerk—The late Lord Londonderry and the Duke of Cleveland in my father's time—Brighton in 1865.

In the regiment of South Gloucestershire Militia, when the time came that officers should be supposed to know something of their duty, it was expected that the captains, lieutenants, and ensigns should be personally acquainted with the soldiers of their companies. My good humoured old friend, Captain Cripps, now no more, who, though he stuttered very much in speaking, could sing a good song without hesitation, was in command of his men, and next to the Grenadier company, if I remember the circumstances correctly. The inspecting officer had put several questions to the captain of this flank company as to his men and their names, and found that he did not know the name of one of them—a fact which met with a severe rebuke. Cripps overheard what was passing, and at once resolved to escape a cen-

sure, to which he knew he was equally liable. As the inspecting officer passed up and down the open ranks, he occasionally stopped and asked him the name of individuals; to which Cripps immediately replied Jo-Jo-Jo-Jo—John Brown, or T-T-T-T—Thomas Snooks, and similar appellations—not really one of which belonged to front or rear rank man.

The men remained silent, according to regimental drill, but exhibited such twitchings of the face and shaking of the shoulders, that in one instance a file was asked if there was anything the matter with him.

When out shooting pheasants with Captain Claxton, R.N., as they were proceeding up a hedge, Cripps found a cock pheasant sitting in the bank; and being very much excited, he roared out, "He-he-he-he-he—here's a c-c-c-c-c-c——"

"*S-ing it*, you d——d fool!" screamed Claxton from the other side of the fence, and listened for the musical announcement; but after a time hearing nothing more, he got on the bank and saw his companion striding away for the Castle in the most furious anger.

On another occasion, at a field day with the Militia, an old friend of mine, also dead (I speak of my boyish days), Captain Hawker, perceived that one of his men did not fire. He addressed him thus (I spell the words as he pronounced them), "Why doesn't shout, Tam Càdle?"

"Kas I can't louse my piece off, Captain Hawker!" The question of why Thomas Caudle did not shout

was replied to by him that he could not let off his piece.

The Gloucestershire dialect is very difficult for a stranger to understand, and in proof of this I add the following verse:—

"Whus pegs be theseum?
They be Jan Cucks,
I knows by their lucks,
An I fand 'em in the peasen."

With less of the Saxon element in the language, the lines would run thus:—

"Whose pigs be these?
They are John Cook's,
I know by their looks,
And I found them in the peas."

The dialect of Berkshire is also singular, as the following fact, told by Lord Craven, who can speak Berkshire patois as well as the late Duke of Beaufort could speak Gloucestershire, will prove. A gentleman was riding over one of those pretty rural commons once so frequently to be met with, and beheld a plough-boy, not nine years of age, in possession of a gosling that had been recently hatched, which he was belabouring with all his might; he at once dashed his horse at him, as if with the intention of riding over the boy, calling out, "You young villain, what are you at with that goose?"

Down dropped the bird out of the rustic's hand, in terror he sprang at the roots of a quickset hedge which bounded the common, and finding there a hare's run,

speedily put himself out of danger. Then turning round and thrusting his red, half-angry, half-crying face through the hole that had admitted him to safety, he screamed at the top of his voice, "What did goose-sling' veather bite I t'other year for?" Or in more correct language, he asked what the gander had bitten him for, the year before.

A labouring man, at a farm not far from Ashdown Park, one day was ordered by his master to dig some potatoes in the garden, where there was a hive of bees. He went to work; but ere he had been long occupied, a bee flew angrily at him, and stung him on the back of the neck. The man raised his hand to rub the part, but in an instant found himself with scarcely strength enough to crawl to the farm and to his fellow servants, when he sank senseless into a chair. The nearest surgeon was at once sent for, and by the administration of brandy, the patient recovered. The crop of the year was then lifted.

Autumn and winter passed, spring and summer succeeded, and autumn came again, the haulm of the potato crop had died, and once more in that identical garden, and in presence of the same hive, the same labourer received an order to raise a crop of the then present season. Under an unaccountable sensation of depression and dread, yet reluctant to tell his master that he would disobey him, the labourer went to his fellow servants, and declared that into that garden to dig potatoes he could not and would not go; for if he did, "that bee would be sure to come out and kill

him." They laughed at his fears, and set before him what they termed his folly in risking by his disobedience a good place under a kind master, on so childish a superstition. He hesitated; but at last, yielding to their advice, but with an immense effort to overcome his dread, left the kitchen, and taking up a prong, set to work to fulfil his master's orders.

Scarce thrice had the prong pierced the covering ridge, and disclosed the harvest that clustered beneath, than a bee, or "that bee" did come forth, and again and in the same spot on the neck, the man was stung. Once more he tottered to the kitchen, and fell insensible into the same chair. The same medical advice was at once sent for, but this time the surgeon was none at home. The people at the farm lost their presence of mind, and did not administer brandy, or there was none at hand. The consequence was, the poor fellow's forebodings were realized—he then and there died from the sting of the insect.

Night has a strange effect on the minds of some men in every class of life. I have had gamekeepers in my service, bold enough as man to man in the day, but such arrant cowards in the night that in the dark they fled from imaginary terrors, and when out at night with them, if I sent them from me, they ran till they reached their lodge. I knew an instance of a stout, young, and able policeman in Middlesex, often on duty about the sweetly-retired rural lanes of Cranford; he left the force, and when privately

asked the reason for doing so, replied that the nightingales sang so much in his lonely hours about the lanes through the night, and made him so melancholy and low spirited, that had he remained in the force he should have gone mad.

I have slept in old castles and houses, some rooms in which were said to be haunted, and the last of them, at the time of my thus writing, was at the ancient and interesting seat of my friend Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, at Belhus, in Essex. The form of an old female domestic is reputed there as occasionally seen haunting the galleries and stairs between the rooms. Somehow or other, one night, perhaps a cold one, she had taken it into her head to seat herself by the fire in the bed-room in which more recently I slept, and was there beheld by one whose word I do not doubt, though she admits to having been so frightened in her passage through the room by a seated figure, "the old shrivelled hands of which rested on the knees," that she stayed not for further observation, question, and reply, but hastened at once to reach more agreeable quarters.

In the red glare of the dying embers, or by the fitful beam of an expiring lamp, the old chair in that bed-room of the hospitable house of my kind friend, has pressed itself on my gaze in connexion with the story of the ghost, but I never saw it filled by any other form than my own, nor do I wish to see that chair or any other occupied by a visitant from beyond the grave.

When shorts and long silk stockings belonged to the evening dress, I had been at a ball in London. On leaving the house, a linkman, one of the nuisances of those days, asked me what carriage he should call, and I told him mine.

"Lord love your honour!" he exclaimed on hearing my name, "there's nothing I would not do to sarve you; you've been a good friend to me, I'm sartin o' that, and lots of my family too on many a cold night. Mind, yer honour, where yer step; the stones is wet."

"Get out of the way with that accursed link of yours," I replied impatiently, "and *go* and get the carriage. You're dropping your hot pitch, or whatever it is, on my stockings; be off, or worse will come of it."

"I'll never leave yer honour," said the fellow; "I'll stick to ye till I sees yer safe; Bob's gone arter the servant. It sharn't be said I left ye in the dark arter the comfort you've been to me and all my pals."

Struck with the earnestness of the man, I paused, and looking him well over, "What the deuce do you mean?" I demanded; "I never saw you before that I know of. What's the dodge your doing?—you don't know me, though I have told you my name."

"Not know your honour!" replied the man; "not know *you?* Not know my best friend of many a cold night? Not know you? Vy, your heavy vet has stuck to my ribs and lined 'em hot when teeth and limbs were all a-chattering and quiverin' with cold!

Not know Mr. Barclay, the brewer! Blessed if you mightn't as well say I never knowed St. Paul's!"

"Here, my good fellow," I cried, "I see my carriage coming; here's a shilling, and if you'll make me a partner in the firm you mention, I'll line your ribs, as you call it, for life. There, get out of my way. Home."

A certain nobleman was going "north" one day, and had arrived at the ticket-office of the railway with the usual eager crush. Male travellers were in a hurry, some to get away to look after their luggage, and some because on occasions of railway travel they were perpetually haunted with the apprehension of being left behind. Two or three old ladies in black were also there, whose destination involved the production of pence that never could be found when wanted. Under these circumstances, his lordship, watching his opportunity, thrust in a five-pound note. The man within the little door hastily snatched it up, and threw it back again with the command "Write your name on it," continuing hurriedly to deal his tickets to the projecting hands before him. The noble lord complied with the peremptory direction, and then threw in the five-pound note again. The official glanced at it a moment, and then observing only the word "Glasgow," tossed it back, singing out angrily, "How stupid! I don't want to know *where* you are *going to*, I want *your name*."

Lord Glasgow, I am told, with doubtful suavity, condescended to explain, and then received his change.

No one was really less of a sportsman than Lord Londonderry, the father of the present Marquis, while, at the same time, no one was a more thorough and complete one than the Duke of Cleveland. Lord Londonderry was one day taken into the kennel by the Duke, as was customary with all guests, to be shown the splendid pack of fox-hounds. After calling out first one and then another to have their legs and feet admired, as well as their evenness in size, the Duke asked Lord Londonderry, "What do you think of them?" and the latter, deeming that he ought to add to his praise some adroit remark which would show that his opinion was worth having, and raise him in the Duke's estimation, exclaimed, "Yes, Duke, all very good, but when you speak of evenness of size, there I differ with you."

"Differ with me!" replied the Duke, boiling up. "I don't know where you would find a more even lot of hounds; I've done my best to get them sociable. To which hounds do you object?"

"To those," replied Lord Londonderry, pointing to a couple of animals of small size.

"Good Gud, man!" screamed the Duke in a fury; "I thought I had been at some pains to show you my fox-hounds, and you've seen nothing but the terriers."

His Grace hastily left the kennel in evident contempt.

When I reflect on the Brighton of my childhood, I cannot but recal the many remarkable persons who

then were in the habit of frequenting its promenades. Strange figures were some of them—so strange, according to modern notions—that were one to revisit his old haunts, he would have at his heels in wonder or in consternation the whole population between Hove and Rottingdean. Something very like them may be seen in the caricatures of Rowlandson and Gillray—so extravagantly burlesque were they in figure and costume.

Of these old stagers in the world of fashion, might always be noticed on the Steyne, dressed in the uniform of his regiment of Militia, my father, Lord Berkeley, generally talking with the Prince of Wales, or joining in the wit and mirth of Sheridan, Fox, Hanger, Fitzpatrick, and other fast spirits or big wigs of that time—some of them not unfrequently paying assiduous court to the many lovely women who made that watering-place their favourite resort.

I think I see my father now, Horatio, clad in the very habit as he lived, but looking as jolly a contrast to the solemn ghost of Hamlet's father as the Prince's fat cook made to the parish apothecary. A limner of the time took him in full uniform, cane and all, and an engraving from that characteristic design, serves as a frontispiece to my third volume.

Little did anyone think, and still less did I think, that the same *enfant terrible* who then bestrode a stick with the image of a horse's head on it, given me just about the time that Bloomfield presented my little sword made of pewter, and my drum, would at

some future time write books that should be perhaps as much read as any of their date and day; or that at *that* moment, and *even before that time*, the heads of my seniors and the brains of the most celebrated lawyers, should be designing, plotting, and attempting to deprive me of my birthright, and the property attached to the Earldom, Baronies, and Castle, as well as the London property, the latter immediately devised by Lord Berkeley of Stratton, for the sole purpose of further maintaining the title in all its state and station.

I loved my father and mother, and my brothers and sisters, from childhood upwards, and far into man's estate. Eyes like mine, blinded as they then were by intense affection, were for a length of time unable to discern the game that was played and planning against me. May Heaven forgive those who have sought to heap destruction in every point of view on my head! and if by accident I overstep the bounds of justice and of right in defending myself, and in endeavouring to recover and maintain my fortune and position, and that of my son, may Heaven also forgive me, for I have no bitter nor revengeful purpose in my heart or disposition.

If I am, and have been, forced into the van of publicity, into the Grenadier Company as it were of the great regiment of human life, and to hold the mirror up to Nature, as well as to Art, to fashion, and to wickedness and folly, in four 8vo volumes, I hope my friends will not only be amused, but deem

that I have not been too severe; while those who wish me ill, or who suffer at my hands for their own misdeeds, will pause ere they commit themselves by speech or pen, in endeavouring to blast a reputation which I hold to be as far above their malice as their actions have as yet been deep beneath honesty and honour.

CHAPTER XI.

DINNERS AND DINERS.

Epicureanism, modern and ancient—Gross feeding—Rosbifs in Paris—Dr. Kitchener—Lord Dudley and Ward's absence of mind—Sir George Warrender *alias* Provender—Ude and Soyer—Extravagant eating of the Roxburgh Club—Hotel dinners—Influence of French cookery—Dining *à la Russe*—Objections—Lord Breadalbane's corner—Dodges to secure delicacies—Loving your neighbours—Selection of guests—Attendance—Choice wines—Popular drinks—Duke of Beaufort's Badminton—Receipt for wine—Good coffee—Parlour-maids—The late Duke of Bedford and Lady Tavistock—A haunch of venison at Berkeley Castle—Cookery in the United States.

THE Assyrian monarch who had a certain inscription made on some prodigious buildings he had caused to be erected in an incredibly brief time, appears to have had his opinions adopted by many persons belonging to different ages and nations. "Eat, drink, and enjoy the pleasures of life," may be taken as a tolerably correct version of the behest of that illustrious voluptuary, and Greeks, Romans, the luxurious people of the Western Kingdoms, and even the more hard-faring natives of the north of Europe, have followed it out as completely as they could.

There is no occasion to refer to epicureanism in the land of its creation, or in its Latin adaptation as practised by Lucullus, Apicius, and other hand-to-

mouth worthies. Much has been said about their knowledge of good living, but Smollett's familiar description of "a dinner after the manner of the ancients," has sufficed for the judgment of ordinary readers. As for Scandinavian and other semi-barbarous banquets, it is impossible to express the disgust with which even an *habitué* at a three-franc Paris restaurant would regard such a bill of fare.

In the middle ages, in England quite as much as elsewhere, gross feeding was a characteristic of all banquets on a large scale—"the table groaning" was not a figure of speech, for how could it do otherwise under the burden of such enormous solids as figured on the "hospitable mahogany"—oak, I ought to say, to avoid an anachronism. The cookery of that period is almost as horrible to contemplate as some of the objects cooked—a porpoise for instance—that appeared as regularly among the nastinesses furnished to the guests, as the tureens of real turtle in a civic "spread" at the present day.

Neither the feast of reason nor the flow of soul became appreciated by us islanders till after the continent had been thrown open to travelling Englishmen by the exile of their illustrious enemy. Before this the grand tour was made for the improvement of the mind; then it was undertaken for the education of the stomach. The "Rosbifs" in Paris, as they were opprobriously named from their favourite joint, passed their little go at "Maurice's," and ended their gastronomic *curriculum* under Beauvillier, Véry, and Borel, by taking what deserved to be styled a double

first at "*Les Trois Frères Provençaux*," or "*Le Rocher de Cancale.*" Externally *milor Anglais* was little if at all altered, but internally he became completely denationalized, and when he returned to his ancestral home, a French cook was sure to become an addition to his establishment.

One of the first who sought to bring about a reformation in our kitchen, was the celebrated Dr. Kitchener—his name prophesying his vocation. This genial physician practised in quite an unprofessional manner—he took his own prescriptions—that is to say, not content with writing on cookery, he gave practical lessons in the agreeable shape of dinners. His pretty couplet over the chimney-piece:—

"Come at seven,
Go at eleven,"

and its alteration by Theodore Hook—one of his frequent guests—into "Go it at eleven," must be fresh in my reader's recollection.

Good dinner givers were before and since the doctor, and among them I must not omit the eccentric Lord Dudley and Ward, who was so absent that he unconsciously uttered aloud his private thoughts; in a manner, too, that was often embarrassing to the object of them, who was of course present and within hearing. The host would enter the room where his guests were assembled, and without addressing either, proceed to count them over in a stage whisper, muttering—"One, two, three—*Ah! there's the Colonel with his mulberry nose!*—Four, five—*That's Jones!*

don't seem much put out by that awkward affair about his wife!—Six, seven, eight—*Old Billy, the silly*—Nine, ten—*I wonder if that fellow has paid Truefitt for his wig!*—Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen—*The Baronet! His lady don't know about that little French girl of his, I'll lay a guinea!*"

Having in this original way ascertained that all had arrived who had been invited, the too communicative host would break the painful silence by singling out some one for a *vivâ-voce* welcome, invariably accompanied by an "aside" that as much confused the friend he thus distinguished, as it amused the rest.

"How do, Rogers? Glad to see you. Very glad—very glad. *Devilish yellow about the gills! By Jove, his face looks as if it had been modelled in bees-wax!*"

A capital dinner was sure to be given by my friend Sir George Warrender, or Sir George Provender, as he was facetiously called, whose *chef de cuisine* was a first-rate fellow in his line, and the guests were certain to be as well selected as the dishes. Sir George studied "*L'Almanach des Gourmets*" with the greatest assiduity, and his intimate friends profited by the result quite as much as himself. There was nothing new in Paris, or elsewhere, worthy of a place on his table, that did not find its way there as quickly as its transfer to London could be accomplished.

The clubs, too, became refined in their tastes, securing the services of the best "dog-cooks" at

salaries that many an overworked clergyman toiled for in vain. "Crockford's" had Ude, the "Reform" Soyer, both worthy of *le cordon bleu;* an over dose of their dishes frequently creating the blue devils, and their select dinners were banquets to be remembered not only during the night, but ever after. Those who could afford it set no bounds to their extravagance in this direction—those whose tastes were less luxurious satisfied themselves with the ordinary club dinner, which was by no means to be despised.

It is not easy to see the connexion between the love of old books and the love of good eating; nevertheless a society of Bibliomaniacs flourishing at this time, under the title of the "Roxburgh Club," sought celebrity by the most expensive "feeds" that the "Clarendon" or "Mivart's" could produce for their enjoyment. For all I know to the contrary, there may, when the decanters have gone their rounds pretty frequently, be a peculiar propriety in Wynkyn de Worde, but what Caxton or Aldus has to do with either courses or removes I cannot imagine. If the leaves of a first edition could be rendered serviceable in the preparation of a *cotelette à la Maintenon*, or a very rare "tall copy" expedite the action of a *batterie de cuisine*, I could understand the advantage of connoisseurs of black-letter literature paying as much for one dinner as would maintain some authors for a month. But why Dr. Dibdin and Mr. Haslewood and their distinguished confrères in book-hunting, should feed so sumptuously under the idea that they were advancing the interests of early

literature, foreign or English, I have never been able to make out.

Hotel dinners were not then in such high repute as those to be obtained at the first-rate clubs—nevertheless on an emergency, such as a liberal patron invariably creates, the highest available talent is sure to be procured, and the party, small or large, cannot fail of being unusually gratified. Of course I include those establishments a few miles from town, where festive entertainments are frequent.

Public dinners belong altogether to a different order of eating. They are given in the name of Charity, which ought to cover the sins of the *cuisine* with the rest—I shall, therefore, make no complaints. The "London Tavern," the "Freemasons," the "Crystal Palace" demonstrations of this kind, are quite as respectable as can be expected under the circumstances; when there are not forty, but perhaps a thousand "feeding like one," perfection in dressing such a mass of viands, is not possible. *Non nobis Domine*, you may rest assured, will be sung admirably, however insipid the soup and cold the salmon; and if you find the poultry tough or the pastry stale, a glee will in all probability make you such ample amends that you feel quite disposed to dispense with the speeches.

The influence of French cookery has penetrated many kitchens that had obstinately held out against innovations in roast and boiled. The publications of Alexis Soyer have circulated widely, and no doubt effected much good both upstairs and down. The *carte* often possesses gastronomic pretensions, and the

plats are more ambitious and varied. On a modest scale, there is sure to be one soup and one fish, then three, perhaps four, *entrées,* and one *relevé,* one *roti* and one game, two *légumes,* and two *entremets.*

The *cuisinier* or *cuisinière* who has proceeded to master higher sources of study, including "Les Secrets de la Cuisine Française, par M. A. Gogué," may do greater things, but the *chef* must be well supported by *marmitons* if he be expected to exercise his skill on a grand scale. Expense must then be no object—indeed, if you possess that invaluable treasure, an economical housekeeper, you had better give her a holiday while the extravagance is going on. The influence of the dog-cook on some constitutions is as pernicious as that of the dog-star.

I have a good deal to say about the serving of the dinner—of course it is now *à la Russe*—a kind of High Church way of feasting, the table decorated like an altar with flowers, candlesticks, and other ornaments, and the *plats* severally handed round to the guests. It possesses its recommendations, doubtless, to some, though not to me; but what becomes of "the hospitable board" and the feast of the eye, for which the *épergne* and the vases, however pretty, are not sufficient substitutes. Skill in the art of carving, too, which at one time in my recollection was even a feminine accomplishment, affords no longer an opportunity for distinction; many a valuable member of society gained golden opinions by the way he divided a chicken or sliced a tongue. But as those are

helped who help themselves, the dinners *à la Russe* are especially aided by a gracious Providence; they illustrate self-help almost as satisfactorily as Mr. Smiles, to the utter extinction, however, of social amiability, for no one can help his neighbour.

For myself, I like to "see my dinner." To stare at luscious fruits that ought to have been kept fresh and cool, when smelling and eating fish, and roasts of venison or beef, or the rich sauces of made dishes, is, in my opinion, bad taste and smell, too; I would rather make out at a glance what I preferred to dine off, than be delayed by the study of the "carte," or have to wait till the things I wished for were handed round. Servants seldom carve well; the best carver I ever knew was the one who presided at the splendid sideboards of the late Lord Breadalbane—with a slice of venison he took care to send you the fat; at other tables I have often been obliged to send my plate back with a desire for more fat, and I have longed to add, a slice from the "Alderman's walk."

It has often amused me to see, when the giver of the dinner carved the haunch himself, the dodges which gourmands were put to to get their favourite slice. One within my knowledge used always to wait till the carver had helped himself, when having previously refused venison he would say, "If you will allow me I will change my mind—that," alluding to the favourite bit just cut, "will just suffice for me."

"Thank you," on one occasion replied the host,

who was down upon the dodge of his friend, "I will keep that slice; but I am afraid you are too late for another good one; however, I shall be charmed to do my best. A plate, please."

A gourmand once saw a guest who sat near him putting aside the green fat of turtle soup. For a moment the astonished glutton stared at him with contempt, when suddenly turning on him, spoon in hand, he said, "I see you don't like that, I'll have it," when suiting the action to the word, the fat was at once transferred from spoon to spoon, when it was greedily devoured.

The *pièce de résistance*, whether sirloin or fillet, saddle or haunch, may have given a good deal of trouble, and sometimes, in an awkward moment, a good deal of gravy to the guest nearest the carver; nevertheless, it was an aid to sociality as well as to gallantry. Under its shadow, when there was no mischance, there was pretty sure to be occasions for friendly converse, and a little flirting, perhaps, when a very nice, lively girl was thereabouts, willing to receive any amount of attention from her "next friend," as lawyers say, or *vis-à-vis*.

One of the poets—I really forget which—alludes to "ever-eating cares,"—the prandiary *ever*, happily, has a limited duration, and the *cares* belonging to it, necessarily, must be brief, and ought to be few. If the lady on your right or left be young and amiable, there can, *perhaps*, be no difficulty in fulfilling the Christian precepts, "Love your neighbour as yourself," and "Do unto others as you would they should

do unto you." As soon as you find yourself well placed—

> "Take the goods the gods provide you,
> Charming Thais sits beside you;"

make the best of your time and your opportunities, and, whilst prudently careful of your digestion, let your heart have fair play. Remember that it is Dr. Franklin who avers that three *removes* are as good as a fire, therefore cultivate your flame at the appearance of the first; and, notwithstanding what Shakspeare asserts, "The course of true love never did run smooth," if it does not at the first course it may at the second—and if at the third there remains the slightest unevenness, rest assured that you are not the right man in the right place. Even then I do not see that you are obliged to follow the rather uncomplimentary direction of a stern moralist—

"Eat your pudding, fool! and hold your tongue!" Make yourself as agreeable as you can under such untoward circumstances. If you fail *à la gauche*, try *à la droit;* or look before you and take advantage of any chance that may present itself on the other side of the table.

Unfortunately, the custom of drinking wine with ladies has fallen into desuetude—one regrets it for the precious advantages it gave. In the whole academy of compliments, there was not one that had greater significance as allowable gallantry; none that could be made to produce a happier effect. It was abolished, as the once invaluable privilege of saluting on being presented to a lady,

was previously got rid of. Still there remain the advantages of pairing off with her to the dining-room, and sitting next her during the repast—that is, if you happen to escape being made the slave of etiquette, when a whisper of your host or hostess enforces your attendance in a totally different direction.

Every diner-out has more need to be a philosopher than a *gourmand*, when thus pressed into service, and it is supremely edifying to see how a cavalier to a very matronly dowager, behaves when the youthful lady of his affections is to be seen at the other end of the table receiving the attentions of some fellow he wishes at Halifax—if not in a warmer place.

Next in importance to the culinary arrangements are the social ones—for however excellent an artist your cook may be, his talent will be thrown away, if you permit any carelessness in the selection of those collected to appreciate it, to mar their enjoyment. For instance, if you invite Lord A——, the author of that prettily got-up Yacht Voyage from the Solent to the Bosphorus—should he find himself seated opposite the celebrated critic, Mr. B——, who cut up his book so mercilessly in the "Saturday Review," you may rest assured that your dinner, however good, will be a mistake; or if you secure E——, the popular humourist, and include old Admiral D—— and the portly Bishop of E——, of whom he has published quizzes innumerable, your dinner will be a failure.

Or if you should succeed in securing the benevo-

lent Lady F——, and extend your hospitality to the equally amiable Mrs. de G——, as they happen one to be intensely High Church and the other Low, you will find before half your *recherché* repast has been produced, that you have made a mess of it. Again, don't too soon congratulate yourself on such an acquisition as the brilliant orator, Mr. Serjeant H——, if you have asked to meet him General J——, who lost that magnificent estate in Blankshire through the influence of his forensic eloquence and skill.

What is the use of putting before a fellow however hungry, or choice in his viands, a miracle of gastronomic refinement, when he has just recognised a face that makes him sick at heart? Of course he is much more inclined to pitch into his enemy than his *plat;* and as he cannot do the former, and is not to be enticed to do the latter, he becomes a wet blanket to those around him. Better that primitive meal in an Australian hut—a damper and mutton chops shared between "chums"—than the most luxurious banquet to be partaken of by a *select* few, of whom two are at secret feud.

There is another mistake occasionally perpetrated by the lord of the feast—one of the invitations must go to secure the presence of that delightful companion, that unfailing resource, *bon vivant*, wit, anecdotist, mimic, and singer of good songs, Captain J——, who is regarded as the charm of his circle. He comes, and the first person he is introduced to happens to be a rival in the same line, Dr. K——, whom he hates like poison. The result is that both shut up.

You cannot always depend on the individual who is expected to be like Falstaff—not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. Although he literally kept the table in a roar last week at L—— House, he may be as dumb as a fish on the present occasion; he has not a joke even for the third course —and ungratefully takes his share of the good things till coffee is brought in, without contributing one himself.

There was no one more uncertain in this respect than that Prince of pleasant fellows, Theodore Hook, when his hair was not rubbed up the wrong way; nor did he like being reminded of his duty when in a gossiping mood. He used to tell, with no small amount of asperity, a story of his once being interrupted in a quiet conversation, by a very young lady coming up to his chair, and demanding, in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the room, "Mr. Hook! mamma says, when *are* you going to be funny?"

A matter of no small moment to the success of a first-rate dinner, is good attendance. For myself, a "neat-handed Phyllis" would satisfy my wants more perfectly than any amount of plush and powder; but Jeames is a domestic institution that cannot, at present at least, be dispensed with at great men's feasts. I do not see the reason why the nimble fingers that are selected to work a telegraph should not as cleverly and noiselessly hand round a silver dish, or fill a wine-glass, or change a plate; but possibly—that is, whenever the bearer should be unusually attractive, the ortolans and becaficos might grow cold before

the bewildered epicure could make up his mind which was the delicacy intended for him by his truly hospitable host. The respectable butler, therefore, and his more or less numerous subordinates in livery, must be endured, as well as the inevitable napkin, except by those who have been left to enjoy life *en garçon*. The hostess in all probability might tender a bill of exceptions to my ruling in this matter, for all which, she will go and buy her feminine apparel only where she can be waited upon by young, good-looking counter-skippers—such inconsistencies and contradictions being, however, things of course.

I must not quit the subject without paying a proper attention to a very necessary element in a first-rate dinner. The selection of wines is of quite as much importance as the selection of dishes—indeed if your wine-merchant serves you badly, he will neutralize the best efforts of your *chef de cuisine*. It is scarcely necessary to warn my intelligent readers against cheap wines—good vintages cannot be cheap; and where the quantity of excellent wine made each season is limited, the demand for it will make it dear. Wines in bottle that improve by age become yearly more valuable; recognised in the custom of some firms to take back any number of dozen of their old wines at an advance of five per cent. on the original purchase-money.

With regard to those extraordinary concoctions, "African port and sherry," and "Australian wines," sold by some grocers, I entertain grave suspicions that, like other factitious beverages with high sounding

titles and a low tariff, they are home made. There is scarcely any favourite vintage, French, German, Spanish, or Portuguese, that cannot be simulated by a clever British-wine manufacturer with more or less success with the gulls they impose upon; but a connoisseur of hocks, clarets, champagnes, sherries, Madeira, ports, &c. &c., can detect the imposture in a moment.

A choice cellar can only be maintained at a large outlay, by competing for the best wine in wood or in bottle that comes into the market; when well-known collections of noblemen and gentlemen are brought to the hammer; and there are opportunities for receiving direct from the vineyard the produce of an excellent season. I have known many dinner-givers who spared no expense that would enable them to place on table the finest wines that could be obtained. The quantity of such indulgences has been largely diminished in my time—the three-bottle men of my younger days have long since been carried off by gout, apoplexy, or some other excess-engendered disease. It is quality now, not quantity that is cared for, and the diner-out has good reason to be content with the change.

Light-bodied wines are not drinkable after having been a certain period in bottle, so that it is necessary to have considerable discrimination in speaking of their age. When, therefore, your friend boasts of the remote date of his champagne or his hock, make up your mind that the first is ropy and the second sour. They may have been good for something once, but they are fit for no human stomach now.

Never have it brought to table, unless you seek the reputation of a Borgia.

Superlative connoisseurs have particular wines with particular dishes. This is generally excessive refinement; most light wines, Chablis, Moselle, hock, or sherry—champagne, of course—ought to satisfy any one from soup to pastry and cheese. A little port may be acceptable to some, but Bass to more. Some caution should be used in sparkling wines, as they induce fermentation. A good draught of German Seltzer or Vichy will correct any tendency to acidity created by the sauces employed in the made dishes. The stuff called Brighton Seltzer is nonsense.

The dessert being composed of ices, fruits and sweets, does not favour the proper appreciation of after-dinner wines—your glass or two of Lafitte, Madeira, or Burgundy, should conclude with a bumper of port. The bowl of punch is rarely introduced now; but I can remember when no fox-hunting banquet was deemed perfect without it. Since gastronomy has been so much studied, the liqueur case has literally gone to the wall, except when it contains Curaçoa, Kirchenwasser, or other fashionable cordial, which ought always to be presented after coffee.

I must add a word or two about other popular beverages; and, however completely malt-liquors may be ignored by ultra-fine people, I for one cannot acknowledge myself insensible to their merits in almost any approved shape—in moderation—from the richest stout or Burton to the weakest pale ale. "The thirsty soul" of the Times, or elsewhere, ought to accept them

with gratitude. Shall I descend a little lower, and own a weakness for dog's-nose and egg-flip? And if my indulgent reader has ever strode over miles of heavy moorland in pursuit of game, and returned, chilled to the vitals by the freezing wind, he would be glad to entertain the same regard for either. When the temperature is up to the Indian heat that has raged during this month of September, iced soda-water and Bass is a better refresher.

Much has been said about American drinks, some of which have been naturalized in this country. The latter are not without a certain recommendation—sherry-cobbler, mint-julep, and one or two more—but they all fade in comparison with the Duke of Beaufort's claret-cup, so widely known by the name it obtained from the splendid mansion where it was first offered as a beverage. No one who has dined with the Duke can have forgotten his earliest acquaintance with that delicious composition. Choice were the dinners the late Duke set before his guests, and great the resources of his dog-cook; but whatever may be the amount of their satisfaction at the viands placed before them, the crowning gratification, in the opinion of many, comes in the claret-cup that graces the feast. Nectar and ambrosia may have been divine potations, but Jupiter himself must have acknowledged the superiority of Badminton had the old gentleman got Ganymede to anticipate its production, at Olympus.

While thus giving due praise to the Badminton

mixture, I like my own much better:—"Take a bottle of claret, put it in a jug, and then put into it the peel of a small lemon, a little fresh-gathered burrage, and from seven to eight or ten slices of cucumber; add to it a wine-glass of brandy, or two glasses of sherry, and enough sugar to sweeten it to taste. Then add one bottle of soda-water, and stir it well up. Let it remain in ice for some little time, and just before use add to it a second bottle of iced soda-water. The jug in which you make this mixture should be iced, and the soda-water iced also." Any man who cannot drink this with delight, ought to be drowned.

The entrance of the coffee declares that dinner is an accomplished fact; and it is to be hoped that the preparation of this grateful beverage has been attended to with the same care that has been displayed in the *cuisine*. Notwithstanding that the berry has been sold as "Mocha" at a high price, it is not unfrequently chicory moulded in the desired shape, the difference between the cost of the cheap article and that of the dear inducing the imposition. When this occurs, the true aroma of the Arabian berry is altogether wanting, as well as its effect as a counter-stimulant. Berbice, indeed most of the cheap coffees, when properly made, are of better flavour; but fashion patronizes the Turkish, and does not often secure it. All kinds of so-called improvements on the flavour, have been attempted; but when not too highly roasted, well-ground, and immediately boiled or infused, it ought to be as enjoyable as the

best cup ever tasted in a French café or a Turkish harem.

The ladies and gentlemen who acknowledge the Sultan as their monarch take it much stronger and in smaller quantities than the coffee-drinkers of this country and of the continent. It is impossible to conclude a first-class dinner better than with the aroma of this beverage stimulating the nostrils; then you feel really ready to meet your drawing-room company, and gladly accompany your host in that direction.

Of the celebrated men I have known, no one loved good living more than Lords Stuart de Rothesay, Alvanley, and Adolphus FitzClarence, Sir George Warrender, Sir George Wombwell—all my seniors except Adolphus FitzClarence; but were I to enumerate all who either kept splendid tables, or loved good things, I should fill half of one of my volumes. For myself, though I appreciate good cooking, I can dine just as well on the plainest fare as I can on turtle and made dishes. I like a glass of good wine and good ale, and have a monstrous contempt for the man, however hospitable, who dares to ask me to have some sherry, when the bottle he pushes before me holds nothing but Marsala.

My advice to my readers is, never go behind the scenes or screen in any kitchen—it is best to be thankful for what Providence and even cooks send you, and not to go too closely into the method of production. When a little boy, I saw my father's German cook spit into a stew or frying pan to test if it were heated sufficiently for his purpose. I prefer, in my

quiet way, a woman cook, and I like best to be waited on by a parlour-maid. If she be a good one she is noiseless, quick, attentive, and clever, clean and graceful; all she does is done nicely; nothing is knocked together or cracked; there is no noise; her foot falls softly on the floor, and like the girl alluded to by the ancient poet—

> "Abra was ready ere I named her name,
> And when I called another, Abra came."

As I have said in my two first volumes, the late Duke of Bedford was of this opinion too, for he and Lady Tavistock were always waited on at Oakley by two parlour-maids, in pretty fancy costumes, presided over by a stately butler, supposed to be proof against female fascination, though thus offered to his choice in the midst of bottles. Of course, in large establishments, male waiters must attend, major-domos, stewards of the chambers, butlers, under-butlers, and footmen, all must have employment, or else the castle and the mansion would not be "*comme il faut.*"

I never knew a French cook yet, nor a foreigner of any kind in that capacity, who could roast a haunch of venison; it was a constant failure at Berkeley Castle in the time of the late Lord Fitzhardinge; though there the venison was of the finest description, I never tasted neck or haunch that was fit to eat. It was roasted down to nothing before too quick a fire; instead of all the fat being preserved, and when cut resembling marrow, it only stuck in strips like gristly horn; and as to the natural gravy, there was not a drop left.

The made dishes of France and the little light nonsenses of a good French cook are admirable, but they ought to abolish the words "roast and boiled" from their kitchen vocabulary, or to leave them utterly and entirely to their English kitchenmaid, if they have one. In America, unless with a foreign cook, everything is badly dressed—woodcocks and snipes scraped clean of their trail, venison dressed out of season and overroasted, as in France; they are better with their fish, —as to a glass of home-brewed beer in America, you cannot get it. Their wines are moderately good, though while I was in the Dis-united States, having heard that they were famous for their Madeira, of that wine I never could get a glass that was what it pretended to be.

If a man is in search of good living, let him confine himself to the cities of London and Paris, or to the tables of the English nobility and gentry; if he goes further he will undoubtedly fare worse. In France, cooking lives and flourishes in the capital—it does not go much to the rural château; in England the great proprietors give as *recherché* a dinner in their castles and halls as they do in London—would that our neighbours over the water, in France or in America, would do the same.

CHAPTER XII.

DUNDREARYISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Extravagantly fine gentlemen—Mr. Tom Taylor's attempt at English comedy for the American market—Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary—Sheridan's plays—Lord Dundreary as a representative man—The beau of the Old School—Lords Alvanley and Chesterfield—Lord Waterford—Lord Downshire—The author of "Pelham"—Absurd notions respecting him—Sir Charles Coldstream—Teapot Crawford and Sir George Wombwell—The Hertfordshire hermit—Wyndham and Lord Huntingtower—Dundrearies among the diplomatists—Modern portrait galleries—Dundreary ancestors—Dundrearies of the Circumlocution Office—Dundreary family vault—Fashionable Dundrearies in town and country.

FOPPISHNESS of dress and manners has been a characteristic of a class of extravagantly fine gentlemen from time immemorial. The ancients had their dandies as well as the moderns; and particularity in dress flourished as much among the Greeks and Romans as among the Saracens and Crusaders, and at the barbarian toilettes of our ancestors, the Picts and Scots, as much as at the savage array of their representatives the Choctaws and Cherokees.

The pen of the satirist has been ever ready to turn their absurdities into ridicule, and they have been a salient feature in every plot, both in the classic and

modern drama. Our own literature abounds in such illustrations of human life—in prose and verse—indeed the very highest of our dramatists and poets have delighted in such subjects. Witness the inimitable portrait left by Shakspeare—

> "Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
> Fresh as a bridegroom; while his chin new reaped
> Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home;
> He was perfumed like a milliner,
> And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
> A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
> He gave his nose, and took 't away again."

Witness, too, Pope's memorable lines on Lord Hervey, and other pictures of contemporary superfine dress and manners to be found in his works. The comedy of the last century, and part of the preceding, abounds with Lord Foppingtons, Sir Fopling Flutters, and the like; and in our own time, similar characters have not been unfamiliar to the frequenters of the theatre; but it has been left to Mr. Tom Taylor, or I should say he has the credit of having brought on the English stage, a representation of an English nobleman that deserves to be regarded as the most successful *caricature* that has ever been exhibited to an amused public.

It is well known that the play called "Our American Cousin," was written for the American market, and the author throughout has taken especial pains that Yankee prejudice against "the Britisher" should be sufficiently gratified by this burlesque and imaginary representation of English high life. Its claims as a comedy, when judged by the Sheridan stan-

dard, are scarcely perceptible, and even in the United States, had it been played as written, its career would have been brief; but there happened at the period to be an English actor, of considerable repute among trans-Atlantic play-goers, into whose hands the MS. fell, who saw in one character, if left to his own development, elements of popularity. He was permitted to do with it what he pleased. The result was "Lord Dundreary."

That Mr. Sothern in this impersonation of an English aristocrat should create quite a frantic delight among "the upper ten-thousand" in the great American republic, was a matter of course, but with audiences at home, a large percentage at least of whom must be aware that the play scarcely possessed a single feature of English high life, their enjoyment in it is not so easily accounted for. It must be attributed to the cleverness of the comedian, whose absurdity does duty for the wit which the comedy ought to have possessed.

It is not altogether a new thing on the boards of our metropolitan theatres to make the success of a play depend on the humorous proceedings of a particular actor. This made the immense success of "Paul Pry;" but when the drollery of my friend Liston could no longer support it, the play sunk in popular estimation, never to rise again. "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal" have seen generation after generation of comic actors identify themselves with their humorous characters, and doubtless will so continue to do as long as a taste for

genuine English comedy is to be found in the land of its birth. In private theatricals, as performed by amateurs moving in good society, this is essentially the case; the screaming farce and the extravagant burlesque having only a temporary favour.

In my opinion, nothing can be more untrue to nature than Lord Dundreary as a representative man. This British Peer is put on the stage as an awkward fellow, stumbling about a drawing-room, lisping remarks of exaggerated absurdity, and displaying an imbecile appreciation of conundrums. The education received by every member of the upper classes of English society insures a proper amount of graceful carriage, ease, and self-possession—a foppish effeminacy is the exception, but manliness is the rule. The dancing-master and the drill-master can succeed with his body, even should the schoolmaster and private tutor have failed with his mind. Cricket, boating, riding, and athletic exercises, shooting, fishing, and hunting, make him capable of enduring considerable fatigue, and to like the excitement of such pursuits.

With these, an affectation of refinement in dress is not incompatible. Beau Fielding, Beau Nash, and Beau Brummell represented the fine gentleman of a day when brain and muscle were not so much thought of as they are now; but D'Orsay prided himself on both. Lords Alvanley and Chesterfield would have distinguished themselves anywhere, and there are very few of the well-dressed noblemen and gentlemen of my time who could not have made themselves as conspicuous in mounting a breach, or in any

sort of combat, when necessary, as in presenting themselves at a levée or a Court ball.

Lord Waterford wanted a nobler sphere of action than was accessible to him. Instead of heading a cavalry charge against a battery, he was obliged to be content with the harmless vagaries of "Spring-heeled Jack," or an unpremeditated turn-up with bumptious costermongers or bullying bargees. The arrangement that keeps the eldest son of a house out of the army and navy, often leads him into eccentricities like those for which my poor dear friend obtained such wide celebrity.

The present Lord Downshire might have rivalled the Paladins of old had he been permitted a fair field and no favour among the Paynim foe. The charge of the immortal Light Brigade included many of England's aristocracy. Some had been dandies in their day, but not one had borne any resemblance to Lord Dundreary. Nothing like him had appeared among the heroes developed by the Indian mutiny—none of his kith or kin has risen to eminence in either service.

The fine gentleman who changes the *r* into a *w* in his conversation is quite an old acquaintance of the novel reader, and the humour of saying "widdles" instead of "riddles" is not very striking, if it can be considered novel.

At one time there was a good deal of nonsense written and spoken about the author of "Pelham." It was attempted to write him down as a mere illustrator of what was styled the "Silver-fork school"

of literature, and it was confidently asserted that he lisped. The "Silver-fork school" has proved itself thoroughly acceptable to the respectability of the nation, while the "Dung-fork school," which had opposed it, has been banished to the mews and the stables. As for speaking, it is well-known to all who have listened to him, either when standing on the hustings or by "the Opposition benches," that no one uses clearer English, or better sense. The publication of "The Caxtons" has thrown Pelham in the background, clever as it was—while the reputation as a statesman of the ex-Cabinet Minister, and subsequent Conservative leader, threatens to do the same for the popular novelist and dramatist. Bulwer is sure to represent his class effectively anywhere, nevertheless, he is a bright contrast to Lord Dundreary.

I believe that there are some short-sighted persons who, having been greatly amused by a clever actor, are insensible to the untruthfulness of the character he sustains, and the childishness of the principal incidents of the plot in which he figures. Think for a moment seriously of the interest of a play turning on the discovery of a bottle of hair dye by a Yankee nobody, and a lieutenant in the Royal Navy having his promotion to the command of a ship dependent on the fiat of a Dundreary! Such things may pass current amidst the vulgarity of the dis-United States, but in this country they ought to have been laughed down.

It is, moreover, affirmed by such admirers, that

Dundrearyism prevails in good society. There may be a quaintness of manner and remark like that which characterized George Selwyn in my father's time—Lord Alvanley was a little in that way; or the *blasé* man of fashion may indulge in extravagances of speech equally open to challenge. My poor friend "Teapot Crawford," lost his voice for fashion's sake. But none of them did anything like Lord Dundreary. "Sir Charles Coldstream" is much more reliable as a representative man; but "Used Up" much more nearly approaches English comedy than "Our American Cousin."

Poor dear "Teapot Crawford!" if anybody in my recollection came near the theatrical Dundreary it was my late good-natured friend. I remember one of my brothers telling me that in Sussex, Crawford climbed a tree after a crow's nest, and when half-way up became very sick, clinging to its stem for support. My brother asked, "What is the matter?" when, between his paroxysms of retching, he whispered in melancholy sighings, "My misfortunes have come over me."

On another occasion, being very unhappy, either as to love or money, I forget which, he resolved to commit suicide, so he emptied the water-jug and bottle from the washstand into his bed, to end his life in damp and desolation. Poor fellow! he only cured a slight affectation of rheumatism, which he had been suffering from, and arose the next morning more alive than ever, and in my opinion not disappointed.

Crawford was one of those who thought it fine not to speak above his breath, and it was that sort of affectation, or Dundrearyism, that provoked from his contemporary, the late Sir George Wombwell, on Crawford asking him some question, the following most laughable exhortation—

"Whis, whis, whis! What the devil do you want to say? Have you lost your voice—if so, d—— me, get a pen and write it!"

Poor Crawford's round red face got redder at the shout of laughter raised at his expense, and his close-shaved black-blue chin got bluer as he turned away in deep disgust from his tormentor. Though George Wombwell was a great dandy, clipping the king's English and losing his voice were not among his affectations.

The desire to be eccentric—to be one marked out as not belonging to the common herd of humanity—has influenced many individuals. There is an extreme case in a man who inherited a handsome mansion in Hertfordshire, and chooses to let it fall to ruin. He used to dress well and live well, but for years his only covering has been a dirty blanket, and his only bed a heap of cinders in the kitchen. He never washes his skin, and takes his food as nearly as possible like a pig in a sty. He remains under the delusion that he is a hermit, returning to a state of natural simplicity, when, in reality, he is only an illustration of the pride that apes humility. The world has in some way disgusted him, so in revenge he lives in a way that disgusts the world. He cannot bite

off his nose to be revenged on his face, so he allows it to get so encrusted with filth that the spectator is uncertain whether it be a nose or a fungus.

He is a Dundreary in the dirt, while the washed and dressed human *pomme de terre* has been served up to intelligent audiences in different parts of the kingdom and immensely relished. It is as much a libel on humanity on the cinders' heap, as on the boards —in the latter case, however, the inanity or insanity, whichever it ought to be considered, is amusing and not repulsive, in the other it is repulsive without affording the slightest amusement. You can laugh at the idea of the tail-wagging dog, or of the worm being such a fool as to get up before the bird, but the sight of a man—of a gentleman—degrading himself to the level of a beast, is a wretched spectacle—the fellow has placed himself lower in the state of creation than a gorilla or a hog.

I am well aware that many men of family have occasionally made fools of themselves, when nature has not forestalled them, but I cannot call to mind one exactly of the Dundreary type. They have said equally foolish things, and even done things more criminally foolish—have lived a bad life, and still more disgraced their families by a marriage with a worthless woman—but Wyndham was not a Dundreary, nor Huntingtower, nor any of the numerous other stickers in the same Slough of Despond, who have stumbled in youth on a fool's paradise, got a little further, and fared a good deal worse. Lord Dundreary could scarcely have been so fortunate if

he were the object of a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo;* but he has suffered himself to be "married and done for" in a much more reputable manner.

As for the heir of the Dysart Peerage, it was loudly and confidently stated after he had married a Roman Catholic and become a convert to her creed, that he had completely turned his back on his antecedents, and had gone in for respectability. Recent revelations, however, at one of the police courts showed that Popery had not done more for him than it usually does for its dupes.

My impression is that diplomacy is the proper profession for a Dundreary; for if speech was given us to conceal our thoughts, no one has appeared so thoroughly master of this disguise as the dramatic representative of the family. Indeed, few could suspect him of having thoughts—as for the *arrières pensées,* which are supposed to be largely kept in reserve by every practitioner in this line, they are evidently out of the question. That he could "lie abroad for the benefit of his country," which some clever fellow said was the principal qualification of an ambassador, I doubt not; but whether it could be done by him with the skill of a Talleyrand is more than I can venture to assert. Nevertheless, there seems a remarkable resemblance in the language of protocols to the ordinary, very ordinary, communications of a Dundreary, as if both were intended to mean as little as possible; and the proceedings of a Congress have more than once possessed an extremely Dundreary significance.

We have sent Ambassadors Extraordinary to foreign Powers, that not only had the characteristic impediment in their speech, but apparently in their mind and in their limbs. And if their Government meant nothing by their mission, they said it, and did it. Such honorary performances demand only an individual who can look the character he represents, as the actor does who plays the stately prince in an opera; the eye-glass in the orbit, and the whiskers hanging from the cheek, are not essential properties, but the expression that cannot commit the owner of the face on which it appears, to any intelligent policy, is indispensable. "The fifth transmitter of a foolish face," mentioned by the satirist, must have been an ancestor of Mr. Sothern's impersonation; and the countenance has evidently not lost a single trait in its descent.

When I look over a portrait gallery, especially of recent origin that inevitably suggests a Wardour Street collector, I am certain to meet a peculiar facial type, which whether surmounted by bald crown, flowing locks, stiff wig, or cocked hat and pig-tail, I cannot fail to recognise as that of the Dundrearies. Surely they must have belonged to "the governing families" at some remote period of our history—(the dark ages, judging from the state of the canvas)—or they could not have been in such request for ovals and kit-cats? And as according to their descendant and proprietor they have all been Admirals, Generals, Judges, Bishops, Governors, Knights of the Shire, now and then Speakers of the House of

Commons, and even, though more rarely, Secretaries of State, it is as plain as their faces that their power of appointing to posts of honour and emolument must have been far in excess of the patronage exercised in the manner to which I objected in a previous page.

I cannot but stop before these "old familiar faces," and muse on the prominent advantages belonging to a race born with silver spoons in their mouths—half-a-dozen apparently, judging by the accommodation provided by that feature. There is no room to doubt that some men are born to greatness; the fact stares one in the face—I see and believe—and with a becoming sense of my own humility, I withdraw from such an illustrious pictorial assemblage. Could I have the hardihood to address them, perhaps it would not be in so complimentary a phrase as an Irish Peer employed, within my memory, "in another place." He commenced with "My lords and peacocks!" Birds of a much less showy plumage might appropriately be coupled with my Lords Dundreary of these equivocal ancestors of new men.

The genius of red tape I fancy cannot but be particularly favourable to the cadets of this house, and therefore there is nothing surprising in the way in which they have been found to flourish at the Circumlocution Office, as described by a popular novelist. There can be no doubt, indeed, that a certain young gentleman, with his restless eye-glass, and imperative "Look here," whose acquaintance my readers must have made a few years back, is one of

these branches from the Dundreary trunk. Their aptitude for official life ought to be out of the common; but how they passed, or rather how they evaded the Civil Service Examination, is a mystery I cannot attempt to fathom. Not unfrequently their career in office receives a check, from a weakness they exhibit to live too fast, and the poor fellows come to grief in the Bankruptcy Court.

As the Dundreary twigs incline, the Dundreary tree will grow, and despite of all impediments, the roots, somehow or other, again penetrate the official soil, he gets credit for a fair amount of sap, and often lives to a jolly green old age, as a Drainage Commissioner, head of a Poor Law Board, or chief of a department. Nobody knows how the thing is done, but the practice laughs in the face of reform, and ridicules the idea of retrenchment. The influence that has planted this human lounger in our public offices at home and abroad is neither exclusively Whig nor exclusively Tory. Under any form of government there would always be Dundrearies to be provided for, as long as there are salaried places for which a gracious Providence has adapted their capacity, or powerful families with younger sons of weak intellect, of liberal politics particularly.

It has happened that very high posts have been filled by them (providentially, of course), and it is really wonderful to see how little harm, as well as how little good, they contrive to effect while there. A grateful country at last hears of their decease, and a

memorial window speaks glowingly of their piety. Latin epitaphs, and allegorical marble figures, appear to have been invented as the surest means of securing a Dundreary immortality; and this is the reason, no doubt, the wanderer among the tombs in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's is under the impression that he has penetrated to their family vault.

The true sphere of the Dundreary, however, we must never forget, is that of fashion. He is as good as a lay figure for ambitious tailors; his head serves as a block for experimental hair-dressers, and his feet provide excellent lasts for that scientific snob, "the practical boot-maker." See him like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "in the habit as he lived," you will find him in apparel got up in the best style of Poole, with haberdashery equally well studied; his head of hair is perfection (according to Isidore, at least), giving him the appearance of a Maltese lap-dog, while the whiskers are full and long, spreading in the breeze like anything you like between a comet and the cloud called a mare's tail. The beard, too, is a net equally efficient to catch flies or crumbs of bread; like the hair and whiskers, it is of an exquisite cream colour. In short, the whole thing bears a marked resemblance to a Berlin wool pen-wiper on a large scale.

The eye-glass is a fixture in its ordinary place: the Dundrearies are always short-sighted as well as short-sensed, but they are not expected to see much beyond their noses. Indeed, why should they? What is

there for a Dundreary to see? He is his own microcosm, and the study of this is quite as much as he can manage. He strives to follow out the philosopher's direction, "Know thyself," and succeeds as far as almost to know his right hand from his left: indeed, sometimes, without hesitation, he can tell which is his favourite leg.

He wears some new kind of head-covering—the last novelty—a whimsical thing between a pork-pie and a billy-cock, invented expressly to show as much as possible of the flossy mane it ought to protect, that looks so soft, we wonder if the head can be softer, and should not be surprised to see a demonstrative young lady seize upon the latter with an intention of securing it as raw material for her next specimen of wool-work.

His gloves and his boots are equally tight, and he carries in his hand an umbrella of most attenuated proportions; and then, with a mincing step, he may be seen in fine weather, during the London season, in the Park near the ride, scrutinizing the fair equestrians with the mild complacency of a Skye terrier regarding a bed of dahlias, or sauntering along that favourite haunt, "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," in the direction of the Guards' Club, quite as it were taken out of the surrounding world by the consciousness of his own Dundreariness.

Fashionable watering-places are rarely without one such visitor—a bird of passage who comes apparently only to show his rare plumage, and disappear. The

principal hotel has hardly time to feel the distinction of his presence, when his valet is observed providing for his departure by the next train. He exhibits himself on the parade, is stared at with more than ordinary watering-place intensity, is talked of with the customary watering-place exaggeration—and is gone! to repeat the same process on another favoured part of the coast.

Does his elaborate get-up, and studied indifference to external nature, "give the world assurance of a man?" Not quite. The assurance is not wanting, but it is that of a Dundreary. Lady Wortley Montagu said that the world was divided into "men, women, and Herveys." The Herveys were the Dundrearies of their time. Lord Fanny's "mere white curd of asses' milk" still does duty for the complexion of his descendants, and the hirsute additions. The sculptors have lately commenced colouring marble with flesh tint, but these eccentric creatures insist on having all the head appear as if suffering from the presence of a new Medusa. I suppose, however, it is only petrified on the surface; for no one can mistake the material of which such busts are made. That boy must have been a juvenile Dundreary who boasted of having carved a ship "out of his own head."

"But Brutus! good old dog, I must tie you up, and seek my setters. Here we have been breaking these butterflies upon the wheel, while the partridges are in the stubble and turnips, waiting their doom."

I snatch up my double-barrel leaning against the chimney-piece—take that paragon of retrievers, Brutus, to his kennel on the lawn, who had been lying on the carpet at my foot, and shouting for my gamekeeper, Harry Toovey, to attend me, get rid of perplexing thought in the exercise of limb, and thank Heaven for the elasticity of mind and muscle which the bounty of a beneficent Providence still accords.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY IN 1865.

An invitation to Newstead—Recollections of Jack Musters and Lord Byron—Appearance of the Abbey—Fish ponds—Carp—Discovery of the broken Eagle containing deeds—Tree on which Byron carved his name—Midnight from my chamber window—The wicked lord—Bursting of the lake—Advantages of deer—Sir George Wombwell—Duchess of Fitz-Fulke—Trophies of the chase—Feud between Newstead and Annesley—Indulgences to the monks—Mr. and Mrs. Webb—Care of the poet's relics—The Nottinghamshire Club—Dispute and fatal duel between Byron and Chaworth—Architectural features of the Abbey.

It was in remarkably beautiful weather, the June—the sweet floral month of June of 1865—a favourite month of mine, for with its name are associated many tender and romantic recollections, dashed, however, as is too often the case, with bitterness and disappointment—that I had received a cordial invitation to a place of great historic interest, and was on my route to Newstead Abbey. No sooner had I reached Mansfield, and passed it in the train, than my eyes began to seek out spots with which the handsome and athletic form of my old friend "Jack Musters" had been associated. I thought to myself he had perhaps charged the very fence I looked at, cast his hounds at a swing round yonder meadow, to avoid the colder-scented plough, and very efficiently d——d some ignoramus or too

zealous rider, who had not the sense to see that the hounds had or were about to "throw up." Perhaps on that line of gently undulating hills, to the left of the rail when you arrive at Newstead Station, he had shot partridges, as most probably he had, for it was the Annesley estate. On the other side of those gently-rising uplands, lay the park; and there the Chaworth Musters of the day dwelt with the bride he had won from Lord Byron, and doubtless various other suitors for wealth and beauty, and, as a sportsman and country gentleman, had enjoyed his good fortune for many a succeeding year.

I longed to pay a visit to the paternal halls of Byron's "Mary," who had made him a great poet; but the grandson of Jack and the heiress was not personally known to me, nor had I communicated with him, or I am quite sure I should have had a hospitable reception. My visit was to my kind and agreeable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, the owners of Newstead Abbey.

The place has been so often described by writers as well as seen by half the world, that I will not tarry on the beaten path, but simply narrate my own impressions.

Newstead and Berkeley Castle are curiously linked together in my remembrance, for it was at Berkeley I first heard Byron's name; it was there that I first listened to, and then read, his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and in the vale around the castle walls, as a boy I first loved poetry, and vainly hoped some day to emulate that master of English verse,

who filled my head and heart with adoration for the Muse.

The wing of the old abbey-church, still erect and beautiful, and shaming in its profound grandeur hundreds of those spurious buildings with which the present generation encumbers the earth, adjoins the mansion, that still holds its place above the massive pillars of the cloister. On the sacred ruin grows the embracing ivy, and the arches and stone-work are the haunts of the bird of steeples and structures in decay, the jackdaw, in sombre plumage, and with grey-capped head. In front of the entrance-door lies the largest lake now extant on the property, the sweep of its rounded bay flanked by a mimic fort adjoining the new and efficient stables, the latter built by the present proprietor. The mimic fort I do not like, nor do I approve of the boat moored in front of it. They seem to insult the mighty ruin by recalling the recollection of certain ponds found at civic villas.

My tapestried bed-room, called "King Charles's Room," looked on the well-kept lawn, and directly upon the tomb of "Boatswain," with its scroll and epitaph. That epitaph on the faithful dog was the first of Byron's writings that, as a boy, I learnt by heart; nor did I fail, scarcely in a word, when in presence of my kind host and hostess, I stood on the steps of the grave of the Newfoundland dog, and, turning my back on the inscription, recited it, in proof of the impression made in years long, long ago.

Near the tomb is the beautifully-turfed margin of

the Eagle's Pond. Beneath its surface still swim hundreds of the descendants of those carp that the abbots and monks, with, in them, unusually bad taste, so loved to treasure in their stews. As at Newstead, there were trout, perch, pike, eels, gudgeons, and tench at their disposal; why they should keep carp, the very worst fish that swims, except for the purpose of choking refractory lay brothers, I cannot imagine. They were probably used as a kind of fishy penance for those monks who had been caught "in flagrante delicto."

This pond acquired its name during the life of an ancestor, surnamed the "Wicked Lord," from the fact of a large eagle made of brass, and of very antique workmanship, having at that time been fished up, in the hollow of which were contained certain ancient deeds and grants. It is surmised that other relics and even treasures of the bygone age still lie beneath the deep mud in the same locality, but I should doubt any depth of water or dirt being proof against the cupidity of "the Wicked Lord," after the discovery of that eagle had called for further investigation. These deeds are now possessed by Mr. Webb, and attached to them in a most perfect state, are the great seals of the sovereigns by whom they were granted.

Beyond this pond lies the "Devil's Wood," with its umbrageous walks, the luxuriant boughs surrounding and overshadowing the double-stemmed beech tree, on which Byron carved his name. That stem ceased to exist a few years after the death of

the noble poet. With a graceful care, that cannot be too much commended, the withered portion has been taken down from its still living fellow, and having been sawn off above and below the hand-writing on the bark, it stands in one of the corridors in a glass case among other relics of the poet, his single-sticks, boxing-gloves, and the last Greek cap he wore. Over the table on which they are placed, hangs the short rapier with which his ancestor, the "Wicked Lord Byron," slew the Chaworth of *that* day, entailing a feud between the possessors of the adjoining estates, which I regret to say seems hereditary.

Not only were the days lovely during my stay at Newstead, but the nights, if possible, were more so. In the unclouded sky, though in a borrowed light, with beauty all her own, rode the full moon, flinging her silvery beams around on every object, and bringing them more prominently into view by her additional brightness. What wonder then if, while looking from the open casement of my room, upon the tomb of the faithful and attached friend, I thought of the gifted dead. Above floated the same moon on which he had so often gazed, and glittered beneath her the same ripple on the pond it had then illumined. The same sweet scents from herb and flower, that ascended from the garden and greeted me, had been enjoyed by him.

Why, if such things are possible, did not the spirit of the noble poet wander in those graceful scenes, side by side with that of his younger friend, Shelley, and greet me as one at least who appreciated their

worth? but though such things are said to have been, and spirits, some believe, have come from the far off world to warn of approaching death on the hallowed ground of Newstead Abbey, the bright light of heaven was all that met my gaze, and I beheld neither the "Black Friar," nor the more rural ghost supposed to busy himself with nothing but the garden roller.

In all old places that have been possessed by the nobility, I have observed that there have existed, or still exist, some member of the family called "the wicked." We have "wicked Earls," we had a wicked Marquis at Berkeley, to say nothing of others, and here at Newstead a "Wicked Lord," a lord, in short, who seemed to think that it was his bounden duty to squander away the wealth of the family, to beggar his heirs, and to invent strange ways of making the money fly needlessly and uselessly. Thus at the lower lake he raised a stupendous rockwork which must have cost a mint of money, intending to surround it with an embankment that would have turned the little lake into an inland sea; the tower of rocks, as far as I could understand his design, to be surrounded by the flood. They now appear a lasting monument of folly; his aim, for it must have been his aim, has been lamentably fulfilled, of severing the name of Byron from the abbey, and giving the lands of that ancient house to the stranger.

In the days of the wicked lord, accident or design lent a helping hand to ruin, for at that time an upper lake dammed across where the gate-house of the present proprietor stands, of gigantic proportions,

stood back and far up into the park. One night the head of this lake gave way, and down went the mass of roaring water into the larger lake below, carrying the head of that away also down the united cataract; sped into the lower lake of all, which, thus recruited, burst its bounds also, and thence the prodigious flood carried death and desolation to the country far below.

For a length of time, this mischief was attributed to accident or natural causes, but a very old sinner of the labouring class confessed, in his last moments, that he and others had broken down the dam-head of the waters to spite the "wicked lord." It was the latter personage who destroyed the splendid park of deer, of three thousand head—the well-walled park now amounts to a forest, and in the jolly abbot's time, when the good haunch *was* valued in the abbey's domains, as well as in the royal forest, venison must have been in plenty. A rabbit warren has taken the place of the deer park, and, as on the estate of my friend George Wombwell, at Newburgh Park, the small creature that can be kept down an area or in a confined cellar in London runs on the hills and lies beneath the shade of those trees in the heart of Sherwood Forest that once harboured the stately stag, or shielded from the noonday sun the graceful fallow deer. This, to me, is an incomprehensible taste; there is nothing so becoming to abbey, or castle, or mansion of any kind as a herd of deer, and nothing so graceful in sylvan life as to see the hind or doe lead forth her dappled fawn from the brakes of fern to

taste the fresh grass upon the open lawns; and nothing so agreeable as to go out to stalk the wary denizens of the forest, and pick off with the rifle the fat stag or buck to feast the welcome friend.

There is very little useful timber on the estate at Newstead, as the "Wicked Lord" got rid of all he could; and here again the fine estates of my two friends resemble each other, as Tommy Wynne Bellasis, the husband of the aunt of the late Sir George Wombwell, served the entire community of squirrels with notice to quit their every available stick—his predecessor on the property, Lord Falconberg, who had married the daughter of Cromwell, having pollarded the head of every oak in his park, old enough to have concealed a king, in token of his hatred to the crown, and his love for his father-in-law, the brewer. The pollards in the deer park at Newburgh, remain emblems of man's folly—surviving records of a scene otherwise remarkable for its sylvan beauty.

Below the abbot's pond there is another smaller pond, or stew, in which the monks kept their fish, of purer water than the upper one, and fed by the holy spring, "St. Mary's Well," that bubbles or boils up "in water clear as diamond spark." At this pellucid stream I knelt down to drink, for its refreshing coldness in that hot day made me think that St. Mary had really blessed it; and drinking, I was thankful.

We wandered over the abbey, and my host took me to Byron's bed-chamber, approached through the

room of the female page, the "younger brother" already mentioned. Here again the good taste of the lady of my host made itself manifest, as it ever appeared when in connexion with these most interesting vestiges of the past, and everything in the chamber was just as he left it, even to the pattern of the furniture on the washhand-stand. All was of a very humble character; so much so that when by accident a basin was broken, in endeavouring to replace it with one precisely the same, its vulgarity made it difficult to obtain.

Here, in my opinion, Byron actually engaged in those pranks which suggested to him the scene in "Don Juan" where the lovely "Duchess of Fitz-Fulke" attempts to frighten the Don by haunting the corridor by his room as the ghost of a black friar.

> "Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
> And he'll say nought to you;
> He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
> As o'er the grass the dew."

Juan not being frightened, however, by the apparition, while he "mused on mutability or his mistress, terms synonymous,"

> "While nothing brighter gleamed through the saloon
> Than dying tapers and the peeping moon,"

goes forth into the gallery, leaving his chamber-door open.

> "The ghost, if ghost it was, seemed a sweet soul,
> As ever lurked beneath a holy hood;
> A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
> Forth into something much like flesh and blood

Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they revealed,—alas ! that e'er they should—
In full voluptuous, but not o'ergrown bulk,
The phantom of her frolic grace, Fitz-Fulke."

Juan thus, of course, succeeded in "laying the ghost," or in finding a glowing bust in place of the ribs of death. I can very well understand the abbey to be an inviting place to wandering spirits, but as to "saying nought to them, and they'll say nought to you," with frolicsome phantoms I have had no personal experience — far better fared my Lord.

The corridors, the passages, and that external kind of open gallery on the roof which leads to other rooms, realize the very scene the poet so charmingly described.

Newstead Abbey is now in beautiful keeping; it can at once be seen not only in the house, but in the lawn and pleasure-grounds, that there presides a graceful and a gifted mind, and that in the presence of game and wild-fowl of the rarest kind, the crested grebe and tufted duck breeding on the lakes, and game upon the lands, there rules a sportsman, a "soldier, and a gentleman." Would that I could persuade him, and my friend George Wombwell, to re-introduce into their parks the graceful herd of deer, well walled in as those princely features in the English landscape are; but if a man has no taste for such possessions, or cost compels him to forego the luxury, my suggestions must be offered in vain.

Strange trophies, from the lion to the crocodile,

deck the cloisters and the walls of Newstead, won by the rifle of its present possessor; and beautiful foreign birds, the produce of his gun, are in cases in the galleries. He has been an adventurous and a successful traveller, and now he is artificially rearing trout in immense numbers. May success in his poetic, ancient, and graceful home, with everything to make a man happy, remain to him, and to his daughters and his heir!

It is curious to see how fate prevents the owners of the two estates, Newstead and Annesley, becoming friendly, or even social. From the hour when a former Lord Byron slew Chaworth, and the late poet had his Mary carried off by Musters, Newstead and Annesley have been in antagonism. Again, at the present moment, just as Newstead's ancient beauties are being properly protected, cared for, and brought out, on the verge of the two estates the proprietor of Annesley establishes a coal-pit, the black smoke from which, when the wind blows from three out of the four quarters of the heavens, floats over the abbot's lands, and intrudes into the abbey windows.

Yet man cannot be blamed for this—he did not put the coal there; and a mine of wealth having been discovered, common sense suggests its appropriation. It is, however, a grievance at the abbey, and creates a sort of bar to better feeling. I lament this, for I should like to see the grandson of my old friend at Annesley, and also my friend the owner of Newstead, united by the pleasant bonds of social intimacy.

Newstead has had many masters since the monks were driven out at the dissolution of the religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII. It was then given to Sir John Byron, known as the "little Sir John with the great beard," and remained with his descendants till the time of William, the fifth Baron, so notorious in the neighbourhood as the wicked lord. The deeds which were found in the brazen eagle before referred to, are preserved with special care by the present proprietor, but the eagle having shared the fate of the wicked lord's effects (sold by auction), passed into the hands of the Rev. Sir Richard Kaye, a prebendary of Southwell, who has, with questionable taste, set it up in his own chancel, instead of returning it to the building to which it belonged.

Among the documents thus singularly discovered, is one that proves the genuine monks of Newstead to have been not a bit better than the sham ones headed by the last Byron, by whom they were travestied—it is a general pardon, in anticipation, for crimes of every description, granted by Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry V. That prelate, it is supposed, knew the needs of the reverend recluses, for the same indulgence was granted to all the monasteries in England, for which, of course, they were made to pay; but, however large the amount of wickedness it must have created, there was some good, for the sum so raised assisted the royal hero in winning the victory of Agincourt.

In 1818 the abbey estate was sold to Colonel Wild-

man for about £100,000. He had been at Harrow with Lord Byron, and displayed the deepest interest in the place, till his death in 1859. From the deceased Colonel's trustees, the estate was purchased in 1861 by my friend Mr. Webb of Cowton and Raskell, Yorkshire, who, with Mrs. Webb, not only preserves with the greatest care every memorial of Lord Byron and his family that has fallen into his hands, but has succeeded by an additional outlay in enlarging the lands attached to the abbey, till they have doubled in area the original property.

In addition to the table in the corridor on which the relics of Byron are displayed, and the ever-guarded state of his bedchamber, Mrs. Webb treasures in her own room, under lock and key, a lock of the poet's hair, and his first printed work—a presentation copy from himself. It is indeed necessary that such jealous care should be bestowed, for with shame be it written, not only will sight-seers filch from the leaves of a printed presentation copy the loved hand-writing of the donor, but even some guests, while sharing the hospitality of a house, where similar relics are kept, as at Boscombe, Sir Percy Shelley's, have torn out the inscription on works given by Byron to his (Sir Percy's) father—an exemplification of vulgar dishonesty almost beyond belief.

The origin of the bloody feud between the owners of the two contiguous estates, Newstead and Annesley, is eminently characteristic of social manners and customs exactly a hundred years ago. A party of country gentlemen from the same county,

who happened to be staying in London, were in the habit of assembling once a month at the "Star and Garter Tavern," in Pall Mall, calling themselves "The Nottinghamshire Club." They were all provincial magnates, who prided themselves on the breadth of their acres. Arrayed in the prevailing fashion of long-skirted, broad-cuffed coats, long-waisted embroidered waistcoats, ruffles, sword, cocked hat, breeches, and boots, they strode into their club-room with a full appreciation of their individual importance.

It was on the 26th of January, 1765, that a company of this description sat down to a substantial dinner in a room on the second floor of the tavern, soon after four o'clock in the afternoon—fashion has since contrived to defer the meal four hours. At the head of the table sat John Hewitt, Esq., and on the sides, nine of his neighbours. The chairman, however, does not appear to have possessed as much discretion as his position demanded; for when the jolly squires around him were thoroughly enjoying themselves, he started a subject on which he ought to have known that a serious difference existed amongst them. This was the right method of preserving game. William Chaworth was for dealing severely with poachers and trespassers, William, Lord Byron, insisted that the only reliable way to increase game was to let it alone; the Hon. Thomas Willoughby, Sir Robert Burdett, Frederick Montague, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, George Donston, and Charles Mellish, jun., joined in the discussion, while their

chairman put forth his opinion that game ought to be the property of the owner of the soil where it is reared; and there was a good deal of marked interest on the subject. The owners of Annesley and Newstead became more and more animated and positive, the first asserting that another landed proprietor, Sir Charles Sedley, and himself, could produce more game on five acres of their lands, than the other could produce on the whole of his estate. This naturally nettled his lordship, and he proposed a bet of a hundred guineas to prove or disprove the assertion; it was eagerly accepted, and Chaworth called for pen, ink, and paper, to place the wager beyond the reach of dispute.

Both, by this time heated with wine, had become irritated, but Sherwin judiciously interposed, and made a jest of the affair, pronouncing against the possibility of deciding upon such a bet; others taking the same view, no bet was laid. Unfortunately, however, the conversation was allowed to continue in the same channel. The owner of Annesley, who had already shown himself a little too disputatious, now confidently asserted that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care and his own, the owner of Newstead would not be able to find a single hare on his domain. This again nettled Lord Byron, who asked, with something like a sneer, what manors Sir Charles possessed. The other quickly named two—Nuttall and Bulwell; but Lord Byron claimed the latter as his own. Then Chaworth, irritated beyond restraint, burst out with an intimation that both Sir Charles

and himself were quite ready to give his lordship satisfaction. These ominous words were well understood by the company, and an immediate stop was put to the dangerous discussion, everyone beginning to converse with his neighbour on indifferent subjects.

It was evident that Chaworth was under great excitement, for even on arranging with the landlord, he made a mistake. His opponent, however, did not appear to have taken any notice of the implied threat, nevertheless he followed Chaworth out of the room and downstairs, when they asked one of the waiters to show them into a private room.

It was now dark, and a lighted candle having been placed on the table, the waiter withdrew. It appears that immediately the door had been closed upon them —indeed, while Lord Byron was doing this, and before his sword was out of his scabbard, the impatient Chaworth had not only drawn his, but at once made a lunge with it, which sent the weapon, as he thought, fatally home; but while he was with old-fashioned urbanity inquiring whether his opponent was much hurt, the latter shortened his sword and stabbed him in the stomach. There seems now to have been a struggle, for when their friends rushed in, Lord Byron's left hand was round the neck of Mr. Chaworth, whose right arm was resting on his lordship's shoulder; the weapon of the first being in his right hand, that of the latter in his left.

There is little doubt that both were more or less intoxicated, or on so trivial a dispute they would not have sought, without seconds, almost without light,

to take away each other's life. Mr. Chaworth's sword had merely gone through the waistcoat of Lord Byron, without doing the slightest injury to him ; but his lordship had inflicted a mortal wound. Before the unfortunate man died, he exonerated his opponent, who, however, was soon afterwards tried by his peers. He was pronounced guilty of manslaughter, but claiming benefit of clergy as a peer, was set at large on paying his fees.

He returned to Newstead an altered man, became sullen, savage, morose, and thoroughly uncompanionable. The curse of Cain seemed to be clinging to him; all shunned his society, in my opinion, unjustly, for he had but defended himself; and knowing that he was an object of abhorrence, a maniacal desire seized him to do all the mischief it was in his power to produce. In a moment of frantic passion he is said to have thrown his wife into the lake in front of the abbey—the gardener made his appearance in time to rescue her. The unhappy woman was finally obliged to quit Newstead. On the marriage of their son, Lord Byron, to mark his malignant feelings against his heir, cut down all the fine timber on the estate, then caused to be destroyed every deer in a herd amounting to two thousand seven hundred head, and, in addition, did his best to render the mansion uninhabitable. All this was superfluous mischief, for he survived both son and grandson, continuing to excite the terror and detestation of his neighbours till he died in 1794. He is "the wicked lord" of so many local traditions. His successor was George

Gordon, sixth Lord Byron, the lover of Mary Ann Chaworth, who was the granddaughter of the unfortunate gentleman he had slain.

Newstead Abbey, independently of its historical and poetical associations, it is scarcely possible to regard with too much admiration, as exemplifying the styles of architecture that prevailed in England during the erection of its principal portions, from the reign of Henry II., Richard I., John, and Henry III., known as Norman, Transition, Early English, Pointed, and Geometrical Decorated. In the last is the beautiful west front, all that remains of the Abbey Church; there is nothing finer of the kind in the kingdom, but it has puzzled antiquarians to account for certain singularities in this portion of the building—alterations in the original structure.

There is a portion in the Perpendicular style—the outward walls and windows of the lower part of the cloisters; and still later in the same style is the upper part, the library and corridors—supposed to have been erected by the Byrons, a Nottinghamshire family settled in the county long before the Reformation. These high cloisters are of rare beauty, and have been transmitted to their present possessor, with one or two ghost stories that add greatly to the solemn impression they produce, particularly of a moonlight night. There is also a haunted room in the abbot's apartments possessing an Elizabethan bedstead, and as the spiritual visitants are a friar and a lady, there can be no question of the interest of the tradition.

The dormitory of the monks has been transformed into a fine drawing-room, and their refectory into a capacious dining-room. In the stained-glass windows of this noble chamber are the cognizances of the abbots and their successors, including those of the family of the late proprietor of the abbey, who, among the ancient armour, weapons, and trophies that decorate the walls, has introduced some he brought from the field of Waterloo, where he served as aide-de-camp to the Earl of Uxbridge, after going through the Peninsular campaigns. There are also armorial bearings of the gentlemen of the county who accompanied Henry VII., when he came on a hunting visit to the prior; but these are modern, and also introduced by Colonel Wildman. The bedroom occupied by the King, was subsequently used by the Duke of Sussex, when on a visit to the late proprietor.

The present owner and his lady are doing everything in their power to accumulate, as well as to preserve, every relic of the noble poet and his ancestors that can be discovered; and fortunate it is that a residence fraught with historical associations, and endeared to the country as the home of Byron, has fallen into the hands of persons capable of appreciating and protecting it.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERVERTS.

Tractarians and Ultramontanes—Innovations in the Protestant Service — Conversions — High Church and Low Church — Origin of St. Barnabas, Pimlico—The ornate services of this miniature cathedral become fashionable—Alarm of Popish practices—Mischief done to Protestant interests—Filial obligations disregarded—Lord and Lady ——.—Sad effects of religious excitement—Audacious parcelling of England into Popish dioceses, and assumption of episcopal titles—Introduction of religious orders—Increase of Catholic establishments—My connexion with Catholics—Proofs of a conspiracy against the Church—Tragedy at Lima—Abduction of young females—Convents—Protestant Bishops.

FEW subjects have attracted more attention than the active development of the religion of Rome in England during the last quarter of a century. The safeguards of Protestantism having been removed by what was styled Catholic Emancipation from within and without the Church of England, there commenced two movements, each equally menacing its welfare.

The first commenced with a circle of Protestant clergymen at Oxford, who professed extraordinary zeal for what they styled the restoration of the Anglican Church to its primitive integrity, and for the re-adoption into its service of forms that had been permitted to fall into desuetude. The other origi-

nated with the extreme or ultramontane party in the Romish Church—including the Jesuits, a religious order, partly lay, partly ecclesiastical, that had gained a prodigious reputation in other countries for earnestness in the development of its principles—or rather of its no principles—and of late years had insidiously been gaining ground in the British Empire.

The Oxford "Anglicans" began with a series of small publications, advocating, generally with remarkable force, an approach to Catholicism, appealing to their brother-clergymen with arguments that deeply affected their interests. They were to have increased power, and largely-increased revenues; and these advantages were to be secured by a return to the Church of England in its pure state before it had become Romanized by the mission of St. Augustine.

The first effect produced by these "Tractarians," as they were then called, was a pretty general study of mediæval church antiquities, and quite a devotional regard for forms and ceremonies as set forth in a collection much of which had long been considered obsolete obligations, entitled the Rubric. Parish churches were decorated in a style that assimilated them as closely as possible to Romish places of worship, and new chapels were built that were cathedrals in miniature. Music, candles, and flowers were lavishly used, with every other decoration that could attract the eye or seduce the ear. Increased congregations, moved more by novelty than religion, rewarded the innovators, who were not

long in finding out a mode of raising ample funds for maintaining these attractive and as many other innovations as they chose to introduce to the notice of their flocks.

Soon afterwards, it became known that conversions to the Roman Catholic faith had taken place among the Oxford undergraduates. This suspicious fact in connexion with the new movement, had scarcely been discussed, when the religious world were made aware that several of the most distinguished of the Tractarians had also gone over to the Romish Church, including Manning, Wilberforce, and Newman. Some alarm began to be expressed, particularly as one of the seceders was a brother of a Bishop in the Church of England, who was thought by some to be favourable to the movement.

The distinctive appellation, "Tractarian," was now dropped, and replaced by one taken from the name of an Oxford Professor, who was considered to be the leader of the party; but amongst themselves they were designated "High Church;" thus stigmatizing those members of the Church of England who would not join them, as "Low Church."

The first important development of this Anglicanism was displayed in a parish church in one of the most fashionable districts of London. Here a choral service of the cathedral type, was introduced, with various artistic decorations, likely to please a refined and highly-educated congregation. It gratified so much the taste of the aristocratic community in the neighbourhood, that they were easily induced

to contribute liberally to the building of a new church in what was represented to be an outlying district of the parish, the inhabitants of which were described as living entirely devoid of religious instruction.

A large sum was speedily raised, and a building erected. As the structure progressed towards completion, rumours got into circulation of the surprising beauty of its proportions and its elaborate ornamentation. When any inquiry was hazarded as to the necessity of so much expense for decorations the lower classes could neither understand nor appreciate, it was indignantly met by the question why the poor should not be attracted to the House of Prayer as well as the rich ?

Enthusiastic was the clergyman who was at the head of this new reformation, respecting the advantages to be derived by half-brutalized costermongers, navvies, and tramps that were said to form the bulk of the population in the vicinity of the proposed church and college, from the refining influence of the architectural decorations of the middle ages. Still more so were his curates, ardent students of ecclesiology, who declared that the people intended to be thus benefited, had absolutely thrown stones at them when they had first explored the dangerous thoroughfares inhabited by their families; and prodigious was the feeling of sympathy among wealthy and fashionable ladies for the desperate sinners who were to be made virtuous through the religious influence of Gothic ornamentation.

Money was liberally supplied ; the "great work" was carried on with renewed zeal, and at last there rose in the back slums of Pimlico a miniature Westminster Abbey, with a collegiate institution attached (ostensibly for the officiating priests), on which the beautiful and the grotesque had exhausted their artistic resources.

The new edifice was at last opened for divine service with extraordinary splendour. A choir of the best singers that could be procured, performed the finest church music, and the most celebrated of the High Church clergy assisted in a ceremony that was equally a performance. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to imagine anything more theatrical than was that display.

The place was thronged. One half overflowed with duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and ladies of minor rank, the other—for the sexes were kept apart in the old, outwardly cautious, monkish spirit —with their male relatives or friends, as well as with clergymen and gentlemen, curious to witness the promised spectacle. An assemblage with so large a patrician element, had rarely met for a devotional purpose.

But where was the congregation for which this elaborate structure had been erected? Not a costermonger, not a tramp, not a navvy was to be seen. The rank and fashion of Belgravia were sufficiently evident, but the brutalized natives of the slums never sent a single representative. So little surprise was exhibited by the providers of the attraction, at

this total change of audience, that they threw themselves open to much doubt as to the genuineness of their interest in the alleged stone-throwers.

As they began so they continued. A few poor people of both sexes were induced to attend by bribes in the shape of creature comforts, but the bulk of the congregation has ever been drawn from the well-paying classes, and for them only could such religious luxuries have been procured; for which, by the way, they paid so liberally that the experiment was considered a complete success, and induced the experimentalist to make bolder efforts in the same direction.

The unquestionably Popish character of the services thus performed, alarmed some Protestants, who could not be reconciled to them, and as other indications became manifest of a restoration of Romish practices, considerable excitement prevailed. It was in vain that the zealous priest and his active curates confidently referred to the Rubric as their authority for such innovations—equally in vain was it that they mentioned such objections as proceeding from "the weaker brethren"—and useless seemed the encouragement afforded by fashionable amateurs of ecclesiology. The almost forgotten shibboleths, "The Church in danger" and "No Popery" were revived when it became known that more than one of the officiating curates, with several of their patrician congregation, had become converts to the Church of Rome.

At last the attention of the Bishop was drawn to

the proceedings of the reverend gentleman who was responsible for such questionable demonstrations, an inquiry was instituted, and though the result was far from satisfactory to sound Protestants, it was still less so to the clerical innovator. Confident in the support of the High Church party, and encouraged by the distinguished members of his flock, he treated the interference of his diocesan with anything rather than respect, and somewhat contemptuously resigned his preferment. His resignation was accepted, and another High Church clergyman appointed to his curacy.

The reverend gentleman lost no time in making his way to Rome, where he seems to have nourished great expectations; but though he had so lately been omnipotent in Pimlico, he had the mortification of discovering that he was of very little account in the Eternal City, and that his Jesuitical proclivities were slighted. He soon began to look back affectionately to the Church he had much too hastily abandoned, and while his friends were anticipating his elevation to high ecclesiastical honour from the hand of the Pontiff, they were astonished by the announcement that he had accepted an excellent living in England, in the gift of one of the aristocratic ladies who had been a member of his deserted flock.

I will now proceed to state instances of proselytism which, while they disclose this influence over the female mind by Anglican priests, betray also signs of an unavowed connexion with the Romish Church. Indeed, there is reason to suspect that Puseyism has

from the first been established as a sort of "traveller's rest" by the Jesuits, between the Churches of England and of Rome.

The daughter of a distinguished judge living in the Belgravian district was enticed, by the musical and dramatic entertainments performed at the little cathedral, to frequent communion with the priestly managers. Her father objected to the mental subjugation which they managed to effect, but she was speedily taught that, in accordance with High Church principles, the Divine precept which sanctions filial respect might be deleted from the Decalogue. She therefore set her father at defiance, left her home, and joined a small female community domiciled near the miniature Westminster Abbey, to which her spiritual director had access whenever he pleased, through the commonplace medium of a latch key. When the reverend gentleman left the parish these ladies did so likewise, and in a body were received into a Roman Catholic nunnery.

A Protestant Doctor of Divinity, living in the neighbourhood where these High Church demonstrations had been going on, made himself obnoxious by his denunciations of their Popish tendencies. His only daughter, an interesting girl, possessed of considerable personal attraction, at a very susceptible age, was brought under the influence of the same enticements, and before her father, who was of course of the Low Church, and officiated in a neighbouring parish, had the slightest idea of her danger, she dis-

appeared, and was soon placed out of his reach as a professed nun in a Belgian convent.

Numberless cases of a similar nature could be brought forward in which romantic girls, tired of the restraints of home, have, under such instigation, caused the most profound distress to their families, by turning their backs on the domestic hearth for the purpose of enjoying the apparent greater consideration attached to a so-called religious vocation. The novelty of it offers charm enough for the inexperienced mind, but the satisfaction of being able to successfully resist parental authority is often equally an inducement.

The saddest case of all, and one that illustrates more powerfully than any of these the extent of the social mischief effected by such agency, was that of a lady married to a noble lord. I knew him intimately, and loved him as a brother, and remember his marriage well, for it was one full of promise of as perfect a state of felicity as is attainable on this side of heaven. The bride was one of the most beautiful of a race remarkable for personal gifts, and for nobleness of heart and purity of soul had no superior. The bridegroom, after a career in the fashionable world that had sometimes betrayed a too-impulsive disposition, had given his friends reason to believe that the remainder of his life would be as correct as it promised to be felicitous. After a honeymoon spent in exhausting the picturesque enjoyments of the Rhine and the Neckar, the truly happy pair occu-

pied a town residence in the Belgravian district, and were induced to support the High Church movement then directed by their parish priest.

About this time the father of the lady's husband died, and the latter succeeded to the title and estates. It immediately became a paramount object with the Romish Church to take advantage of his Puseyite tendencies, and the most approved machinery of conversion was set in motion for that end. Distinguished perverts in the service of Rome were thrown in his lordship's path, and arguments were not wanting to direct his mind the way it was wished to go. A tour in Italy was suggested, and the hint acted upon with little delay.

Scarcely had the travellers entered the Pontifical States when they received the most flattering attentions. Princes of the Church hastened to do them honour; everything worth seeing was displayed to his lordship in a manner peculiarly complimentary, and a charming tribute of respect was paid to his lady in a series of matchless copies of those masterpieces of art her ladyship had most admired.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the extent of these seductions. Let it suffice to say that they had the desired effect. Lord and Lady —— were added to the list of converts made from the Protestant nobility of England, and returned home apparently as Popish as the Holy Father himself.

It seems as if the usual pledges of secresy had been given by the Papal agents who effected this conversion, and the customary evasions suggested for

concealing it. The first step of the noble converts was to quit Belgravia, and seek a residence in another aristocratic quarter of the town. This was done, and visits to the Pimlico Cathedral ceased.

Quietly as this was effected, it did not pass without remark. The Roman Catholics became aware of this important addition to their swelling numbers, and began to talk about it. The rumour spread to Protestant circles, but was instantly met with a public denial "by authority."

This *ruse*, and the exercise of greater caution, silenced the gossips for a time; but the Romanites had something to boast of, and would boast; and High Church, Low, Slow, Broad, and every other section of the now much-divided Church of England had something to talk about, and insisted on talking. This elicited another denial, more sharp and conclusive than the preceding, and more evidently proceeding from the parties who ought to have possessed accurate knowledge on the subject.

Lord —— was essentially a high-minded man, and the position in which he now found himself, he began to feel intolerable. He remembered that he bore a title that suggested the most glorious incident in Protestant history, and that the tenants on his estate naturally looked to him as the guardian of their religious faith. He remembered, too, that a predecessor in the title had rendered it illustrious, not only by his exalted position as a statesman, but by his consistent devotion to the Protestant cause. The idea that he was an apostate who had permitted his

senses to be bribed into a surrender of a conviction that he possessed in trust for the benefit of his dependents and family, haunted and taunted his peculiarly sensitive mind. He grew more irritable daily, his mind lost its balance, and at last his reason totally succumbed.

I cannot help imagining that all the gratifications of High Mass, and all the other pretended privileges of the new faith, formed a very inadequate recompense to Lady —— for the irreparable loss she, in her really affectionate heart, has sustained; and when I recall the examples she has had in that noble-minded champion of Protestantism, her father, and that true-hearted Christian lady, her mother, I the more deplore the infatuation that has led her to abandon the solid advantages of her own virtuous education, to grasp at shadows, the unreal character of which is evident to those who might naturally be supposed to know them best—the subjects of the Holy Father, who are notoriously impatient of his rule, and the more enlightened among the Catholics of France and other countries, who are intent on effecting a reformation in the vicious system carried on amongst them under the authority of his name.

Nearly simultaneous with this pretended restoration of the Anglican Church of the middle ages, an impulse was given to Popish influence in England by a display of power which had never been attempted since it had been overthrown by Henry VIII. Many of us can remember the humility affected by the English Roman Catholic prelates prior to the passing

of the Catholic Disabilities Relief Bill. They took titles that had not the most remote reference to England, and the few religious establishments that did exist were only to be found in out-of-the-way places after a careful search.

Suddenly, when the United Kingdom was under the government of the feeble but unscrupulous Whigs, the English Roman Catholic Bishops, by authority emanating from Rome, received English titles and English dioceses; and a foreign power thus audaciously having parcelled out the country, as if with the right of a conqueror, appointed a Prince of the Church of Rome to be at their head.

The Protestants were naturally indignant, and some were alarmed at this unparalleled insult. The Whig Government blustered a little, but did no more. The Pontiff at Rome and his Cardinal in England were perfectly well aware that the aggression they had directed would receive no real resistance, and that they were at liberty to make the most of the opportunity for Popish development they had thus created.

They did make the most of it. It is scarcely possible to do justice to the energy with which they set about strengthening their position at the expense of the betrayed Church of England. The apostates who had enjoyed the greatest social influence, became the secret agents between the Church they had abandoned and the one they had joined; and those who possessed the most talent and the least principle, were entrusted with the employment of inducing

High Church Protestants—principally ladies of distinction, and clergymen—to pass over into the Popish camp. As many of these, under the direction of their spiritual leaders, had adopted most of the tenets and all the symbols of Popery, the desertion of their own creed was easy.

Vigorous efforts were at the same time made to introduce religious orders into England, as well as to build and endow new churches and monastic establishments; and, as the most advanced Anglicans were simultaneously trying to organize religious fraternities and sisterhoods, it happened that the endeavours of the former were greatly assisted by those of the latter, as in many instances the Protestant monks and nuns, probably tired of their pretences, testified a preference for the reality.

The extent of the advance of the Roman Catholic and Jesuit power in England effected by such means, is almost incredible. Its hierarchy exceeds our own in number, and still more in vigilance. It possesses one hundred and eight prelates; of churches and chapels it boasts of about *one thousand one hundred*, and sixty fraternities, *one hundred and ninety-two sisterhoods*, thirteen colleges, and forty-seven other educational institutions. The enormous increase in churches and nunneries shows in what direction the influence advanced; priests and ladies had to be provided for, and provision accordingly was made for them.

This was not effected without a prodigious expense, and hitherto no one has been able to give a satisfactory account of the source whence such an expendi-

ture could have been derived. No funds could have come from Rome, as the Pope's revenues were notoriously inadequate to his wants. The English Roman Catholics were too often called upon to make up a purse for his urgent necessities in the Pontifical States, to be able to contribute much for the increasing wants of the establishment at home. Foreign Roman Catholics, though urged to liberality by the enticing prospect of the entire conversion of heretical England, had also other demands upon them in the name of his Holiness, which, when satisfied, crippled their means of aiding in "the great work going on in England."

The principal portion is believed to have been derived from two sources. The High Church Protestants have the credit of producing a large amount. It is well known that a fashionable Puseyite clergyman is sure to be an adept in the art of drawing money from the members of his congregation; his pleas always multiply with his resources, and he is enabled to realize a surplus fund with which he can secretly, when so disposed, pave the way for his admission into the Roman Catholic and Jesuit ranks, on satisfactory, if not honourable terms.

It is also well known to many persons besides the author of "Priests, Women, and Families," that, though the direction of a woman's conscience is the legitimate ambition of every Popish priest, with him the direction of her possessions or money is generally the real object of interest. The more recent expositions of Catholic faith and doctrine and

Jesuitical delusion in France and Italy, such as "Le Maudit," "La Religieuse," and the Confessions of the Nun, Signora Caraccioli, show this most convincingly. In England it has of late years been quite as much a leading feature as elsewhere. The real aim of the Jesuit priests can also be read in their oath, as printed some years ago in Paris, a copy of which is in my possession.

If a searching inquiry could be instituted into the principal source of Roman Catholic revenue in this country, wealthy ladies would be found the largest and most frequent contributors. Perhaps the confessional helps the ghostly adviser ; but be this as it may, his penitent is made to ignore or defy the control of father or husband, and place her income at his disposal. I am, in my own circumstances, a living illustration of the fact in regard to Mrs. Berkeley.

I married a Roman Catholic, at least I then thought so, but she proved to be a Jesuit, and consequently, and for half my life, I mixed a good deal with persons of her faith, being regarded as a probable future and powerful proselyte to her Church. From my liberal toleration at home and abroad, they spoke without reserve before me, and I thus ascertained a good deal that was going on among the Puseyites as well as Papists. I was sure to hear what new converts were undergoing the process of transition, as well as what pastors were most active in bringing such stray sheep into the right fold. I heard a good deal, too, of the proceedings and nocturnal adventures of certain so-called holy fathers at Wardour Castle and in other

directions that amused me still more, though my informants seemed to regard them as by no means marvels in the reverend gentlemen's administration.

The conduct of the Jesuits towards ladies under their spiritual direction was a frequent theme between me and some young ladies; and I could sometimes scarcely restrain my indignation, even when congratulating myself that it was no affair of mine, and that I had no right to interfere.

Leaving the full relation of my Jesuit experience to a subsequent chapter, I shall here content myself with a few remarks on the development of Roman Catholic action in this country, further suggestive of a wide-spread conspiracy in a particular section of the Church of England to betray her to her subtle antagonist. "The weaker vessel," so-called, was vigorously attacked in purse and principle, and the feminine love of display acted upon by imposing spectacles, largely made up of music, flowers, and finery, and by wearing religious toys in the shape of long strings of beads, and conspicuous crosses; while the much weaker vessel was urged forward by ambition on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other, besides the possibility of absolùtion for every sort of sin, to bring into contempt the religion of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Newton, of the self-denying hero, Sir Philip Sydney, and the noble patriot, John Hampden.

The humble curate had arrayed before him the grand dignities and substantial power apparently accessible in the Church of Rome, and the mere existence of an English priest holding the position of

a cardinal appeared to point the way to him to such covetable honours.

Regarding my patrician countrywomen who have figured, or who intend to figure, in this religious movement as converts, I beg to remind them of the fate of the poor ladies of Lima. If manly gallantry, in its heroic sense, was out of the question in the conduct of priests, gratitude for extreme liberality and docility should have led to their rescue when the terrible flames threatened them on every side; instead of which, the cowards thought of nothing but their own dastardly selves and their contemptible frippery, and two thousand dupes of priestly professions were left to perish by a death too horrible for anything less cold-blooded than Jesuitical human nature to contemplate. The scoundrels hurried away from the only outlet of the building that was accessible, without an effort to save anything but themselves and the church decorations.

A remarkable occurrence was the forcibly carrying out of the kingdom of the screaming Mary Ryan, by two women dressed as nuns. It was explained that she was insane, and was being taken to an establishment in Belgium, devoted entirely to the treatment of cases of religious mania. This might have been true, but nothing was said as to the cause of the madness, nor why the sufferer could not be quite as well treated in some one of our well-conducted English asylums, as in a foreign country. It

has since been asserted that Mary Ryan has returned to England.

The attention directed to the case did some good. It suggested that the convent system produced effects, of which those most interested in maintaining it, might be desirous of keeping the world in ignorance. Roman Catholics familiar with nunneries, know that insanity is frequent in such institutions; it is manifested by the girl forced into seclusion against her will, not more than by the enthusiastic zealot driven into frenzy by religious excitement, or otherwise betrayed.

Mary Ryan's supposed abduction induced some Protestants to call for a parliamentary enquiry into the management of nunneries, which made two or three Catholic gentlemen more irate than need be, if they had no disclosure to fear. They offered to show the interior of a particular establishment of this description, but as this might be easily managed so as to betray nothing, a more thorough and impartial examination was preferred. I opposed such visitation in my place in the House of Commons.

I have heard much about convents from individuals who had enjoyed most favourable opportunities for knowing them thoroughly, and the deduction I draw from it is, that a convent is a little world out of the world, where worldly-mindedness is concentrated by the narrowness of its limits, to a degree of intensity and immunity rare in the wide, wide world without its walls.

It is my duty then to warn romantic young ladies and weary old maids, that they are likely to find a convent a delusion as well as a snare. They may, some of them, reconcile themselves to routine duties, which neither instruct nor entertain, and some few of them may be religious enthusiasts—but it is still more probable that the whole thing will prove a disappointment, and they may become weary of its monotony, and finally fall into a state of maniacal melancholy and despair.

I cannot but lament the want of zeal in the Protestant community when the enemies of their faith are so active in their antagonism. Indeed, the apathy of their lay and clerical chiefs, and the pooh-poohing of the organs of public opinion supposed to express their sentiments, when danger menaces the Church as much from within as from without, are inexplicable. The bishops every now and then make a faint or spasmodic declaration—only by way of proving, apparently, that they are not asleep upon their posts—but their use as sentinels, as guardians, as leaders of their co-religionists from whom they receive handsome incomes, is far from being apparent. Some are notoriously Puseyite, and under the suspicion of having an understanding with the active and enterprising enemy who threatens their camp—the rest are evidently afraid of making a stir against the traitors they know to be betraying their trust, and by this cowardice make themselves participators in their treason.

Mr. Whalley may not be taking, in the House of

Commons or elsewhere, the most judicious line of action for the Protestant cause, but his honesty is unimpeachable, and his courage worthy of recognition. He ought to have obtained more respect for these qualities than he has received; but the motto for all most interested in maintaining the interest of Protestantism is, "Let *ill* alone." The good ship has sprung a leak, a Popish cyclone is about to burst upon it, its stout timbers creak, its tall masts threaten to go by the board, and the word is quietly passed—to pipe all hands to their hammocks. The Jesuits, like a colony of rats, have left the sewers with which they had for a time contented themselves, and have crept into our best edifices, our private houses, and even into our churches; not only the good ship of the State is weakened to her beam ends, but the helmsman seems to have had his power prostrated. The cyclone or hurricane arises not in Popery alone; its chief power comes from the Jesuit quarter, and then gains force by carrying Popery with it, sweeping into its vortex dissenters of every denomination. Not a church, nor a chapel, nor a college in the kingdom but holds a Jesuit in disguise, the rat that gnaws at all, when though the Popish Roman Catholic of the old school knows this and regrets it, the Pope and his chiefs dare not proclaim the schism, and shake the Jesuit dust from their feet, because, if they did, the act would at once crush their favourite boast, that their Church never had but one head, and has been, and is for ever indivisible.

I cannot conclude this chapter without protesting,

as an Englishman, against the unbecoming display of priestly influence over women of rank, especially converts. However strong may be their reasons for courting retirement, they are paraded on public occasions with a want of consideration almost as brutal as the Lima massacre. The fact evidently is, that they are put forward as *decoys*, it being thought that the example of a Marchioness or a Countess quitting the Church of England for that of Rome, was too powerful on the sex not to be made available whenever it could be employed.

Display has ever been the rule of the Roman Catholic Church, and they have stolen from the State Establishment many a weak head and poor believer through the fascination of the eye. While this was going on, we the Protestant portion of the world, have lamentably neglected the discipline of our own Church, inside and out, performed our service slovenly, and lost each simple observance which rendered our prayers or our sermons more impressive.

CHAPTER XV.

MIGHT *versus* RIGHT.

Misrepresentation—Lady Berkeley prevailed upon by the complaints of her elder sons to make an attempt to establish their legitimacy—A Bill to perpetuate testimony of a supposed first marriage — Lord Eldon's remarkable judgment — Colonel Berkeley, the eldest of these sons, claims to inherit the earldom at Lord Berkeley's death — The false swearing of his witnesses before the Committee of Inquiry—Their judgment and its effects—Threats of prosecution—The mountain in labour brings forth a mouse—The pamphlet against me—Its sole author and its numerous falsehoods detected—Attempted testamentary disposition of the estates—Improper transfer of private documents.

THE grossest misrepresentation having been employed to create a prejudice against me in the public mind, because I dared to relate certain particulars of a great fraud through which it has been attempted to rob me of my birthright, my readers will, I have no doubt, allow me an opportunity of placing the facts before them in a light that must carry conviction to every one who can give them impartial consideration.

The gravest charge, apparently, that has been there put forward, is want of proper respect for my parents, because I have referred to their culpability in transactions that were proved to be criminal by

undeniable evidence before the highest tribunal in the kingdom. If I could have stated my case without reference to such transactions, I would gladly have done so; but this was impossible. It only remains for me to show who were responsible for the evil done.

As the elder sons of Lord Berkeley grew up, they became more and more conscious of the disadvantages of their position; and, after my mother's marriage, and the birth of a legitimate heir, their sense (at least of those old enough to reflect) of their degradation no doubt became intolerable. Reproaches and complaints, I have been told, were constant, and the unfortunate cause of them was made to understand that she was bound to remove their disabilities and disgrace. Being extremely fond of her first-born, and acutely sensible of the evil she considered that she had brought upon him—moreover possessed of powerful feelings unrestrained by religious education—it is evident, by the sequel, that she undertook to use all her influence to place her natural children in the position of those born in wedlock. It is natural that a woman so circumstanced should do so.

Then commenced (of course, under legal superintendence) the series of indefensible acts intended to establish a prior marriage of Lord Berkeley with Mary Cole in 1785. Some proceedings in the shape of an inquiry to establish descent took place, in the House of Lords, about the close of the century, but without any satisfactory result; but a more daring movement in the same direction was a Bill, as it was termed, filed in the Court of Chancery in the year

1800-1, having for its alleged object to perpetuate testimony confirmatory of this asserted marriage.

The case was argued before one of the shrewdest judges and soundest lawyers who had ever sat upon the woolsack—Lord Chancellor Eldon; and there is very little doubt that he penetrated the design of its promoters, notwithstanding the skill with which it was disguised. The cause will be found in Vesey's "Reports," under the title "LORD BERKELEY *v.* FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY;" the eldest of the natural sons having assumed the honorary title of the heir to the peerage, notwithstanding that my elder legitimate brother, Moreton, is so designated under my father's hand in the register of his baptism.

The plaintiffs were the four elder sons, born between the years 1786 and 1795; the defendants the two younger sons—Moreton, born 1796, and myself, born 1800—with whom were included my uncle, Admiral Berkeley, and his sons.

The bill states that my father was, under the will of Lord Berkeley of Stratton, seised *for life* of estates in Dorset, with remainder to his first and other sons "in tail male," with remainder to Admiral Berkeley *for life;* with remainder to his first and other sons "in tail male." For the purpose of raising the question as to the plaintiffs' right to perpetuate testimony, the bill proceeds to state that the first sons were considered illegitimate, the Earl and Countess not apparently having married till the 16th of May, 1796, at Lambeth, but alleges that there was a prior marriage on 30th of March, 1785, at Berkeley Church, by banns,

performed by the officiating clergyman, the Rev. J. A. Hupsman, in the presence of William Tudor and Richard Brown.

This William Tudor was subsequently proved to be William Cole, my mother's brother; the other witness to the marriage was carefully sought after, but not a trace of his existence at any time could be discovered. It was such testimony that the bill sought to perpetuate; and it further states that the second marriage was solemnized *only* as "an act of caution and prudence," the registry of the first marriage having been lost, as was then asserted, the clergyman being dead, as well as one of the witnesses, or not to be found, and that therefore there might be considerable difficulty in proving the first marriage; but that the lost entry of the banns and registry of the ceremony had recently been discovered. Such testimony was also required to be perpetuated.

The infant defendants (my brother Moreton and myself) were *not* represented by counsel, but my uncle, the Admiral, and his two sons were by two. They demurred, that is, denied that the plaintiffs had by their bill made out any case entitling them to the relief sought as against them, and when the case was argued, they remarked how "very extraordinary" it was that the bill had not been filed till after the death of Hupsman, and called attention to the equally surprising fact of there being no allegation that "Tudor," alias Cole, was either aged or infirm. The other side had very good reasons for keeping him as much in the background as possible.

On the 1st of July, 1801, Lord Eldon delivered his first judgment, in which he contented himself with pointing out the weak points of the case. "No difficulty," he said, "is alleged of examining Tudor." He added, "It is going beside the fact to examine the reason of not bringing forward the alleged illegitimacy in the life of the clergyman, who, it is alleged, celebrated the marriage. The story does not hang very well together *as to the publication of banns in the parish church*, recommended by him as *the best mode of keeping the marriage secret.*"

On the 9th of the same month, having duly considered all the points, the Lord Chancellor gave a second and final judgment in favour of the plaintiffs. This could not be avoided, as the younger children, named as defendants, were permitted to offer no opposition, and the demurrer of the others (the Admiral and his sons) was easily overruled. It is quite clear, from sentences expressed in this judgment, that Lord Eldon put no faith in the pretended first marriage. He not only exposed the absurdity of the reasons for it, but with singular prescience suggested the plot that had been devised by the promoters of the bill for the perpetuation of this precious testimony.

"I do not know," observed the Lord Chancellor, "who is the next friend of the children claiming under the second marriage, but I must say, whoever he is, *no man ever took on himself a more solemn and delicate duty.*" He adds still more forcibly, "I say this, because this bill *may be an instrument of mischief and oppression*, OR WHAT WOULD EVEN REQUIRE

A HARSHER NAME, *to the children claiming under the second marriage.*"

The person induced to take upon himself this "solemn and delicate duty" acted, as Lord Eldon apprehended he might, in collusion with the plaintiffs. Moreover, the interests of the children referred to (my brother Moreton and myself) were sacrificed by this bill, and other instruments of mischief, oppression and dishonesty.

It appears as if this penetration into their design by the astute Lord Chancellor, prevented any immediate steps being taken to profit by his decision, except the drawing up of a will, worded with extraordinary care, for the purpose of depriving the legitimate children of their inheritance, and preventing their disputing its provisions by a penal and therefore illegal clause. The eldest natural son continued to usurp the title of the legal heir, till an inquiry was instituted into his pretensions, which ended in his dropping the coveted distinction, and he had to content himself with the nominal rank of a militia colonel, by which prefix he subsequently became notorious.

This humiliation greatly exasperated Colonel Berkeley, and made him more earnest with his mother to assist him in securing the object of his ambition. At this crisis Lord Berkeley died, and as his eldest natural son claimed to succeed him in the peerage, as well as in the estates said to be settled on him by the extraordinary will just alluded to, his pretensions were referred to the consideration of a Committee of the

House of Lords—the usual judicial tribunal for trying such cases.

That my poor mother was driven into the reckless course she adopted in support of the petition of her favourite son, I do not entertain the slightest doubt—there can be as little question that everything which could be effected by great personal influence and an unlimited command of money, was freely employed to strengthen the testimony, to perpetuate which permission had been granted by the Court of Chancery to file a bill; but the weak points in the bill which Lord Eldon had pointed out, became weaker under the close scrutiny of the Committee of Inquiry. Mr. "Tudor," who then had so prudently been kept in the background, was now brought forward as a witness for the claimant, and indulged in such an extravagant display of hard swearing as led him into a tissue of irreconcilable contradictions; while others, acting under the same inspiration, followed suit.

On the other side were ranged men of the highest rank, and of the soundest principles, who could have no interest whatever in defending the cause of two children of tender years, and were well known to have been in the confidence of their father at the period of the alleged first marriage, and subsequently. With so select a jury as the noblemen who had to sift the evidence submitted to them, the attempted fraud could not escape detection: as I have already stated, two of the perjured witnesses were committed to

prison, judgment was given adverse to the first marriage (and therefore deciding the illegitimacy of the plaintiffs in the former case) accompanied by a suggestion that induced Mr. "Tudor," and his less culpable sister, my ill-advised mother, to quit the country with all possible speed.

No attempt has ever been made to disturb this judgment, though naturally enough it excited intense dissatisfaction in the defeated claimant of the earldom and the other natural sons of my father. Indeed, they have more than once, by their acts, acknowledged it as decisive, notwithstanding their assumption of legitimacy, affected contempt for the tribunal that disposed of their pretensions, and pretended confidence in the truth of the hard swearing by which these were supported.

The publication of the first volumes of my present work excited great commotion amongst the clique who had combined together to realize to the fullest extent the prophecy of Lord Eldon. Threats of prosecution were fulminated against me, and as an unsparing use of money amongst unprincipled agents had more than once before been employed to effect my ruin, I anticipated a series of similar persecutions. The promised actions for libel, however, were talked about, and that was all. The keenest of legal noses was put on the scent, but the game was not started, and one of the pack who had been most active in joining in former attempts to run me down, was obliged to satisfy his very canine feelings by yelping his resentment anywhere between Bristol and Pimlico.

Prudent counsel prevailed, and it was hoped that notwithstanding the damaging nature of the disclosure made, the disagreeable affair (to them) would blow over, if nothing were done to direct public attention to it. Consequently nothing was done. To their surprise and alarm the work rapidly increased in popularity, instead of being an affair of nine days' gossip, and month after month found its startling revelations discussed in the best society more eagerly than before, for people had really been ignorant of the true state of the case.

Now, however, it became obvious that something *ought* to be done. It was clear that before long the general impression would be, that a family conspiracy to defraud, oppress, and impoverish the legitimate heir to usurped possessions had been successfully carried out, and that opinion might be not only inconvenient to the present Lord Fitzhardinge but extremely disagreeable to his nearest connexions.

The more influential public papers continued to discuss the unpleasant subject, and the blot on the escutcheon of the usurpers became a frequent theme of conversation. The circulating libraries and booksellers were besieged. Everybody was commenting on the facts disclosed, and something *must* be done.

Mysterious hints reached me that the Bristol oracle had appeared more oracular than usual, and consequently that something was in the wind. Though blowing from that quarter, my experience assured me it was an ill wind that boded me no

good. I remained perfectly passive, not wanting poor Admiral Fitzroy to send me a forecast of the direction or intensity of the threatened storm; and hoisted neither drum nor cone.

It reached me from reliable quarters that as great secrecy was affected by my enemies, as if they were preparing an infernal machine, I must expect shortly some dreadful explosion that was to blow me and my book into complete annihilation; but of this rumour I took very little notice.

It has been my good fortune to possess disinterested friends in every grade of life. They know that by persecution I have been reduced to a condition that puts it out of my power to reward their good services; nevertheless, on an emergency, they give me an assistance that no money could purchase. On this occasion I was so well served, that notwithstanding the secrecy rigidly maintained, and the restrictions put in force to confine the knowledge of what was going on against me within secure limits, I was not only speedily made acquainted with the fact that the dreadful missile in preparation was nothing but a pamphlet, published exclusively for private circulation, but had copies transmitted to me in more than one state, as soon as printed, besides securing an identification of the author's handwriting.

The first copy that was forwarded possessed on the top of the left hand side of the title-page, an announcement that it was printed exclusively for "private circulation." I was well aware that the

most jealous care had been taken to keep me in ignorance of its composition, therefore I did not require this evidence of its having been printed behind my back. The title was—"Reply to some Passages in a book entitled 'My Life and Recollections, by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.' By the other Surviving Sons of the late Earl and Countess of Berkeley." Then follows a motto taken from a newspaper article—"On Foolish Things"—which every impartial reader must acknowledge to be singularly appropriate to the pamphlet of my foes.

It is necessary, in the first place, to point out the assumption in the title. In the last page, four names are placed as signatures, the last *only* "Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge Berkeley"—unquestionably the legal successor to the earldom, is the son of the Earl *and Countess* of Berkeley; the rest, by a decree of the highest legal tribunal in the country, after a long and careful investigation, were pronounced illegitimate, by the verdict that the marriage of their mother before their birth, had *not been proved*—the usual form of an adverse sentence. It is sufficient to point out this open defiance of a judgment that not one of them has ventured or could venture, to dispute legally.

The first paragraph, after repeating the falsehood on the title, lets the little world of its readers know that, having had their attention *called* to my work, and *seeing, with deep pain*, what they are pleased to term misrepresentations and calumnies heaped upon the memories of their father and mother, these,

their sons, "feel compelled by a sense of public duty," to refute the "foul slanders," and vindicate the characters of their parents.

The alleged misrepresentations, calumnies, and foul slanders are words that cost the three concocters of the pamphlet nothing to write, and are as imaginary as their pretended deep pain and sense of public duty. If they were so sensitive respecting their mother's reputation as they now profess to be, they ought long before this to have made some effort to refute the charges against her, published in the official report of the trial I have mentioned. Instead of this, not one of them ever raised a finger in her behalf, or expended a shilling in her defence.

The elder, Colonel Berkeley, when his attempt to gain admission into the House of Peers failed, overwhelmed his mother, as well as his inferior agents, with reproaches for their clumsiness and stupidity. He remained content with the ill-acquired advantages or arrangements that robbed the offspring of the *only* marriage; and, afterwards by accepting the titles the Whig Government bartered for his votes in the House of Commons, tacitly consented to the judgment that had condemned his unfortunate mother to failure and disgrace.

After his death, his next brother, when made Baron Fitzhardinge,* followed his example; and their surviving younger brothers, Augustus and Henry, there is no doubt, would do the same if they had a chance. It is within my knowledge

that while their mother was alive they treated her with so little regard that she more than once complained to me of their unfilial conduct. Their pretence, therefore, of deep pain and sense of public duty in her behalf may fairly be taken as unadulterated fudge. I have letters on this subject, but a terror-stricken injunction not to publish, has been served on me !

The Pamphleteer reiterates his pretended belief that Thomas Moreton, the present Earl of Berkeley, is not the Earl of Berkeley, and that he and his illegitimate brothers, in their consciences, heaven save the mark! *believe him not to be so.* Then if *he is not, who is? They can't be,* and *I must be!*

And here one word in passing. I have found that, in society, secret and designing and *despicably false* enemies to me, have been asserting among my friends, to prevent their reading my book and so obtaining a knowledge of the truth, that in that book I make terrible allegations against my mother when I have quoted against her only such things as were sworn to before the House of Lords, which quotation from the official report was absolutely necessary to elucidate matters, and to prove the enormity of the position so tyrannically assumed by the illegitimate sons.

After a good deal of abusive verbiage about my actually revelling in an "unnatural and ghastly task," the other surviving sons of *Lady Berkeley* (a delusion with three of them) assure the world, they were advised that by a right-feeling public my book would

be correctly judged, and the author duly appreciated. And so I hope they have been. The "Times" review was, except a trifling error, remarkably correct; and overlooking one or two insignificant journals, I have no reason to complain of the judgment of the press. As for appreciation, it is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea of the kind marks of favour and interest I have received since the publication of my first two volumes.

The author of the pamphlet then thinks it time to commence his promised refutation, and quotes what he calls a "foul story" which they—that is, he—meet by a solemn declaration of their conviction of its falsehood, averring that "the evidence before the House of Lords affords *no foundation for it.*" My reply is, that my authority for the statement is the same Lord Berkeley whom they profess to "believe devoutly," and that it was sworn to by a clergyman of the Church of England, one of the most intimate of my father's friends, and will be found in the official report of the evidence.*

That this impudent statement in the pamphlet was known by the author to be false, is clear from the fact that it appeared *only* in the edition prepared for "private circulation"—that is, for friends and hangers-on, who could be easily imposed upon; hence the necessity of keeping it from my perusal. Nevertheless, in the public edition sent to the newspapers, put forth when it was found that I had got hold of the private one, the "foul story" becomes a "foul asser-

* See examination of the Rev. John Chapeau.

tion," and the writer affects to "turn with disgust" from the subject. I am in possession of documentary evidence which proves that he treated my mother during her life with a shameful disregard of even common respect, and the same as regarded both the late and the present Lord Fitzhardinge.

The second refutation can be as easily disposed of. It is prefaced by the declaration that "they simply desire to give to the world [their particular friends] their united testimony as against that of their brother;" ignoring the whole of the overwhelming evidence brought forward at the too notorious trial.

In one of my early chapters I referred to a machine that I, during my childhood, regarded with a certain amount of mystery, the reasons for which I explained. This explanation is pronounced as "most astounding." The writer then states that it was a machine invented for copying letters, more properly speaking for writing a duplicate with the original—which is exactly what I thought it was. Some persons might sagaciously conclude that if it could be made to copy an entire letter, it might give as faithful a *fac-simile* of any other document or signature, or any material portion of one.

It may be all very well for those who have profited by the proceedings, of which a part only was disclosed at this celebrated trial, to aver their conviction that what, after careful examination by competent judges, was deemed forgery and perjury, was "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Nevertheless, unprejudiced individuals will

always endorse the forecast of the wise Lord Eldon respecting other "instruments of mischief, oppression, or what would even require a harsher name."

In the pamphlet printed for the newspapers, the writer also has the assurance to affirm that the registry of the alleged first marriage of Lord Berkeley was *discovered* on the 7th of March, 1779, and that it was a fact "proved beyond question." It was *a notorious fraud*, and so stigmatized by the adverse judgment. *This* paragraph is *not* in the first or private edition.

He then alleges that I shared the belief of the family in the first marriage, till within a comparatively recent period. The truth is that I resolved never to annoy my mother, and out of regard for her feelings always did what I knew to be most agreeable to her. Now that she is no more and I have a son grown up who looks to me to support his legal claims in succession to the Berkeley Peerage and estates, I am bound to do my utmost while I live to establish his legitimate rights; and if in so doing I disclose the most remarkable conspiracy on record, the culpability must rest with those who planned, carried out, and profited by it.

The writer of this "Reply" then states that the natural sons of the late Lord Berkeley claim the right "to be entitled to the rank of an earl's sons," and to place the prefix "Honourable" before their names. They all, however, know, that in the face of the judgment of the House of Peers, they dare not

attempt to support such claim in any court of law in the kingdom ; moreover, they are equally aware that if the proper officer of the College of Arms could exert his authority, they would be forced to place *the bar sinister* on their escutcheon.

He next quotes a *private* letter of mine, he had the less right to produce, because I have been served with injunctions from the Court of Chancery to prevent my publishing letters that would strengthen my case against the writer and prove his duplicity. This document, however, is simply a proof of my conciliatory spirit towards the usurper of my brother's birthright, to whom I stand next in succession; and my deference to my mother's feelings. My wife had used visiting cards inscribed "Mrs. Berkeley," which name this writer asserts "belonged to the wife of one of her husband's elder brothers." Thereupon Colonel Berkeley (the author of the pamphlet adds) wrote me a remonstrance, it was a very mild one, "on such unseemly conduct." The fact is, that my poor mother, who was very touchy on anything likely to cause even a passing reference to the trial in the House of Lords, made a great stir about this trivial matter, and to avoid annoying her, I permitted the affair to end by my telling Colonel Berkeley, "I have ordered the stamp, the cards, and all to be put in the fire." My published letter, I think, speaks for itself.

This, it should be borne in mind, occurred as far back as the year 1826—*forty years since!* No one could expect me to indorse such sentiments *now*,

when the poor soul who withheld me from doing so is no more.

The author of the pamphlet, after quoting this communication, asks, "Had he not believed in the legitimacy of all his family, where was the necessity—in fact, the propriety—of this letter?" I can safely leave my reader to answer this idle question.

It is in my power to produce many additional instances, were they necessary, of my readiness tacitly to follow, during her lifetime, my poor mother's wishes that Colonel Berkeley should be regarded as the head of the family; but after he had, in league with an abandoned woman, who had a spite against me, employed his usurped wealth to hurl me from a political position, my mother being dead—after he had employed every available means to blast my character and ruin my prospects—it is asking too much to expect that I should refrain from disclosing facts that have subsequently come to my knowledge, respecting the atrocious series of acts by means of which he attained his bad eminence, and, on the part of myself and my son, connive at the loss of our birthright.

The cause of my reserve has long been removed, I hope, by the infinite mercy of God, to a better world; but he who succeeded to Colonel Berkeley's ill-got gains, and refused to liquidate my pecuniary claims on his elder brother, and those who have joined with him in keeping me too poor to contest my rights, are responsible with the original culprit for the heinous wrong done to my only brother,

Moreton (rightly the Earl of Berkeley), and next, to myself and son as his successors.

So hard is the writer of the pamphlet driven for apparent support of his case, that he absolutely quotes as authorities *Dr. Maginn!* and his counsel in my trial against Fraser; and in a note puts my counsel right on a point of law, because he had said that my elder brother, Moreton, had abstained "from assuming the honour adjudged to him by one of the highest tribunals in the land."

It is a good joke, perhaps, to instruct Lord Chelmsford in his profession, but perfectly characteristic of one who treats with assumed contempt the decisions of Lord Eldon and the other distinguished law lords, who shared in the judgment of the House of Lords, *nem. con.* It is admitted that my conduct in respect to Dr. Maginn "was a source of comfort" to my mother; exactly what I intended it to be; as, being desirous of not committing Miss Landon's reputation in the quarrel, I made his aspersions on the former as well as on the present Duchess of Grafton, then Lady Euston, the ostensible provocation.

Again, great stress is laid upon an alleged signature of Lord Berkeley to a dying declaration, and of its supposed endorsement by the Prince Regent; but even allowing such document to be more genuine than others brought forward by Colonel Berkeley, notoriously unreliable, they are perfectly useless in the face of the judgment of the House of Lords. This declaration, by the way, was *rejected* by the claimant's counsel, for sufficient reasons—to quote it

now is but another instance of the pamphleteer's facility in catching at straws. I am in possession of the secret history of this precious document, but further exposure is surely totally unnecessary.

In the edition intended for the newspapers the following paragraph has been interpolated:—

"Mr. Grantley Berkeley has, in regard to these matters, made assertions as false and as easily detected [not one has been disproved] as his wicked invention of *witnessing his parents' attempts at forgery* [this is a gross exaggeration] of a register, which was *proved* to be in existence before their dutiful and imaginative child was born." A reference to the trial will satisfy any one that the document was a forgery.

In the edition for the newspapers, a page and a half is here introduced of idle comment on my not adhering to a strict sequence of dates in my narrative, an arrangement which the division of my chapters into subjects sometimes interfered with; but the statement therein amplified that I "invented a conspiracy," the object of which was to induce my elder brother, Moreton, to sign deeds disposing of my rights and his own, when a minor, must go for exactly what it is worth. There was no necessity for adding, in italics, that *minors are incapable of executing deeds.* My concern in the "palpable falsehood" and "audacity" may be judged by the following extract from p. 15 of the private pamphlet, and p. 18 of the public one:—

"As regards the Stratton Estates, to which he

refers, Mr. Moreton Berkeley was advised [who advised him?] that the property in them was, if he was his father's eldest legitimate son [which the judgment in the House of Peers left without a doubt] vested in him as tenant in tail, and after having *barred the entail, he conveyed them to his eldest brother.*"

Here is an absolute acknowledgment that my brother, a little time left for decency's sake, as soon as he could execute a deed, was prevailed upon—having no legal adviser of his own—to sign away his own rights and mine, as far as he could do, in favour of Colonel Berkeley. This is what I suspected, from Moreton's admissions at the time, though the fact had been kept carefully concealed from me by those who profited by the transaction.

In the private edition *only* there is a sentence (p. 14) stating that after the death of the late Earl Fitzhardinge the present Baron Fitzhardinge "offered to release Mr. Moreton Berkeley from *all deeds* he had signed, and to reinstate him in the position he would have held but for those deeds."

This is an absolute admission that many deeds had been signed by my brother that caused him to forfeit his legal position—*exactly as I stated.*

After providing me with this extraordinary confirmation of my allegations, the writer of the pamphlet, in both editions, has the hardihood to aver that "Mr. Grantley Berkeley's wrongs are imaginary." I have been persecuted in every way that might prevent me from establishing the rights of myself and my

son—and yet this pamphleteer asserts I yet have no substantial ground of complaint!

I must not pass over another delusive assertion. "Mr. Grantley Berkeley's two sons are in the entail of the Berkeley Castle estates, and the Stratton estates, and *barring issue of the sons of the present lord*, they will inherit both properties." In the will of the late Earl Fitzhardinge (Colonel Berkeley), the entire family property—that is, the Berkeley Castle and London estates—is entailed, as far as the testator could entail it, on the present Baron Fitzhardinge and his sons, and on *their* sons, should they have any. Failing such male issue, then upon Augustus Berkeley and *his* sons, should he have other than the one in existence, who being of weak intellect is to inherit an annuity only. Mr. Henry Berkeley (the author of the pamphlet), to show the testator's appreciation of his worth, is *totally omitted;* but his sons, if born in wedlock, are also placed in the entail. In consequence of the intention maintained for many years by the testator to prevent my having the means to dispute the usurpation of the illegitimate issue of my father, as well as to punish me for resisting so successfully the attempt made to deprive me of my seat in Parliament, I also am passed over. *Then*, my sons are named in the succession, a contingency of very little value to the survivor were he obliged to be content with it.

Finally, the pamphleteer ends with another attempt to create a prejudice against me, by asserting that my father and mother were the kindest of parents, and that what I have stated about them is "as

unprovoked and uncalled for as it is unchristian, unfilial, foul and false" in the private edition; "unchristian, unfilial and untrue," in the public one.

It is very proper of them, doubtless, to express their gratitude for what was attempted to be done to elevate them from the degradation of natural children; but their opinion of me is gratuitous, and after a perusal of this my answer to their "Reply," must strike the unprejudiced reader as suggestive only of "second childishness, and mere oblivion." At any rate, it must be admitted, that the propriety of the reference to "Foolish Things" on the title-page, has been fully made out by the production to which its supposed authors have appended their names.

As a man fond of the best society and capable of maintaining his own anywhere, as I trust I have been and am, as a gentleman and a sportsman, what becomes of the assertion, that "I have no wrongs to complain of," when by persecution my income is reduced so low that I cannot afford a lodging in town for the season, nor maintain a horse in my stable on whose back to share in my best-beloved sport of all, the chase of a gallant fox. The late Lord Fitzhardinge declared to me that if I disputed his pleasure, he would ruin me, goods and body. I am ground down to comparative poverty by the persecutions he commenced against me; but no power on earth could force me to yield one jot of the rights of my own birth, or forget that, in addition to my own, the right of my son, alas my only son now! has to be defended.

With the object of proving that I am very far from

being as singular in my conviction that I am the next heir to the Berkeley Peerage, after my elder brother Moreton (the existing earl), as the pamphleteer wishes it to be believed, I add here what has been stated on the subject by some of the leading organs of public opinion.

Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1811, p. 85.—"In consequence of the decision of the House of Lords, the four eldest sons of the late earl are passed over, and the title devolves upon *the fifth son, who was the first born in wedlock*, viz., Thomas Moreton Fitzharding, *now* Earl of Berkeley."

Wade's British History Chronologically Arranged, p. 697, 1811.—"June 28. The House of Lords disallowed the claim of William Fitzharding Berkeley to the Berkeley Peerage. By this decision the four eldest sons of the late earl were declared *illegitimate*, and the title devolved upon the fifth son, Thomas Moreton Fitzharding, *the* first born in wedlock."

Annual Register for 1811, pp. 263-5.—"THE BERKELEY CAUSE.—No trial during the present year engrossed so great a share of the public attention as that conducted before the House of Lords respecting the legitimacy of the eldest sons of the late Lord Berkeley. The printed evidence on this matter is too voluminous to admit of even an abridged view of it in this place; but from the most material parts of it we shall select such particulars as may serve to give an idea of the principal circumstances on which the decision was founded.

"On the death of the Earl of Berkeley in 1810, it

became a question which of his sons was entitled to be called to the House of Peers as successor to his father in his dignities. From common report an opinion prevailed that the four eldest sons had been born before the marriage of the deceased lord to their mother, the present countess, but this lady averred that although the public solemnization of their marriage took place subsequently to the birth of these children, yet that there had been a concealed marriage previous to their births ; and to prove the truth of this assertion, an entry, presumed to be from the parish register of Berkeley, was produced, which, it was said, for certain reasons of Lord Berkeley, had been written on a leaf detached from the rest of the register, and pasted down in the book to be produced when required. It is to be observed, that the Countess of Berkeley was the daughter of a person in mean circumstances in Gloucestershire, who by her beauty had attracted the notice of his lordship, and who certainly had lived many years with him in the ostensible character of a mistress.

"The clergyman said to have officiated at the secret marriage, a Mr. Hupsman, was dead; and besides his name, and those of the parties themselves, no signature appeared to the register except that of W. Tudor, brother to the lady (who had assumed that name instead of his paternal name of Cole), and the mark of one Barnes, who could not be found. Besides this register, the date of which was the 30th of March, 1785, there was produced a register of the publication of banns between the parties in November and De-

cember, 1784, signed by the same clergyman. The direct evidence of the marriage lay in a small compass. Lady Berkeley swore that the name of Elizabeth Cole, affixed to the register, was her handwriting, and William Tudor swore the same respecting his signature, and both swore that they were written at the time when the marriage was solemnized.

"The business was brought forward in the House of Lords at so early a period of the session, on the petition of William Fitzharding Berkeley, stating himself to be the eldest son and heir apparent of the late Earl of Berkeley, and therefore entitled to succeed him in his honours and dignities. As it was known that the Earl had been publicly married in May, 1796, to the present Countess, and the son of that marriage, born in October, 1796, being a minor, the House addressed the Prince Regent to appoint one of the law officers of the Crown to take care of his interest; and the cause being brought on, the Solicitor-General and Mr. Harrison attended on his behalf, while Mr. Serjeant Best, Sir Samuel Romilly, and Mr. A. Moore acted as counsel for the claimant.

"The mass of evidence produced went to prove that the alleged publication of banns in 1784, and marriage in 1785, *could not possibly have taken place.* It was proved that Lord Berkeley, *in his own handwriting*, minuted the form in which the baptism of his children by Lady Berkeley, then living with him under the name of Miss Tudor, should be registered, which, before 1796, was uniformly as the *illegitimate* children of the Earl of Berkeley and Elizabeth Cole:

that his lordship, in obtaining a licence for his marriage in 1796, *swore himself to be a bachelor*, and in the affidavit Mary Cole was denominated a *spinster*, and that in the minute for the baptism of the child [Thomas Moreton Berkeley], his lordship, *in his own handwriting* termed him *Lord Dursley, son of the Earl and Countess of Berkeley.*

"The life of her ladyship was traced from the death of her father, through various services to one which she did not quit till the end of December, 1784, and evidence was adduced to show that she was *not* acquainted with his lordship till late in 1785. The name of Augustus Thomas Hupsman, signed to the registry of marriage, was declared to be *not like* his handwriting, and the rest of the registry was *proved to be in the handwriting of Lord Berkeley.*

"Witnesses also attested that William Tudor did *not* go by that name till March, 1785, but assumed it after that period. The attestations of persons intimate in the family of Lord Berkeley, that Miss Tudor, prior to the marriage in 1796, was *never* considered as Lady Berkeley, were numerous; and the depositions of some witnesses went so far as a *disavowal* on the part of Lord Berkeley, *and even of Lady Berkeley*, of being married *previously to that time.*

"The testimony of all the most precise and important, was that of the Marquis of Buckingham, given, as he asserted, with great pain to himself, and only in obedience to the orders of the House. He had long lived in confidential habits with Lord Berkeley, and he deposed that his lordship had at various times

communicated to him the circumstances of his living with a person, the mother of children by him, to whom he was *not* married. Lord Berkeley had often pressed him to accept the office of guardian to these children, in case of his death, which he had uniformly declined, assigning their *illegitimacy* as a reason. Lord Berkeley mentioned, as a matter that dwelt much on his mind, that from the circumstances of his family, the castle and honour of Berkeley would, probably, after his death be severed from the title, and not go to his brother, Admiral Berkeley; and he at length suggested to the Marquis a plan for preventing this separation, which was—that a daughter of his, one of those illegitimate children (then a young child), should marry the son of the Admiral, in which case he should settle the castle and honour of Berkeley upon that marriage. To an objection that probably a daughter, so educated as this was likely to be, would not be approved as a wife to the Admiral's son, Lord B. replied, that Mrs. Berkeley, the Admiral's wife, might take the young lady, and educate her herself. The Marquis was empowered to make this proposition, which came to nothing, the daughter soon after dying. This conversation took place in the end of 1792 or the beginning of 1793.

"The Marquis further deposed to his belief that the words in the register of marriage of 1785 annexed to the mark of Richard Barnes, and also the signature, Augustus Thomas Hupsman, *were written by Lord Berkeley;* and his evidence, in confirmation of

so *many* others, decided the House of Lords to pronounce *nem. dis.* the judgment, 'That the claimant, William Fitzharding Berkeley, had not made good his claim to the titles, &c., of Earl of Berkeley." This determination of consequence sets aside the *pretended marriage* in 1785, and *illegitimates* the children born before 1796."

To show that I have not exaggerated in my account of Lord Berkeley's testamentary disposition of his property as affected by undue influence, to enrich the illegitimate children at the expense of those born in wedlock, I subjoin the following reliable statement from so respectable an authority as *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 81, part ii., p. 84.

"The will of the late Earl of Berkeley is dated August 31, 1810, and was proved by Mary, Countess of Berkeley. It comprises nearly eighty sheets, and appears to have been drawn up with considerable caution and circumspection. To his eldest [natural] son, described at the time as Lord Dursley, he gives personal property of the value of from £30,000 to £40,000. To Augustus, Francis, Thomas, George, and Craven, £700 per annum each, besides £5000 each on their respectively attaining the age of twenty-one years. To Mary, Caroline, and Emily, £400 per annum each till married, and if married *with the consent of their mother*, then £100,000 each! Again, upon her attaining the age of twenty-one, £200 per annum more till married, and upon *their mother's death*, £500 per annum till married. All the fore-

going to be charged on the Berkeley estates, in the county of Gloucester.

"To Lord Dursley, the eldest [natural] son, Berkeley Castle, in the county of Gloucester, for life, with remainder to his heirs (male) for ever; on failure of heirs, to the other sons in succession, and failing them, to the daughters and their issue; and failing them, to his brother (Admiral Berkeley) and his heirs. His estates in the county of Sussex are bequeathed to his [natural] son, Maurice and his issue male, which failing, he gives to the third [natural] and other sons down to Craven, and failing them, then to his daughters and their issue for ever.

"It is provided that if the Sussex estate should devolve to the possessor of the Gloucestershire estate, that then the interest to such possessor shall terminate as to the said Sussex estate, which is made a remainder over. The paintings, plate, china, and household furniture of Berkeley Castle, together with those of Cranbrook [Cranford] in Middlesex, to descend as heir-looms: *but all the other personal property therein to rest for ever in the Countess Berkeley.*

"There are powers given to children possessing real estates, to make settlements. *A like power to the Countess to devise annuities* not exceeding a sum limited, and *also* a devise *to her* of £1000 immediately, and £2000 per annum for life, charged on the Gloucestershire estates, together with the estates in Middlesex for life, Lugs Farm for life; and leasehold house in Spring Gardens for life, and she is

made residuary legatee to all the rest, residue, and remainder of his property for ever.

"It concludes with a solemn declaration of the legitimacy of Lord Dursley, the eldest illegitimate son, and finally *disinherits* all and every of the children who presume to dispute his title and legitimacy."

The solemn declaration—a legal expedient towards establishing the wrong to the real heirs attempted by this instrument—was treated as it deserved to be by the judgment of 1811, and the equally formidable threat which follows it did not there meet with more respect. It is to such a declaration that the writer of the pamphlet against me refers with such extreme gravity, though he must be perfectly well aware of its fallacious character; and every unprejudiced person, that is, every one not having any personal desire to give a false colour to transactions long settled by the highest tribunal in the land, must be aware that not only *is* the succession to the ancient title *finally established*, but the very fact of the final clause in the will alluded to, to an immense extent, invalidates the designs of the testator, and affords to the rightful successor a considerable ground whence to frustrate, perhaps, the most iniquitous designs that were ever put in force against a child, such as I was, when but one year old, at which age the persecutions began. Lord Eldon's opinion on this matter has long been known, while I, at the same time, am well aware of the opinions respecting it of the late Marquis of Buck-

ingham and my late uncle, Admiral Sir George Berkeley. Were that sealed packet to be opened, lately got possession of by Mr. Grenville Berkeley from the hands of Lady Seaford, and in the event of its not having been tampered with, I feel convinced that in it would be found startling evidence on the peerage against his brother, my father, which he abstained from giving before the House of Lords, out of deference to his brother's wishes. Directions were left by Admiral Sir George Berkeley, that the above-mentioned packet was to be kept intact until an attempt should be made by the illegitimate sons to deprive those born in wedlock of their rights; and in truth and justice, and in simple accordance with those directions, that sealed packet should have been opened long ago. The moment that I heard of its being delivered up to Mr. Grenville Berkeley (that cousin of mine who, at the bidding of the late Lord Fitzhardinge and his mistress, Mrs. Barker, crept forward at the memorable contest for the western division of Gloucestershire, described in a preceding chapter of my memoirs, in a vain attempt to unseat me) I wrote to Lady Seaford reminding her of her father's sealed packet and directions; stating that as I had been told the packet had been taken to Cranford, and committed to the tender mercies of the present Lord Fitzhardinge and Mr. Henry Berkeley, I demanded of her its recall, and, if not too late, that it should now be opened in presence of persons appointed on either side the question. Lady Seaford being the only

person enabled to state whether or not the seals had been broken since the packet had fallen into such suspicious hands. As usual, in this matter, she refused to render me simple justice, or to see that the desire of her deceased father was carried out, according to his death-bed directions.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JESUITS AT BEACON LODGE.

A trying position—My relations with the Jesuits—Mrs. Berkeley prevails on me to allow my younger son to be educated in her own faith—My eldest son's religious opinions tampered with—Lord Fitzhardinge's remarkable opinion—My eldest son proclaims himself a Jesuit—The youngest returns to the Established Church—A pretended convert—Who becomes Mrs. Berkeley's goddaughter and companion—My unexpected return home—I find my house in process of being "looted"—I turn the pretended convert out of it—Mrs. Berkeley insists on leaving it with her—Charges brought against me in the Consistory Court abandoned, and my property restored—Discovery of a Jesuit plot—Secret correspondence of priests.

WHEN a man writes his biography he is supposed to narrate the chief occurrences of his life, and a detailed account of interesting events which have come within his knowledge, either through commune with his elders, who were conversant with things happening just previous to or during his childish days, or from his own immediate and personal recollections.

My position, as to the biographical or lifetime view of it, may be regarded not only as an isolated one, but one most difficult to deal with, because those offending against me are peculiarly mixed up with the extraordinary circumstances of my life, and are related to me by birth or otherwise.

It is, therefore, not only painful to, but it is also beneath, me, to deal in harsh expressions, or even to bring to light the folly or faults of those who, could I have been permitted to obey the promptings of my heart, would ever have been the nearest and the dearest to it.

There is a time, though, in the course of some events, when the limits of forbearance can be passed, and when indifference becomes a sin, and that time in regard to my position in the Berkeley Peerage has arrived; it has been hastened by every species of tyrannical, and even wanton, aggression.

No man, in the formation of his biography, perhaps, has had it in his power to lay the lash on the Jesuits so severely as I have, and, no doubt, I have, to some extent, used it with an unsparing hand; but here again, as in the interests of the Peerage, I am restrained from my connexion with those who unhappily are Jesuits, from giving to that order the full measure of its well-deserved punishment.

In speaking against the Jesuits, let the reader remember that my just anger arises from no sectarian feelings, from no dislike engendered by difference of religion and from no illiberal sentiments as to the free exercise of conscience.

I commenced my political career on the score of conscience, by dividing in the House of Commons on that matter with O'Connell and my lamented friend the late Duke of Norfolk, and when Mrs. Berkeley applied to me, as we had no daughter, to permit

her, for her comfort and happiness, to educate my youngest son in her own persuasion, at that time I knew not the difference between Jesuit and Roman Catholic, nor that she belonged to the former Order; I at once granted her request, with the expressed and direct understanding that I did so simply with a view to her happiness, and that on no account whatever must the religious education of my eldest son be in any way tampered with.

In order to keep him a Protestant I sent him to a most strictly orthodox school, kept by Dr. Lyon, at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, and trusted to retain him in my own faith.

It was not long, however, before the Jesuit guile began covertly to show its slime upon the walls, and I observed that things were not going on to please me. A full and ample proof of this there came immediately before me in the request from my eldest son to become, as he called it, a Roman Catholic, and to secede from the Established Church.

Knowing how really vain would be all direct or violent opposition to this, to me, detestable request, I confined myself to remonstrances, in which the late Lord Fitzhardinge joined me, telling me, in rather a *remarkable* way *considering what has since passed*, "to impress upon Swinburne," among other things, "the detriment it would be to him in his own county, Gloucestershire, if at any time he wished to be one of its representatives in Parliament, or in future years, when then at the head of our family."

All that could be said by reasoning and common

sense I firmly urged against my son's abandonment of the faith in which he had been brought up, while at the same time I told him, that the safety of a man's soul, when he came of age to judge for himself, was his own affair, and though I deeply lamented his being what he termed a Roman Catholic, however sorry I might be, still this would not induce me to take any violent course, nor interrupt my affectionate relations with him. The result was, as soon as he came of age, he became *a Jesuit.*

Then came a very extraordinary occurrence; the moment the eldest abandoned his religion, the youngest son, unasked and in no way interfered with or tampered with by the clergy of our Established Church, seeing of himself all the duplicity and mischievous tendency of the Jesuit doctrines, and having gained an insight into their unscrupulous designs, at once came back to the Church from which he had been taken at the earnest request of his mother, and in that faith he continues to the present day.

By this brief reference to facts, I have shown, perhaps, sufficient to convince every reader, that for an important period of my life, my opinions in matters of religion were of the most liberal kind, and that it is from no feeling of bigotry that I have since become, and still remain, resolute in my denunciation of Jesuitical practices.

For thirty years of my life I lived in a happy home, and I could call on every female relative I have in the world, from my sisters to my cousins, from Lady Sefton to many other ladies of my

acquaintance, who knew me and my home well, to show how I spoke of and how I wrote of all that belonged to me.

This state of things went on till nearly the summer of 1860, when a female of doubtful antecedents having got into the extraordinary position of companion, as well as director of all Mrs. Berkeley's actions, and obtained a residence in her house, became, as she asserted, a convert from the Established Church to the Jesuit faith, or rather Jesuit establishment, through the conversations and teachings of Mrs. Berkeley; and this in Jesuitical "parlance" made Mrs. Berkeley her "godmother." This pleased her, Mrs. Berkeley, more than it is possible for any sensible person to imagine.

I am not going to enter into minute details. Heaven knows I would that these things had never been; but must explain. Having been called to town on business on Tuesday, 24th of July, leaving everything in its usual comfortable state, I returned on Thursday, the 26th, a day before I was expected, and found my house "looted," (that is the mildest term I can use for its appearance then,) all my most valuable things either packing up, packed up, or gone, and the whole place in disorder and confusion. Pretty state of things this for a man who had resided quietly for nearly thirty years in that pleasant home.

Passing over the indignities to which I was subjected, with no offenders of whose existence I was at the time aware but two women, the victim and the victimiser, —and therefore with no foe with whom I could deal,

and the whole thing being at the moment totally inexplicable to me, the conviction gradually forced itself upon my mind that I owed it all to the pretended convert. On finding this to be the case I turned her out of the house, when, on her becoming aware of the necessity of her departure, Mrs. Berkeley declared that she would accompany her. Of course I could successfully have resisted this, but with women it is beneath any man to be violent, so I contented myself with reasoning on the error of such a proceeding, and warning her that if she persisted against my will, as it certainly was, to leave my house in such society, the hour might come when I should no longer have any desire to associate with one who did not wish to stay with me, and then it would be too late to retrieve the false step that had been taken.

My last words were, that if within a short space of time, she repented of her unwarrantable proceeding, and would abandon her Jesuitical godchild or convert, she had only to apply to me, and I would at once treat her with kindness, generosity, and forgiveness; but that if she continued in such society, then I might perhaps feel myself bound to force her to return, not on account of any pleasure to me to be derived from her society, but to rescue her from duplicity and an objectionable position.

Then followed that extraordinary case as it was laid before the public in the Consistory Court, where all sorts of charges were made against me, without, as the result proved, the slightest foundation. Subsequently one day while at West Wycombe Park, Mr. Mason,

Mrs. Berkeley's solicitor, came down there, and told me that they were, though I might consider it at the eleventh hour, ready to abandon all they had alleged, and "throw themselves on my forbearance and generosity;" the terms I had first of all suggested, if they were still open to acceptance. I then repeated the terms, with some slight additions to them, in respect to property taken away. Mr. Mason saw them fully and fairly complied with, and so far ended that portion of the Jesuit plot.

It now behoves me to go back to the week on which my house was looted, to show the extent of that culpable transaction. The design was, in those few days of my absence, to carry away all my furniture, books, plate, and any removable thing, and to dispose of the greater portion by a hurried sale; and, in addition, "*to deprive me of half my fortune, and to cast upon me all debts.*" These words in italics are in the handwriting of the advising Jesuit priest, and written for the guidance of Mrs. Berkeley.

On tracing portions of my property to London, I found the furniture and pictures already sent for sale by auction, and my plate chest, linen chest, and a great number of valuable books and other property lodged at the Pantechnicon, not in the name of Mrs. Berkeley, but in the name and as the property of, the female convert. Of course upon everything I put a detainer, and eventually all was returned to me free of expense.

Then it was, that after doing what I could to rescue

heirlooms, and the collection of a life, from dispersion by public sale, I had time while preparing to quit Beacon Lodge—the home of twenty years, which I had permitted Mrs. Berkeley herself to select, and of which I thought her almost as fond as the one we had at Harrold—to search all chests of drawers, and see all things duly packed for removal. In Mrs. Berkeley's room my notice was directed to two drawers, one of which contained withered branches of supposed palm, and these had or seemed to have been slightly turned over in some confusion, as if a person had been looking for more valuable property. They had assisted to conceal letters, and induced the conviction that the receptacle contained nothing but rubbish. This drawer had thus been passed over by the so-called god-daughter.

In this drawer I found nearly one hundred letters from the Jesuit and advising priest, and from other priests, the former giving that counsel I have before alluded to; and by the dates of his correspondence, it was clear that he had been urging Mrs. Berkeley for some years in vain, until the appearance of the female convert, who then gained sufficient influence over her victim to make her take the advice she had so long and continuously resisted.

The other letters consisted of thanks for gifts, either of provisions, wine, ale, or porter; but among the most remarkable of these was one from a priest at Lymington, returning thanks for an unlimited order for flys and drivers from the Angel Hotel, whenever or wheresoever he thought fit to have himself or his

friends driven; and one from another priest for an unlimited order to draw on Mrs. Berkeley for whatever sums of money he chose, in short, to make her his banker. These letters, as well as others from convents abroad and at home, laid before me such a course of discreditable greediness, as, unless vouched for in the handwriting of the parties concerned, I never should have believed.

It is in my power to show up the Jesuitical system of priestcraft still more, and to lay before my readers the apology of the chief offender, which his Superior and Grand Provincial, made him address to me, and which I retain in my possession, although I refused to accept it; but in mercy to their poor dupe, as well as to my readers, I abstain from lashing their backs, bare as the nature of their correspondence has exposed them.

The letters of one of them, the worst of the lot—the fellow had once been a Grand Provincial—are amusing, for when he attempts to be witty, and to teach a mother how she should suggest to her son winning ways of courtship, by which to engage a desirable wife of the Romish faith, and how he should get off with a Protestant old love before he was on with the new, suggests the awkward movements of a vulgar clown at a court ball, or an unwieldy ox at play. For the sake of the victim of these impostors I would willingly have refrained from all notice of this very remarkable event in my life, but in justice to Protestant families into which the Jesuits may hereafter introduce a female pretending

conversion to the established faith, in order to seduce to the Jesuit doctrine, while she herself asserts that she has left it, I cannot be silent. Never has fallen into the possession of anyone such documentary proofs of priestcraft as have come into mine, and with the printed oath they swear, of which I hold custody; these damning evidences carry with them a conviction that unless our eyes are opened, not only is the Church in danger, but the peace and quietness of our firesides.

Since these memoirs were penned, it has pleased Heaven to take from me Swinburne Fitzhardinge Berkeley, my eldest son, and I have seen the *child*, *boy*, and *man*, that I had known from birth, and loved, laid in one lonely grave above the sea-worn coast at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. His last moments were attended by the excellent clergyman of that church, and as a solemn and a sad reproof to the Jesuitical intrigues by which his faith had been for a time perverted, he died in the blessed faith of the Established religion.

THE END.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET
COVENT GARDEN.

00020142

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016